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AMIEL IN NEBRASKA

LETTERS NEWLY DISCOVERED AND TRANSLATED

BY JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

[THE translator of these letters sends us these particulars concerning the person to whom they were addressed. Edward Lyanna, a cousin of Henri Frédéric Amiel, was born in Geneva, where he learned the printing and book-binding trades. Having little hope of advancement at home, he started for America in 1850, and in Paris learned of the communistic society, called Icaria, being formed by a certain M. Cabet, to settle at Nauvoo, Illinois. For the privilege of joining, young Lyanna paid \$100; but five years later he relinquished his membership, and received from the management \$20 — the fruit of his labors in America up to that time. In 1856 he took up newspaper work, and eventually preëmpted a farm at Stella, Nebraska, where he died in December, 1912. These letters — part of a correspondence maintained from 1850 to 1881 — are printed with the approval of the surviving members of Mr. Lyanna's family. — THE EDITOR.]

GENEVA, *October 9, 1850.*

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

You have no doubt been expecting this letter a long while: but be assured that its late arrival is not due to indif-

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A

ference. Your long and interesting letter of July 27, which reached me in forty-one days, has gone unanswered for two months simply because I have been ill and so beset with cares that, though I had not forgotten you, I had no heart to write. To-night, however, having a little leisure, it is a pleasure to fulfil this long-delayed duty.

And so, my friend, you are really an Icarian? Surely, of all the adventures which an emigrant could have, yours is about the last one would think of, and your letter has given me a real sensation; for though recluses like us do study the works of contemporary reformers, we treat them as if they were historical characters; and when we run upon them eating and drinking and taking part in active life, it is like meeting an apparition.

But your letter was as instructive as it was surprising, for we know very little about these different colonizing schemes in America; and your detailed descriptions, written on the spot by a disinterested observer, make pleasant reading. You have not only kept your eyes open, but you have also expressed yourself with precision. Moreover, by enlightening me on some of these little-

known affairs, you have given me the chance to undo an injustice; for the press had never made me look upon M. Cabet as a constructive genius, and so I was unconsciously doing him a wrong, as your letter has made me realize.

But let me drop your letter for the moment and talk about yourself. You wish to know what I think about the course you have taken. Here it is:—

Any conscientious experiment is a good thing; but to risk everything on one card does look to me like an imprudence. In other words, while I do not disapprove your making a trial of this thing, I do think it is a mistake that you have made it final, — burning your ships, — and have left open no retreat in the event of failure.

Here are my reasons for thinking so. I have no prejudice against these new schemes; on the contrary, I feel a great deal of sympathy toward all generous efforts, all hopes, all sincere plans such as yours. But when the success of them is doubtful, I do not like to see the destiny of my friends involved in them. I wish to see the experiment tried, but not at their expense.

You will probably say: 'The success of the community is not in doubt. I have looked into it thoroughly and am convinced about it. What is more, it works, it has been successful, it has property and capital enough to guarantee its future; and it lays claim to the rights and privileges of the American middle class. Are not these certainties?'

Call them favorable probabilities and I will agree with you. It is true you have seen, but have you foreseen? I have the fullest confidence in your sincerity, your ability to think things out, and your unusual maturity of mind, but I cannot altogether forget your youth or the illusions which may ensnare it even while they do honor to it. You trust others as you do yourself; your very integrity and your youth stand in

the way of your knowing men well. And it is men, not merely things, that you have to take into account when creating institutions: it is through men that they act and live.

All in all, I am not frowning upon your Icarian communism; I am a spectator and watch the experiment. I can only approve your fervor, like that of a neophyte; for to do anything well it has to be done with one's whole heart. So far away, I do not undertake to judge; only I could wish you were a few years older and had had a little more knowledge of the world before taking a step so decisive. You may have chosen well; a year or two from now we shall know.

Well, what 's done is done, and having taken the leap, no more arguing about it, but energy and hope. Courage and good luck! Make your situation yield up all it has to give, and distill from it all that is significant. Whatever the outcome, experience, the dowry of life, will remain.

In your good letter you give me exact information concerning the composition of the society of which you are now a member, and the principles which it inscribes on its flag. That is just what you ought to notice first, and it is important to know it at the start. When you can write at greater length, you will let me more into the heart of the experiment. But first of all, what is the sanction of duties? That is to say, how do you deal with those who violate your established principles — the obligation to work, brotherhood, etc.? Tell me a little about the position of women and children; and one's leisure, and what he may do with it? In a word, next to the constitution and regulations, I am most curious to learn your theory of justice, police, the family, worship, and morals, as they are developed in Icaria. It is there that we look for the real stamina of a society. Once more, I shall not discuss principles, but will just ask you

for the facts and your observations on them. They will speak for themselves.

A letter from Europe would be anything but welcome if it were all devoted to Nauvoo. Your four or five journals, no doubt, keep you informed about world-affairs — the impending conflict between Austria and Prussia, the never-ending intrigues and conspiracies at Paris, the recklessness of Italian Catholicism and the blow which has been dealt to it. In our volcanic old Europe some explosion or other is always brewing, and the energy which, in America, works itself out against nature, here, for lack of room, becomes embittered and is turned against society itself. All conceivable parties and ideas are alive and at work at the same time, and they range all the way from absolutism to demagogy, from ultramontane superstition to atheism, and from unlimited individualism to the most despotic socialism. It is a frightful mixture — enough to baffle any other alchemist than Providence.

GENEVA, *March 15, 1851.*

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

All the details which you have written are most welcome and have excited a great deal of curiosity among your old acquaintances and others to whom I have shown them. Little by little, this Cabetian colony, which so many considered rather fantastic, begins to emerge from the fog which surrounded it. However, I still have a host of questions to ask you, in order to fix a little better in my mind the contour of that distant building, half-veiled in the mists of the Mississippi — or shall I say, the Meschacebe, since you are a reader of Chateaubriand? I might, by analogy, draw my own conclusions about it, but would much prefer to know it from you; and since you offer to satisfy my curiosity, I give it full swing.

First, will you not draw up a little

plan or map of the colony showing its topography and buildings and designating the points of the compass.

A. THE HOME LIFE OF THE COLONY

a. *The Individual*

- i. Liberty. — What limits do you set for the liberty of the individual?
 1. Is illness the only excuse for ceasing to work?
 2. Can one leave the colony for an hour, a day, or a week, as the case may be? Or is Icaria a kind of pleasant prison for good people, with a yard rather more extensive and attractive than the ordinary?
 3. Are the recreations and pleasures also numbered and labeled? Are the community Library and the Sunday hymns, and whatever else the kind administration has judged permissible, your only resource in that direction?
 4. In a word, do the Icarians surrender to the management the entire direction, not only of their work, but also of their tastes and their leisure? Must they eat, drink, play, read, and listen by rule? You will quite understand the scruple which leads me to ask this question.
- ii. Property. — Is the individual not allowed to possess anything of his own, neither utensils nor furnishings, nor books, nor money? Does the community have a currency of its own? Has an Icarian a right to put anything by as savings? Who pays for the carrying of letters, for example? Or, if anybody wastes or damages property, does he suffer for it, or who becomes responsible? Is the individual a minor, or a Paraguay Indian, who does not worry about anything?

b. *The Family*

Do the married couples live separately or are they allowed a life by themselves which they may arrange as they please? Can they send for their children or visit them whenever they wish? Or do they live together without

any private life, using the common parlor and table? In short, is marriage in Icaria a gentle, serious, and moral institution, or does it exist merely for producing children?

c. *The Society*

- i. Civil Offices. — Who officiates at marriages, baptisms, and burials? Who records the activities of the community? How is all this taken care of?
- ii. Religion. — Do you have a chapel? Is there no preaching, nothing more than the course in Christianity which you spoke of? Do you have common worship? Does anyone minister to the dying? Is any religious sanction invoked for the most solemn acts of life? Is the Gospel read without comments? etc., etc.
- iii. Justice. — If there is no resort to force, and it requires nine tenths of your members to expel anyone from Icaria, how will you manage when all the members are not models of virtue? When there arise cases of falsehood, cheating, trickery, violence, assault, and theft, how will you deal with them, or with habitual idleness or sensuality? For you cannot guarantee perpetual saintliness.

B. THE FUTURE

- a. The Economic Outlook. — Can Icaria become a fairly populous community under the conditions which it has imposed upon itself? Supposing that it succeeds in housing, clothing, feeding, amusing, and finding work for an immense family, and that its revenues should even exceed its expenses, will not such a self-contained society soon reach the limit of its growth?
- b. Social. — Read Campanella's *City of the Sun*, *The Republic* and the *Laws* of Plato, if they are in your library, and you will find that the philosophers who dreamed of these model societies confessed that they could not support more than a limited number of members. They carried in their very nature a limiting principle, and

could stand at all only in so far as virtue could be assured. And Icaria stands or falls with charity and brotherhood. But who can vouch for their continuance? What is to prevent some irruption of wickedness? You wish to restore primitive Christianity, but primitive Christianity itself was not proof against very strange developments. Every institution deteriorates, even communism, because it is composed of men, and men are not incorruptible. 'Give me excellent men and I will give you happiness.' In other words, 'Take away the moral evil and I will answer for physical well-being.' But to remove the moral evil, you must suppress liberty, or, better still, man himself. Next you will find yourself saying, 'Give me angels and I will furnish you an ideal human society.' These are fine promises! The old story — Archimedes offering to lift the world with a lever if someone would furnish a fulcrum; or Æsop boasting he would build a palace from the top downward provided the law of gravity were reversed. Such, at any rate, are the objections which occur to a reflective mind after examining the principles of the Icarian colony and the likelihood of its lasting. One question more. You hope that this fresh, untried world of yours can shake itself quite free of the Old World. Look well to see if you can quite do that. What about your exports and imports?

C. EXTERNAL POLICY

Will you tell me in what political relations you will stand toward the United States? Will the Icarians be citizens of a state? And just what will be their position in it? Will they not have to bear their share of the taxes, and recognize the laws and the courts of the country? Will not their community, though separated, be influenced through and through by the atmosphere of the great society that surrounds it? Do you suppose that

you can possibly remain isolated, and if you cannot, can you remain pure Icarians?

The same persons who were the friends and helpers of your youth follow you with their good wishes and encouragements. M. Barde sends his kindest remembrances, and Mlle. Brandt also; and if they have any warmer feelings toward communism, be sure it is entirely for your sake. The communism of Europe was founded on crime, and inevitably casts some shade of suspicion upon the communism of Icaria, even though it be founded on virtue and love.

Since you receive the papers, you know how European politics stand: the vacillations of Germany, the dynastic and revolutionary intrigues in France, the distress of Italy; but these are matters which disturb you but little. Is Icaria at all stirred by the Universal Exposition to be held in London? Geneva has sent some superb exhibits.

Our fortifications are being torn down. Building is going on in every part of the city. The conflict of parties has become bitterer than ever. Political life is very intense in Geneva. Since the New Year began, balls and soirées have crowded one upon another. A neighbor of mine attended, a few evenings ago, his thirty-third ball. So you see that life goes on with us, and there is some gayety still. This has been a Tuscan winter. No skating or sleighing, or ice, or snow. At Neuchâtel it has been very cold.

I am very busy and, unfortunately, a little under the weather. I am finishing the works of Emerson, the American philosopher, whom I would urge you to read if you can. By the way, how are you getting on with your English?

Please accept, my dear Edward, the assurance of my sincere affection and believe me, your devoted

H. F. AMIEL.

GENEVA, February 18, 1852.

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

Before answering your delightful and painstaking letter of last June, let me begin by relieving your mind of any least suspicion which my long silence may have created. Be sure that it does not mean the least shade of coolness on my part, for it was due to things which in no way affect the regard and interest I feel toward you. I had intended to write you from London, where I was, toward the end of the great Exposition, the first of last October; but it was out of the question. I could not find a minute in the hurly-burly of that immense city, and had barely time to write home.

I have returned, but my work has prolonged the delay. This being a dreary rainy day, I have shut myself indoors and so get an hour of leisure. I take advantage of it to travel in my imagination, cross the Atlantic, ascend the Mississippi, where a botanical article that I was reading this very morning, together with your long letter, which I have been rereading, holds me a willing prisoner, and so, to the very gates of Icaria. I must thank you first of all for these twelve long pages. They have been read with the deepest interest by myself, your friends, and others who know you only indirectly, but are much interested.

You may well believe that such curious and novel details as you have written I do not keep for myself, and so, while you are giving me pleasure, you are killing two birds with one stone and advertising Icaria. Both the theoretical discussions and the actual facts in your letter have their value. Your discussions in defense of the Icarian society, and your criticism of the non-communistic, are a good thing for you. They necessitate the putting of your ideas into form, justifying them by principles: in short, they confirm your own faith, and that is a good deal. They

show that you possess knowledge, ardor, logical sense, and, above all, conviction.

These are merits which I value so highly that I am glad my questions were the means of drawing them out, though you were wholly mistaken in thinking they were inspired by ill-will or prejudice. Had you been a little more accustomed to carrying on a discussion, you would have seen in my objections nothing more than the desire for precision that singles out the salient features of a subject and describes them by their most vivid names; but malice or prejudice was out of the question. I assure you, my dear Edward, that I had not the least intention in the world of wounding you, and I believe that a mind as shrewd as yours will very quickly distinguish between a critique of ideas, systems, opinions, and the suspecting of characters, motives, and consciences. One may be honorably mistaken, hold a wrong opinion, or one only half true, and yet so conduct himself as to be worthy of all respect. One can seek the happiness of mankind, but still be mistaken about the nature of man. You surely see that. And that clears up all our misunderstanding. I am convinced of your sincerity, and after what I know of your experiences and observation, I have no doubt of the purity of motive, the excellence of purpose, and the beauty of the hopes that prevail in Icaria.

I acknowledge gladly all the happy and favorable signs you have pointed out; but I am still seriously in doubt about the permanence of the society, because of one fundamental error which has crept into its constitution, and one which is sure to entail a cruel disappointment. It is the old error of Rousseau, and consists in regarding the social structure, and that alone, as the source of all evil and vice and disorder, and in believing that by changing the environment and protecting him against these evil influences, man has no option

but to be good. You must admit that that is the cardinal dogma of the Icarian system. But if, under the most favorable surroundings, a man can still develop evil instincts, in other words, if the origin of evil is within himself and not in things, though they may indeed hasten the evil in himself, your theory is vulnerable; it cannot stand the strain. It is of no use to bar the sheepfold against the wolves without; if, among the sheep, there exist the instincts of the wolf, all is ruined. What I ask is, if Icaria can exist only through fraternity and is undone the moment egoism appears again, what assurance can there be that this miracle will long continue, when Christianity itself could not long secure it to the Christian society?

No doubt you will say that the removal of the external incitements to selfishness, such as individual property, competition, and the like, is guaranty enough. But if the human heart is itself a source of temptation, a spring of selfishness, is not disappointment inevitable? With men as they ought to be, Icaria might long survive; but with men as they are? What is the social malady but selfishness, and does that selfishness spring from society? The Icarian says yes, and he hopes to banish it by his model community. But what if he is wrong? Suppose he is mistaking one source of evil as the only source, the part for the whole, an effect for a cause? Notice that I say 'if,' wishing to leave the question open and simply to make good my reserve. I advise you to look into this very carefully, lest it prove as I am supposing it will. You, too, must feel that this is vital for your belief.

The second part of your letter, the one devoted to events, I value highly. The details regarding your employments and recreation, your reading, your attachments, your success, your progress, were a delight. I was impressed at once

by three things: by the arrival among you of these additions from the cultivated classes; by the applications of children from outside the colony for admission to your schools; and by your victory in the election of a mayor — certainly, favorable signs of your moral standing. Last of all, I learned, with no little surprise, of the importance which Catholicism and socialism have both achieved in the United States. I was not altogether ignorant about the growth of the one, but the progress of the other surprised me a good deal. I would be grateful for all news of this kind.

But a letter from Europe must not be wholly devoted to affairs in Icaria. You will naturally wish news from this side. Reading and printing newspapers as you do, you must be fairly well informed about the important events in the Old World. I hardly need tell you of the amazing and sudden changes in our political world during the last four years. You have been able to follow, since the revolution of 1848, the gradual restoration of all that was then dislodged and the burial of liberty through fear of chaos.

Socialism can boast of having made a fine job of it! The constitutional régime killed in Austria and Prussia, the Republic killed in France, frightful oppression in Italy, all liberties challenged over a great part of the continent — such are the fruits of its threatenings, the result of its haughty, half-ripened theories, and of its resort to force and massacre. I do not believe that the communism of Icaria, which is human and moderate, and relies only upon persuasion, will pity socialism for its defeat any more than it will thank it for the catastrophes which it has caused. Piedmont, Belgium, Switzerland, and England are the only countries in Europe which have not fallen into reaction, and the first three are in a perilous position. Imperial France is a constant menace

to them. It is humiliating and painful to-day to call one's self French: humiliating, because nothing equals the servility, the venality, the baseness and moral commonplaceness that the contemporary history reveals — sad, because the universal state of siege, the suppression of all privileges which belong to the citizens of a free country, the fear of the present and dread of the future, are not a cheerful outlook. Arbitrary control and despotism are in full bloom.

The only analogy to the actual situation in France is the shame of Rome under the first Cæsars. And our unfortunate neighbors are brought to consider themselves fortunate by comparison. Socialism must feel flattered! Our relations with France are becoming most difficult. At Geneva, party hatred is as bitter as ever, but the foundation of a National Club, independent and conciliatory, is one encouraging sign. The club has a hundred members already. The federal centralization, in the form established by the new Pact, is taking shape, but with friction and resistance. The frontier cantons see their interests endangered by it, while Latin Switzerland considers itself inadequately provided for, even not greatly respected, by Germanic Switzerland. Our future is not a cheerful one, whichever way we turn. The life on the Meschacebe is a more peaceful one than that on the Leman.

As to your correspondent, since he last wrote you he has been at Aix for his health, and to London for his education. It was his first visit to England, so he has learned much, besides enjoying himself greatly. Both the Exposition and the capital impressed him exceedingly. Teaching, books, conversation, and writing have filled his months. This summer he is going to the country at Lancy, and will no doubt be back in town this winter.

GENEVA, *Monday, March 31, 1856.*

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

It is three months to-day since you were writing to me on the banks of the Mississippi, and a month since your letter reached me at the foot of the Salève. I am dumbfounded when I look again and see that these dates are correct. I, who was counting upon writing you at once, so as not to prolong those hours and weeks of low spirits which your isolation had caused you, find myself swept thirty-seven days out of my course by the irresistible current of life. It is a difficult art to steer one's course against the winds, the tides, the currents, and among the shoal waters of human life, and arrive at a given point in the allotted time. So I am late; I nearly always am, hindered by my baggage and liking too well to let myself go, without knowing just where. But I beg you will not do as I do — there is no progress, no victory that way.

And there are two victories which you must set before yourself: first, Independence: and, next, Contentment. Independence will come easier for you: with your will and perseverance, the experience you have gained; and being predisposed, as you are, toward the American way, you can be sure of a living and, with economy, of being independent. It will be a hard struggle, but you are twenty-four years old, with plenty of energy and vitality, and the contest will double your strength. Courage! Edward, do not forget Franklin and so many others who started just where you are, but without the intellectual and moral equipment which is yours, and made their way. With youth, vigor, self-respect and the respect of others in your favor, you are entering in the best possible way on the struggle which we all have to make, in one form or another; harder for you than many, it may be, but for that very reason all the more glorious.

The second victory is first in importance and makes the other possible. The thing to do now is to find a faith in place of the one you have lost; to heal the wounds of your soul and find once more the spiritual strength, the hope, the satisfaction without which life holds only bitterness, and with which even poverty itself has an advantage over the wealth which is harassed by cares and sorrows. Who knows but that three months of work have already changed your whole attitude? But, perhaps, on the other hand, they have only deadened your thoughts and made you forget your anxieties, so that the trouble still persists in the depths of your heart. A passion does not leave a heart without leaving a great void; an ideal never falls into ruins without making desolation in the soul; an idol does not perish in the flames without filling the heart with smoke which will dim the vision. But, even so, it would not be out of place to discuss your moral position and, if you are willing, make our reckoning together with conscience.

Let us look at it and talk it out. What have you lost? Not only your hopes about the Icarian enterprise, but, also, your faith in communism and even in socialism. In other words, you now believe impossible what seemed feasible to you five years ago, the founding of a society which would be free from selfishness. Do you believe now that this impossibility is altogether due to circumstance and the personality of this or that founder, or do you believe that it is due to a mistaken theory? In other words, are you disillusioned by a man or by a plan? If the fault is with the system, do you think its impossibility due to the wickedness of the outside world or the illusion of the communists themselves? These are not idle questions, you understand. You no longer have faith in M. Cabet; but, in order to live, it is absolutely necessary to have

faith in something, for without faith the zest for life is gone. Let us count up our losses: —

Icaria: deception.

Communism: a chimera.

Social brotherhood: a dream.

The Earthly Paradise: an illusion.

These losses are caused by contact with reality — by experience with men and things. Then I have made a trip to Utopia and the disciples are making it too. What is the essence of Utopia? It is counting upon man as he is not; it is believing that evil comes to him from society, instead of society being, like man himself, a mixture of good and evil. The essence of Utopia is laying down laws for Providence instead of believing in its wisdom, and in declaring humanity mad, rather than its own self-originated system. At the heart of Utopia is a mistaken view of the true nature of man and the part that things take in his life. It is, then, at bottom, honest ignorance, presumptuous inexperience.

Believe me, my dear Edward, history does not proceed by mere chance; there is a pilot who is, fortunately, more skillful, wise, and mighty than these men, ruled by passion rather than consecration; believe that humanity, like man himself, carries its own evil in its own heart, and that its mission, its dignity, and its grandeur lie in increasing the whole sum of good, in being a co-worker with Providence, which does not crush, but works patiently on. To conquer the evil in one's self is the great victory, and before casting the stone at society, one should make sure of being himself without sin.

And so faith in Providence may come to take the place of your faith in socialism, and faith in duty the place of your dream of welfare. The rock is mightier than the revolt, and resignation takes more courage than malediction. Is n't it so? Courage, then! Believe in God;

I mean, believe in the supremacy of justice and goodness, take up the sword again, and with a cheerful spirit fight the good fight.

Your sustained hopefulness is an honor to you, for if yours was an illusion, it was a generous one. Go back, now, into human society, do all the good you can there, keep right on working, and never despair.

Edward, you have spent your youth in valiant fashion, now develop the virile qualities. Play the man. Providence is giving you just that opportunity. I hope this letter will find you at St. Louis. As for any specific advice, it would be useless. I do not know the world in which you are living, and I have confidence in your own good sense. Before anything, and at any price, keep honest and do as you please. As I said before, remember Franklin.

My health is good, I am very busy, and I send you in closing my best wishes and a hand-shake. Write me very soon.

Your affectionate

H. F. AMIEL.

It is true that I have left you a long time without letters, but it was really better so. You had told me all your hopes, and I had made my observations and held my final judgment in suspense. Time had to decide. To-day I find you more mature, but the same man. Your duty has not changed. You must make sure of your future and take thought of two other people to whom, as an Icarian, you could not be useful. But is the duty that one creates for himself worth as much as the duty he takes at another's hands? And is not the only part of humanity for which we are responsible just ourselves and those who depend upon us?

GENEVA, Friday, May 8, 1857.

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

It is five months since I received a letter from you, and two days ago

M. Barde told me of your new change. I am going to follow your trail, to take you by the hand, thank you for your friendly remembrance, and answer a letter which has been of the deepest interest to me for its spirit, its tone, and its style, as well as its news. You are becoming a man. All the better. That is the finest result that life can give. And what more could you ask by way of proof than that your character has been put through a tempering process, you have gained right principles, got a new understanding of duty, and learned the worth of moral conflict? Courage, then; you are on the right road. Success is a help, independence a joy, capital a means; but the one thing needful is inward peace, the feeling of moral force—I mean, the strength that comes from a good conscience; the prize is to be what one ought to be: a good specimen of humanity, a fighter fashioned by the everlasting conflict between vice and virtue. To be a true man, is the mark set before us; all the rest comes after that.

One passage in your letter has concerned me a good deal. It is the one in which you regret that you do not believe in a Providence, and add that, nevertheless, you wish to live the life of those who do. That is fine and that is worthy of you. Make the experiment. Morality is beautiful enough by itself for the conscience to ask no more. But because one can manage to live on a loaf and a pitcher of water, does it follow that a richer diet is undesirable? A mere cold morality makes one sad, and sadness saps one's strength. We all need happiness. On what would you make yours to depend? The point in question is, not having faith, but having peace. Are you having it? All is said. Have you failed of it? Let us seek for it. And by peace I mean this inner satisfaction, the conscience at rest, which can brave all circumstances, but

which no outside conditions can give. What is your present conviction about life? Is it a good or an evil? Does it have a purpose, and what kind of a purpose? Can you get along without God, and do you believe in another life? Until I know your ideas on these subjects I cannot talk with you about Providence, for conversation starts with some things settled. Tell me what you believe and hope, and without the least hesitation; I am without prejudice of any kind, and I am used to every kind of negation. What I wish you with all my heart is a hope which sustains you and a conviction which will be a comfort to you. Do not limit your confidences of this kind to just a few lines, if you still think that a frank and hearty talk with one who loves and esteems you can be of any help.

Our wretched affair at Neuchâtel is, so they say, on the point of being settled, by a tiring-out process, but without satisfying the just hopes of Switzerland, whose trust has been treated very cavalierly. The King of Prussia has cut the saddest kind of a figure in the whole affair, and the royalists have come near losing even the respect which one might have felt for them without liking them. Their addresses, petitions, and intrigues have been marked by such servility and fanaticism, and such hatred toward the Swiss nation, as to forfeit all their claim to interest. All these things put together have brought us no end of weariness and vexation. But may the earth rest lightly upon them, for this false position is going to be righted in the end, and this last frenzied strain at the collar by a party utterly at variance with our institutions has shattered it for a long time to come, perhaps forever.¹

¹ Inspired by the indignation which stirred Switzerland over this conflict with Prussia, Amiel improvised a patriotic song, words and music, which became and has since remained the 'Swiss Marseillaise.' It is called 'Roulez, Tambours.' — THE TRANSLATOR.

Our commercial treaty with the United States has just been signed. The Swiss railroads have been trying to effect a combination, but several of the governments and a number of the stockholders have put their veto upon it, with the result that the fusion is postponed for the present.

My health is good enough; my occupations are the same as ever. We have here Mlle. Bremer, a Swedish writer, who has written some *Letters on America*, and our ladies are translating a lot of American fiction.

Adieu. Don't put off writing to me; keep a kindly thought of me now and then, and may Heaven watch over you and take care of you. But, above all, good courage.

Your affectionate

H. F. AMIEL.

GENEVA, June 5, 1858.

DEAR EDWARD, —

You ask that I will show forbearance toward your long silence, and I will show all you could ask for, provided you will do the same toward me. Your delightful letter of January (received the twenty-fourth of February), so full of details, so sharply etched, so sanguine, has given me every sort of pleasure, as it has given other people (my sisters, my cousin Brandt, and a number of others) whom I have let into a share of your confidences.

I am so glad to know that, so far as temporal prosperity is concerned, all is well: you are in good health, your energy is as ever, you have made new friends, have time to spare; that the present is not a matter of anxiety to you, and the future looks bright enough. I am so glad to hear all this. And certainly it is a rare good fortune to have a correspondent from the country of the Sioux, who is not an Osage himself, bring to us in our old centre of culture news of the newest settlements in the

New World. All aside from the interest prompted by my affection, your letters satisfy a keen curiosity, which is quite personal.

Now just a word about your plans for the future. You are putting off your return until May, 1859: but you are always hoping to come back to Switzerland. Let us talk it over a little. Do you feel that you must do this, and that your decision is irrevocable? I imagine not, otherwise I would not speak of it. But if it is still an open question, it will do no harm for me to make a few suggestions about it. The certain is better than the uncertain, and something in hand is worth more than something in prospect; we are probably agreed about that. Then why give up your present position, when you have just won it and got it well established as a result of your own hard work and courage? Why lose your stake when there is no need of it — and spend the greater part of all you have saved on a voyage of fifteen hundred leagues, simply to get back to a country where you will find it four times as hard to find a position as good as your present one? And your motive? Is it homesickness? I hope not. Will you better yourself? What future could there be for you at Geneva, Lausanne, or Neuchâtel? Printer or bookbinder? Would it be as an assistant? You know what the workman's position is over here? Or, if you were to be in business for yourself, you would need capital; and, besides, the openings are all filled up. Journalism? There is no chance of profit there. The railway service would be lucrative enough, but it is crowded, and the places go, as a rule, to the younger sons of families who are able to use influence with the administration. The teachers' positions are likewise filled and go to political friends. As for giving lessons, we have a superabundance of that, and these unfortunates devour each other. Some official position?

But that is a favor, a lottery, and a servitude. A shop-keeper? You must have capital. To be a clerk, you must have some years of apprenticeship.

Of course, I may be mistaken and be seeing everything black. But I may be right, and it is worth the trouble to give you the most careful information about your chances before you cross the ocean again. I do not like to think of your being worse off, in all that concerns your happiness, in Switzerland than in the United States, and especially after all the experience you have gained, and after having lived on the terms of equality which prevail in America. What a loss it would be, to undergo a lot more difficulty, and then regret it too late!

But I cannot force my opinion upon you because, in the first place, not being a business man, I am hardly competent to decide; and then, too, being a relative, I feel embarrassed at having to tell you, 'Beware of coming back before you have laid up quite a little capital.' I am only asking you to think it all over from every side. I have seen the 'rolling stone' proverb verified too often to refrain from saying to you, 'Keep right on where you are, without fickleness or discouragement.'

Your affectionate

H. F. AMIEL.

GENEVA, Monday, April 16, 1860.

YOUR letter of February, my dear Edward, took only twenty-two days to reach me from the sources of the Missouri. By just thinking of Chateaubriand, I am still simple-minded enough to wonder at such speed.

I understand that you were quitting the firm of Furnas¹ and Lyanna at Brownville, and that you had not accepted the proposals of the gold-miners

¹ Robert W. Furnas, afterward Governor of Nebraska.—THE TRANSLATOR.

from Pike's Peak. You are in America that you may gain a competence and become independent; of the honest ways by which this may be accomplished the shortest will be the best. Besides, the life of a farmer has its charms, especially after one has wasted so much ink and blackened so much paper. It seems to me that this is what would tempt me most. I like the barns, the fields, the orchards, and the sun better than the printing press under the gas-lamps, or the feverish gold-diggings. It is far more wholesome and human and natural.

But what still delights me most in your letter is the noble frankness of the way you acknowledge your natural defects and your cheerful avowal that you have never been more active and happy than now. 'If bread-winning were all there is in life,' you say, 'truly it would not beworth the trouble of living'; good words, and you have proved the worth and the truth of them. That a clear conscience is still the best pillow, is the conclusion you have arrived at, and I am heartily glad of it. Hold in reverence this inward voice, and keep on deserving in ever greater degree the affection and esteem which I have always felt toward you since the very beginning of our relationship.

I am still living with my older sister at the foot of the cathedral of St. Pierre. In November I took part in the Schiller festival and translated into French verse *The Clock* of the great poet. This has been a long and severe winter. I am just finishing a course on Anthropology, and I am about to give a course of lectures on the philosophy of Schelling. My eyesight still bothers me. Here you have about all there is of importance concerning myself. Wishing you good health, cheerfulness, and courage I am, my dear Edward, your friend,

H. F. AMIEL.

THE BUILDING OF THE TĀJ MAHAL

BY L. ADAMS BECK

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful—the Smiting! A day when the soul shall know what it has sent on or kept back. A day when no soul shall control aught for another. And the bidding belongs to God.

THE KORAN.

I

Now the Shah-in-Shah, Shah Jahan, Emperor in India, loved his wife with a great love. And of all the wives of the Mogul Emperors surely this Lady Arjemand, Mumtaz-i-Mahal—the Chosen of the Palace—was the most worthy of love. In the tresses of her silk-soft hair his heart was bound, and for none other had he so much as a passing thought since his soul had been submerged in her sweetness. Of her he said, using the words of the poet Faisi, —

'How shall I understand the magic of Love the Juggler?
For he made thy beauty enter at that small gate
the pupil of my eye,
And now—and now my heart cannot contain it!'

But who should marvel? For those who have seen this Arjemand crowned with the crown the Padishah set upon her sweet low brows, with the lamps of great jewels lighting the dimples of her cheeks as they swung beside them, have most surely seen perfection. He who sat upon the Peacock Throne, where the outspread tail of massed gems is centred by that great ruby, 'The Eye of the Peacock, the Tribute of the World,' valued it not so much as one lock of the dark and perfumed tresses that rolled to her feet. Less to him the twelve throne columns set close

with pearls than the little pearls she showed in her sweet laughter. For if this lady was all beauty, so too she was all goodness; and from the Shah-in-Shah to the poorest, all hearts of the world knelt in adoration before the Chosen of the Palace. She was, indeed, an extraordinary beauty, in that she had the soul of a child, and she alone remained unconscious of her power; and so she walked, crowned and clothed with humility.

Cold, haughty, and silent was the Shah-in-Shah before she blessed his arms—flattered, envied, but loved by none. But the gift this Lady brought with her was love; and this, shining like the sun upon ice, melted his coldness, and he became indeed the kingly centre of a kingly court. May the Peace be upon her!

Now it was the dawn of a sorrowful day when the pains of the Lady Arjemand came strong and terrible, and she travailed in agony. The hakims (physicians) stroked their beards and reasoned one with another; the wise women surrounded her, and remedies many and great were tried; and still her anguish grew, and in the hall without sat the Shah-in-Shah upon his divan, in anguish of spirit yet greater. The sweat ran on his brows, the knotted veins were thick on his temples, and his eyes, sunk in their caves, showed as those of a mad-

dened man. He crouched on his cushions and stared at the purdah that divided him from the Lady; and all day the people came and went about him, and there was silence from the voice he longed to hear; for she would not moan, lest the sound should slay the Emperor. Her women besought her, fearing that her strong silence would break her heart; but still she lay, her hands clenched in one another, enduring; and the Emperor endured without. The Day of the Smiting!

So, as the time of the evening prayer drew nigh, a child was born, and the Empress, having done with pain, began to sink slowly into that profound sleep that is the shadow cast by the Last. May Allah the Upholder have mercy on our weakness! And the women, white with fear and watching, looked upon her, and whispered one to another, 'It is the end.'

And the aged mother of Abdul Mirza, standing at her head, said, 'She heeds not the cry of the child. She cannot stay.'

And the newly wed wife of Saif Khan, standing at her feet, said, 'The voice of a beloved husband is as the Call of the Angel. Let the Padishah be summoned.'

So, the evening prayer being over (but the Emperor had not prayed), the wisest of the hakims, Kazim Sharif, went before him and spoke:—

'Inshallah! May the will of the Issuer of Decrees in all things be done! Ascribe unto the Creator glory, bowing before his Throne.'

He then remained silent; but the Padishah, haggard in his jewels, with his face hidden, answered thickly, 'The truth! For Allah has forgotten his slave.'

And Kazim Sharif, bowing at his feet and veiling his face with his hands, replied: 'The voice of the child cannot reach her, and the Lady of Delight departs. He who would speak with her must speak quickly.'

Then the Emperor rose to his feet unsteadily, like a man drunk with the forbidden juice; and when Kazim Sharif would have supported him, he flung aside his hands, and he stumbled, a man wounded to death, as it were, to the marble chamber where she lay.

In that white chamber it was dusk, and they had lit the little cressets so that a very faint light fell upon her face. A slender fountain a little cooled the hot, still air with its thin music and its sprinkled diamonds, and outside, the summer lightnings were playing wide and blue on Jumna River; but so still was it that the dragging footsteps of the Emperor raised the hair on the flesh of those who heard. So the women who should, veiled themselves, and the others remained like pillars of stone.

Now, when those steps were heard, a faint color rose in the cheek of the Lady Arjemand; but she did not raise the heavy lashes, or move her hand. And he came up beside her, and the Shadow of God, who should kneel to none, knelt, and his head fell forward upon her breast; and in the hush the women glided out like ghosts, leaving the husband with the wife, excepting only that her foster-nurse stood far off, with eyes averted.

So the minutes drifted by, falling audibly one by one into eternity, and at the long last she slowly opened her eyes and, as from the depths of a dream, beheld the Emperor; and in a voice faint as the fall of a roseleaf she said the one word, 'Beloved!'

And he from between his clenched teeth, answered, 'Speak, wife.'

So she, who in all things had loved and served him,—she, Light of all hearts, dispeller of all gloom,—gathered her dying breath for consolation, and raised one hand slowly; it fell across his, and so remained.

Now, her beauty had been broken in the anguish like a rose in a storm; but

it returned to her, doubtless that the Padishah might take comfort in its memory; and she looked like a houri of Paradise who, kneeling beside the Zemzem Well, beholds the Waters of Peace. Not Fatmeh herself, the daughter of the Prophet of God, shone more sweetly. She repeated the word, 'Beloved'; and after a pause she whispered on with lips that scarcely stirred, 'King of the Age, this is the end.'

But still he was like a dead man, nor lifted his face.

'Surely all things pass. And though I go, in your heart I abide, and nothing can sever us. Take comfort.'

But there was no answer.

'Nothing but Love's own hand can slay Love. Therefore, remember me, and I shall live.'

And he answered from the darkness of her bosom, 'The whole world shall remember. But when shall I be united to thee? O Allah, how long wilt thou leave me to waste in this separation?'

And she: 'Beloved, what is time? We sleep and the night is gone. Now put your arms about me, for I sink into rest. What words are needed between us? Love is enough.'

So, making not the Profession of Faith, — and what need, since all her life was worship, — the Lady Arjemand turned into his arms like a child. And the night deepened.

Morning, with its arrows of golden light that struck the Jumna River to splendor! Morning, with its pure breath, its sunshine of joy, and the *koels* fluting in the Palace gardens! Morning, divine and new from the hand of the Maker! And in the innermost chamber of marble a white silence; and the Lady, the Mirror of Goodness, lying in the Compassion of Allah, and a broken man stretched on the ground beside her. For all flesh, from the camel-driver to the Shah-in-Shah, is as one in the Day of the Smiting.

II

For weeks the Emperor lay before the door of death; and had it opened to him, he had been blessed. So the weeks went by, and very slowly the strength returned to him; but his eyes were withered and the bones stood out in his cheeks. But he resumed his throne, and sat upon it kingly, black-bearded, eagle-eyed, terribly apart in his grief and his royalty; and so seated among his Usbegs, he declared his will.

'For this Lady (upon whom be peace), departed to the mercy of the Giver and Taker, shall a tomb-palace be made, the like of which is not found in the four corners of the world. Send forth therefore for craftsmen like the builders of the Temple of Solomon the Wise; for I will build.'

So, taking counsel, they sent in haste into Agra for Ustād Isā, the Master-BUILDER, a man of Shiraz; and he, being presented before the Padishah, received his instruction in these words: —

'I will that all the world shall remember the Flower of the World, that all hearts shall give thanks for her beauty, which was indeed the perfect Mirror of the Creator. And since it is abhorrent to Islam that any image be made in the likeness of anything that has life, make for me a palace-tomb, gracious as she was gracious, lovely as she was lovely. Not such as the tombs of the Kings and Conquerors, but of a divine sweetness. Make me a garden on the banks of Jumna, and build it there, where, sitting in my Pavilion of Marble, I may see it rise.'

And Ustād Isā, having heard, said, 'Upon my head and eyes!' and went out from the Presence.

So, musing upon the words of the Padishah, he went to his house in Agra, and there pondered the matter long and deeply; and for a whole day and night he refused all food and secluded

himself from the society of all men; for he said:—

'This is a weighty thing, for this Lady (upon whom be peace) must visibly dwell in her tomb-palace on the shore of the river; and how shall I, who have never seen her, imagine the grace that was in her, and restore it to the world? Oh, had I but the memory of her face! Could I but see it as the Shah-in-Shah sees it, remembering the past! Prophet of God, intercede for me, that I may look through his eyes, if but for a moment!'

That night he slept, wearied and weakened with fasting; and whether it were that the body guarded no longer the gates of the soul, I cannot say; for, when the body fails, the soul soars free above its weakness. But a strange marvel happened.

For, as it seemed to him, he awoke at the mid-noon of the night, and he was sitting, not in his own house, but upon the roof of the royal palace, looking down on the gliding Jumna, where the low moon slept in silver, and the light was alone upon the water; and there were no boats, but sleep and dream, hovering hand-in-hand, moved upon the air, and his heart was dilated in the great silence.

Yet he knew well that he waked in some supernatural sphere: for his eyes could see across the river as if the opposite shore lay at his feet; and he could distinguish every leaf on every tree, and the flowers moon-blanch and ghost-like. And there, in the blackest shade of the pippala boughs, he beheld a faint light like a pearl; and looking with unspeakable anxiety, he saw within the light, slowly growing, the figure of a lady exceedingly glorious in majesty and crowned with a rayed crown of mighty jewels of white and golden splendor. Her gold robe fell to her feet, and—very strange to tell—her feet touched not the ground, but hung a span's

length above it, so that she floated in air.

But the marvel of marvels was her face—not, indeed, for its beauty, though that transcended all, but for its singular and compassionate sweetness, where-with she looked toward the Palace beyond the river as if it held the heart of her heart, while death and its river lay between.

And Ustād Isā said:—

'O Dream, if this sweetness be but a dream, let me never wake! Let me see forever this exquisite work of Allah the Maker, before whom all the craftsmen are as children! For my knowledge is as nothing, and I am ashamed in its presence.'

And as he spoke, she turned those brimming eyes on him, and he saw her slowly absorbed into the glory of the moonlight; but as she faded into dream, he beheld, slowly rising, where her feet had hung in the blessed air, a palace of whiteness, warm as ivory, cold as chastity, domes and cupolas, slender minars, arches of marble fretted into sea-foam, screen within screen of purest marble, to hide the sleeping beauty of a great Queen—silence in the heart of it, and in every line a harmony beyond all music. Grace was about it—the grace of a Queen who prays and does not command; who, seated in her royalty yet inclines all hearts to love. And he saw that its grace was her grace, and its soul her soul, and that she gave it for the consolation of the Emperor.

And he fell on his face and worshiped the Master-BUILDER of the Universe, saying,—

'Praise cannot express thy Perfection. Thine Essence confounds thought. Surely I am but the tool in the hand of the Builder.'

And when he awoke, he was lying in his own secret chamber, but beside him was a drawing such as the craftsmen make of the work they have imagined

in their hearts. And it was the Palace of the Tomb.

Henceforward, how should he waver? He was as a slave who obeys his master, and with haste he summoned to Agra his Army of Beauty.

Then were assembled all the master-craftsmen of India and of the outer world. From Delhi, from Shiraz, even from Bagdad and Syria, they came. Muhammad Hanif, the wise mason, came from Kandahar, Muhammad Sayyid from Mooltan. Amanāt Khan, and other great writers of the holy Koran, who should make the scripts of the Book upon fine marble. Inlayers from Kanauj, with fingers like those of the Spirits that bowed before Solomon the King, who should make beautiful the pure stone with inlay of jewels, as did their forefathers for the Rajah of Mewar; mighty dealers with agate, cornelian, and lapis lazuli. Came also, from Bokhara, Ata Muhammad and Shakri Muhammad, that they might carve the lilies of the field, very glorious, about that Flower of the World. Men of India, men of Persia, men of the outer lands, they came at the bidding of Ustād Isā, that the spirit of his vision might be made manifest.

And a great council was held among these servants of beauty. So they made a model in little of the glory that was to be, and laid it at the feet of the Shah-in-Shah; and he allowed it, though not as yet fully discerning their intent. And when it was approved, Ustād Isā called to him a man of Kashmir; and the very hand of the Creator was upon this man, for he could make gardens second only to the Gardens of Paradise, having been born by that Dāl Lake where are those roses of the earth, the Shalimar and the Nishāt Bagh; and to him said Ustād Isā, —

‘Behold, Ram Lal Kashmiri, consider this design! Thus and thus shall a white palace, exquisite in perfection,

arise on the banks of Jumna. Here, in little, in this model of sandalwood, see what shall be. Consider these domes, rounded as the Bosom of Beauty, recalling the mystic fruit of the lotos flower. Consider these four minars that stand about them like Spirits about the Throne. And remembering that all this shall stand upon a great dais of purest marble, and that the river shall be its mirror, repeating to everlasting its loveliness, make me a garden that shall be the throne room to this Queen.’

And Ram Lal Kashmiri salaamed and said, ‘Obedience!’ and went forth and pondered night and day, journeying even over the snows of the Pir Panjal to Kashmir, that he might bathe his eyes in beauty where she walks, naked and divine, upon the earth. And he it was who imagined the black tiles and white that made the way of approach.

So grew the palace that should murmur, like a sea-shell, in the ear of the world the secret of love.

Veiled had that loveliness been in the shadow of the palace; but now the sun should rise upon it and turn its ivory to gold, should set upon it and flush its snow with rose. The moon should lie upon it like the pearls upon her bosom, the visible grace of her presence breathe about it, the music of her voice hover in the birds and trees of the garden. Times there were when Ustād Isā despaired lest even these mighty servants of beauty should miss perfection. Yet it grew and grew, rising like the growth of a flower.

So on a certain day it stood completed, and in the small tomb in the sanctuary, veiled with screens of wrought marble so fine that they might lift in the breeze, — the veils of a Queen, — slept the Lady Arjemand; and above her a narrow coffer of white marble, enriched in a great script with the Ninety-Nine Wondrous Names of God. And the Shah-in-Shah, now gray and worn,

entered and, standing by her, cried in a loud voice, —

‘I ascribe to the Unity, the only Creator, the perfection of his handiwork made visible here by the hand of mortal man. For the beauty that was secret in my Palace is here revealed; and the Crowned Lady shall sit forever upon the banks of Jumna River. It was Love that commanded this Tomb.’

And the golden echo carried his voice up into the high dome, and it died away in whispers of music.

But Ustād Isā, standing far off in the throng (for what are craftsmen in the presence of the mighty?), said softly in his beard, ‘It was Love also that built, and therefore it shall endure.’

Now it is told that, on a certain night in summer, when the moon is full, a man who lingers by the straight water, where the cypresses stand over their own image, may see a strange marvel — may see the Palace of the Tāj dissolve like a pearl, and so rise in a mist into the moonlight; and in its place, on her dais of white marble, he shall see the Lady Arjemand, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Chosen of the Palace, stand there in the white perfection of beauty, smiling as one who hath attained unto the Peace. For she is its soul.

And kneeling before the dais, he shall see Ustād Isā, who made this body of her beauty; and his face is hidden in his hands.

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GUINEVERE THE MYSTERIOUS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

AGAIN the Guiana jungle comes wonderfully to the eye and mysteriously to the mind; again my khakis and sneakers are skin-comfortable; again I am squatted on a pleasant mat of leaves in a miniature gorge, miles back of my Kartabo bungalow. Life elsewhere has already become unthinkable. I recall a place boiling with worried people, rent with unpleasing sounds, and beset with unsatisfactory pleasures. It is, I believe, called New York. I have read, during the last week, of a great yacht race, of war still seething in Europe, and of much money — or the lack of it. But these have passed from mind, and I settle down another notch, head

snuggled on knees, and sway, elephant-fashion, with sheer joy, as a musky, exciting odor comes drifting, apparently by its own volition, down through the windless little gorge.

If I permit a concrete, scientific reaction, I must acknowledge the source to be a passing bug, — a giant bug, — related distantly to our malodorous northern squash-bug, but emitting a scent as different as orchids' breath from grocery garlic. But I accept this delicate volatility as simply another pastille-soft sense-impression — as an earnest of the worthy, smelly things of old jungles. There is no breeze, no slightest shift of air-particles; yet down

the gorge comes this cloud, — a cloud unsensible except to nostrils, — eddying as if swirling around the edges of leaves, riding on the air as gently as the low, distant crooning of great, sleepy jungle doves.

With two senses so perfectly occupied, sight becomes superfluous and I close my eyes. And straightway the scent and the murmur usurp my whole mind with a vivid memory. I am still squatting, but in a dark, fragrant room; and the murmur is still of doves; but the room is in the cool, still heart of the Queen's Golden Monastery in northern Burma, within storm-sound of Thibet, and the doves are perched among the glitter and tinkling bells of the pagoda roofs. I am squatting very quietly, for I am tired, after photographing carved peacocks and junglefowl in the marvelous fretwork of the outer balconies. There are idols all about me — or so it would appear to a missionary; for my part, I can think only of the wonderful face of the old Lama who sits near me, a face peaceful with the something for which most of us would desert what we are doing, if by that we could attain it. Near him are two young priests, sitting as motionless as the Buddha in front of them.

After a half-hour of the strange thing that we call time, the Lama speaks, very low and very softly: —

'The surface of the mirror is clouded with a breath.'

Out of a long silence one of the neophytes replies, 'The mirror can be wiped clear.'

Again the world becomes incense and doves, — in the silence and peace of that monastery, it may have been a few minutes or a decade, — and the second Thibetan whispers, 'There is no need to wipe the mirror.'

When I have left behind the world of inharmonious colors, of polluted waters, of soot-stained walls and smoke-

tinged air, the green of jungle comes like a cooling bath of delicate tints and shades. I think of all the green things I have loved — of malachite in matrix and table-top; of jade, not factory-hewn baubles, but age-mellowed signets, fashioned by lovers of their craft, and seasoned by the toying yellow fingers of generations of forgotten Chinese emperors — jade, as Dunsany would say, of the exact shade of the right color. I think too, of dainty emerald scarves that are seen and lost in a flash at a dance; of the air-cooled, living green of curling breakers; of a lonely light that gleams to starboard of an unknown passing vessel, and of the transparent green of northern lights that flicker and play on winter nights high over the garish glare of Broadway.

Now, in late afternoon, when I opened my eyes in the little gorge, the soft green vibrations merged insensibly with the longer waves of the doves' voices and with the dying odor. Soon the green alone was dominant; and when I had finished thinking of pleasant, far-off green things, the wonderful emerald of my great tree-frog of last year came to mind, — Gawain the mysterious, — and I wondered if I should ever solve his life.

In front of me was a little jungle rain-pool. At the base of the miniature precipice of the gorge, this pool was a thing of clay. It was milky in consistence, from the roiling of suspended clay; and when the surface caught a glint of light and reflected it, only the clay and mud walls about came to the eye. It was a very regular pool, a man's height in diameter, and from two inches to two miles deep. I became absorbed in a sort of subaquatic mirage, in which I seemed to distinguish reflections beneath the surface. My eyes refocused with a jerk, and I realized that something had unconsciously been perceived by my rods and cones, and short-circuited to

my duller brain. Where a moment before was an unbroken translucent surface, were now thirteen strange beings who had appeared from the depths, and were mumbling oxygen with trembling lips.

In days to come, through all the months, I should again and again be surprised and cheated and puzzled — all phases of delight in the beings who share the earth's life with me. This was one of the first of the year, and I stiffened into one large eye.

I did not know whether they were fish, fairy shrimps, or frogs; I had never seen anything like them, and they were wholly unexpected. I so much desired to know what they were, that I sat quietly — as I enjoy keeping a treasured letter to the last, or reserving the frosting until the cake is eaten. It occurred to me that, had it not been for the Kaiser, I might have been forbidden this mystery; a chain of occurrences: Kaiser — war — submarines — glass-shortage for dreadnoughts — mica port-holes needed — Guiana prospector — abandoned pits — rainy season — mysterious tenants — me!

When I squatted by the side of the pool, no sign of life was visible. Far up through the green foliage of the jungle I could see a solid ceiling of cloud, while beneath me the liquid clay of the pool was equally opaque and lifeless. As a seer watches the surface of his crystal ball, so I gazed at my six-foot circle of milky water. My shift forward was like the fall of a tree: it brought into existence about it a temporary circle of silence and fear — a circle whose periphery began at once to contract; and after a few minutes the gorge again accepted me as a part of its harmless self. A huge bee zoomed past, and just behind my head a humming-bird beat the air into a froth of sound, as vibrant as the richest tones of a 'cello. My concentrated interest seemed to become

known to the life of the surrounding glade, and I was bombarded with sight, sound, and odor, as if on purpose to distract my attention. But I remained unmoved, and indications of rare and desirable beings passed unheeded.

A flotilla of little water-striders came rowing themselves along, racing for a struggling ant which had fallen into the milky quicksand. These were in my line of vision, so I watched them for a while, letting the corner of my eye keep guard for the real aristocrats of the milky sea — whoever they were. My eye was close enough, my elevation sufficiently low to become one with the water-striders, and to become excited over the adventures of these little petrels; and in my absorption I almost forgot my chief quest. As soaring birds seem at times to rest against the very substance of cloud, upheld by some thin lift of air, so these insects glided as easily and skimmed as swiftly upon the surface film of water. I did not know even the genus of this tropical form; but insect taxonomists have been particularly happy in their given names — I recalled *Hydrobates*, *Aquarius*, and *Remigis*.

The spur-winged jacanas are very skillful in their dainty treading of water-lily leaves; but here were good-sized insects rowing about on the water itself. They supported themselves on the four hinder legs, rowing with the middle pair, and steering with the hinder ones, while the front limbs were held aloft ready for the seizing of prey. I watched three of them approach the ant, which was struggling to reach the shore, and the first to reach it hesitated not a moment, but leaped into the air from a take-off of mere aqueous surface film, landed full upon the drowning unfortunate, grasped it, and at the same instant gave a mighty sweep with its oars, to escape from its pursuing, envious companions. Off went the twelve

dimples, marking the aquatic footprints of the trio of striders; and as the bearer of the ant dodged one of its own kind, it was suddenly threatened by a small, jet submarine of a diving beetle. At the very moment when the pursuit was hottest, and it seemed anybody's ant, I looked aside, and the little water-bugs passed from my sight forever — for scattered over the surface were seven strange, mumbling mouths. Close as I was, their nature still eluded me. At my slightest movement all vanished, not with the virile splash of a fish or the healthy roll and dip of a porpoise, but with a weird, vertical withdrawing — the seven dissolving into the milk to join their six fellows.

This was sufficient to banish further meditative surmising, and I crept swiftly to a point of vantage, and with sweep-net awaited their reappearance. It was five minutes before faint, discolored spots indicated their rising, and at least two minutes more before they actually disturbed the surface. With eight or nine in view, I dipped quickly and got nothing. Then I sank my net deeply and waited again. This time ten minutes passed, and then I swept deep and swiftly, and drew up the net with four flopping, struggling super-tadpoles. They struggled for only a moment, and then lay quietly waiting for what might be sent by the guardian of the fate of tadpoles — surely some quaint little god relation of Neptune, Pan, and St. Vitus. Gently shunted into a glass jar, these surprising tads accepted the new environment with quiet philosophy; and when I reached the laboratory and transferred them again, they dignifiedly righted themselves in the swirling current, and hung in mid-aquarium, waiting — forever waiting.

It was difficult to think of them as tadpoles, when the word brought to mind hosts of little black wrigglers filling puddles and swamps of our north-

ern country. These were slow-moving, graceful creatures, partly transparent, partly reflecting every hue of the spectrum, with broad, waving scarlet and hyaline fins, and strange, fish-like mouths and eyes. Their habits were as unpollywoglike as their appearance. I visited their micaceous pool again and again; and if I could have spent days instead of hours with them, no moment of ennui would have intervened.

My acquaintanceship with tadpoles in the past had not aroused me to enthusiasm in the matter of their mental ability; as, for example, the inmates of the next aquarium to that of the Redfins, where I kept a herd or brood or school of Short-tailed Blacks — pollywogs of the Giant Toad (*Bufo marinus*). At earliest dawn they swam aimlessly about and mumbled; at high noon they mumbled and still swam; at midnight they refused to be otherwise occupied. It was possible to alarm them; but even while they fled they mumbled.

In bodily form my Redfins were fish, but mentally they had advanced a little beyond the usual tadpole train of reactions, reaching forward toward the varied activities of the future amphibian. One noticeable thing was their segregation, whether in the mica pools, or in two other smaller ones near by, in which I found them. Each held a pure culture of Redfins, and I found that this was no accident, but aided and enforced by the tads themselves. Twice, while I watched them, I saw definite pursuit of an alien pollywog, — the larva of the Scarlet-thighed Leaf-walker (*Phyllobates inguinalis*), — which fled headlong. The second time the attack was so persistent that the lesser tadpole leaped from the water, wriggled its way to a damp heap of leaves, and slipped down between them. For tadpoles to take such action as this was as reasonable as for an orchid to push a

fellow blossom aside on the approach of a fertilizing hawk-moth. This momentary coöperation, and the concerted elimination of the undesired tadpole, affected me as the thought of the first consciousness of power of synchronous rhythm coming to ape men: it seemed a spark of tadpole genius — an adumbration of possibilities which now would end in the dull consciousness of the future frog, but which might, in past ages, have been a vital link in the development of an ancestral Ereops.

My Redfins were assuredly no common tadpoles, and an intolerant pollywog offers worthy research for the naturalist. Straining their medium of its opacity, I drew off the clayey liquid and replaced it with the clearer brown, wallaba-stained water of the Mazaroni; and thereafter all their doings, all their intimacies, were at my mercy. I felt as must have felt the first aviator who flew unheralded over an oriental city, with its patios and house-roofs spread naked beneath him.

II

It was on one of the early days of observation that an astounding thought came to me — before I had lost perspective in intensive watching, before familiarity had assuaged some of the marvel of these super-tadpoles. Most of those in my jar were of a like size, just short of an inch; but one was much larger, and correspondingly gorgeous in color and graceful in movement. As she swept slowly past my line of vision, she turned and looked, first at me, then up at the limits of her world, with a slow deliberateness and a hint of expression which struck deep into my memory. Green came to mind, — something clad in a smock of emerald, with a waistcoat of mother-of-pearl, and great sprawling arms, — and I found myself thinking of Gawain, our

mystery frog of a year ago, who came without warning, and withheld all the secrets of his life. And I glanced again at this super-tad, — as unlike her ultimate development as the grub is unlike the beetle, — and one of us exclaimed, 'It is the same, or nearly, but more delicate, more beautiful; it must be Guinevere.' And so, probably for the first time in the world, there came to be a pet tadpole, one with an absurd name which will forever be more significant to us than the term applied by a forgotten herpetologist many years ago.

And Guinevere became known to all who had to do with the laboratory. Her health and daily development and color-change were things to be inquired after and discussed; one of us watched her closely and made notes of her life, one painted every radical development of color and pattern, another photographed her, and another brought her delectable scum. She was waited upon as sedulously as a termite queen. And she rewarded us by living, which was all we asked.

It is difficult for a diver to express his emotions on paper, and verbal arguments with a dentist are usually one-sided. So must the spirit of a tadpole suffer greatly from handicaps of the flesh. A mumbling mouth and an uncontrollable, flagellating tail, connected by a pinwheel of intestine, are scant material wherewith to attempt new experiments, whereon to nourish aspirations. Yet the Redfins, as typified by Guinevere, have done both, and given time enough, they may emulate or surpass the achievements of larval axolotls, or the astounding egg-producing maggots of certain gnats, thus realizing all the possibilities of froghood while yet cribbed within the lowly casing of a pollywog.

In the first place Guinevere had ceased being positively thigmotactic,

and, writing as a technical herpetologist, I need add no more. In fact, all my readers, whether Batrachologists or Casuals, will agree that this is an unheard-of achievement. But before I loosen the technical etymology and become casually more explicit, let me hold this term in suspense a moment, as I once did, fascinated by the sheer sound of the syllables, as they first came to my ears years ago in a university lecture. There is that of possibility in being positively thigmotactic which makes one dread the necessity of exposing and limiting its meaning, of digging down to its mathematically accurate roots. It could never be called a flower of speech: it is an over-ripe fruit rather: heavy-stoned, thin-fleshed — an essentially practical term. It is eminently suited to its purpose, and so widely used that my friend the editor must accept it; not looking askance as he did at my definition of a vampire as a vesperitilial anæsthetist, or breaking into open but wholly ineffectual rebellion, as at the past tense of the verb to candelabra. I admit that the parsing

I candelabra
You candelabra
He candelabras

arouses a ripple of confusion in the mind; but it is far more important to use words than to parse them, anyway, so I acclaim perfect clarity for 'The fireflies candelabraed the trees!'

Not to know the precise meaning of being positively thigmotactic is a stimulant to the imagination, which opens the way to an entire essay on the disadvantages of education — a thought once strongly aroused by the glorious red-and-gold hieroglyphic signs of the Peking merchants — signs which have always thrilled me more than the utmost efforts of our modern psychological advertisers.

Having crossed unconsciously by such a slender etymological bridge from

my jungle tadpole to China, it occurs to me that the Chinese are the most positively thigmotactic people in the world. I have walked through block after block of subterranean catacombs, beneath city streets which were literally packed full of humanity, and I have seen hot mud pondlets along the Min River wholly eclipsed by shivering Chinamen packed sardine-wise, twenty or thirty in layers, or radiating like the spokes of a great wheel which has fallen into the mud.

From my brood of Short-tailed Blacks, a half-dozen tadpoles wandered off now and then, each scum-mumbling by himself. Shortly his positivism asserted itself and back he wriggled, twisting in and out of the mass of his fellows, or at the approach of danger nuzzling into the dead leaves at the bottom, content only with the feeling of something pressing against his sides and tail. His physical make-up, simple as it is, has proved perfectly adapted to this touch system of life: flat-bottomed, with rather narrow, paddle-shaped tail-fins which, beginning well back of the body, interfere in no way with the pollywog's instincts, he can thigmotact to his heart's content. His eyes are also adapted to looking upward, discerning dimly dangers from above, and whatever else catches the attention of a bottom-loving pollywog. His mouth is well below, as best suits bottom mumbling.

Compared with these *polloi* pollywogs, Redfins were as humming-birds to quail. Their very origin was unique; for while the tead tadpoles wriggled their way free from egg gelatine deposited in the water itself, the Redfins were literally rained down. Within a folded leaf the parents left the eggs — a leaf carefully chosen as overhanging a suitable ditch, or pit, or puddle. If all signs of weather and season failed and a sudden drought set in, sap would dry,

leaf would shrivel, and the pitiful gamble for life of the little jungle frogs would be lost; the spoonful of froth would collapse bubble by bubble, and, finally, a thin dry film on the brown leaf would in turn vanish, and Guinevere and her companions would never have been.

But untold centuries of unconscious necessity have made these tree-frogs infallible weather prophets, and the liberating rain soon sifted through the jungle foliage. In the streaming drops which funneled from the curled leaf, tadpole after tadpole hurtled downward and splashed headlong into the water; their parents and the rain and gravitation had performed their part, and from now on fate lay with the super-tads themselves — except when a passing naturalist brought new complications, new demands of Karma, as strange and unpredictable as if from another planet or universe.

Only close examination showed that these were tadpoles, not fish, judged by the staring eyes, and broad fins stained above and below with orange-scarlet — colors doomed to oblivion in the native, milky waters, but glowing brilliantly in my aquarium. Although they were provided with such an expanse of fin, the only part used for ordinary progression was the extreme tip, a mere threadlike streamer, which whipped in never-ending spirals, lashing forward, backward, and sideways. So rapid was this motion, and so short the flagellum, that the tadpole did not even tremble or vibrate as it moved, but forged steadily onward, without a tremor.

The head was buffy yellow, changing to bittersweet orange back of the eyes and on the gills. The body was dotted with a host of minute specks of gold and silver. On the sides and below, this gave place to a rich bronze, and then to a clear, iridescent silvery blue. The eye proper was silvery white, but the upper

part of the eyeball fairly glowed with color. In front it was jet black flecked with gold, merging behind into a brilliant blue. Yet this patch of jeweled tissue was visible only rarely as the tadpole turned forward, and in the opaque liquid of the mica pool must have ever been hidden. And even if plainly seen, of what use was a shred of rainbow to a sexless tadpole in the depths of a shady pool!

With high-arched fins, beginning at neck and throat, body compressed as in a racing yacht, there could be no bottom life for Guinevere. Whenever she touched a horizontal surface, — whether leaf or twig, — she careened; when she sculled through a narrow passage in the floating algæ, her fins bent and rippled as they were pressed bodywards. So she and her fellow brood lived in mid-aquarium, or at most rested lightly against stem or glass, suspended by gentle suction of the complex mouth. Once, when I inserted a long streamer of delicate water-weed, it remained upright, like some strange tree of carboniferous memory. After an hour I found this the perching-place of fourteen Red-fin tads, and at the very summit was Guinevere. The rest were arranged nearly in altitudinal size — two large tadpoles being close below Guinevere, and a bevy of six tiny chaps lowest down. All were lightly poised, swaying in mid-water, at a gently sloping angle, like some unheard-of, orange-stained, aquatic autumn foliage.

For two weeks Guinevere remained almost as I have described her, gaining slightly in size, but with little alteration of color or pattern. Then came the time of the great change: we felt it to be imminent before any outward signs indicated its approach. And for four more days there was no hint except the sudden growth of the hind legs. From tiny dangling appendages with minute toes and indefinite knees, they enlarged

and bent, and became miniature but perfect frog's limbs.

She had now reached a length of two inches, and her delicate colors and waving fins made her daily more marvelous. The strange thing about the hind limbs was that, although so large and perfect, they were quite useless. They could not even be unflexed; and other mere pollywogs near by were wriggling toes, calves, and thighs while yet these were but imperfect buds. When she dived suddenly, the toes occasionally moved a little; but as a whole, they merely sagged and drifted like some extraneous things entangled in the body.

Smoothly and gracefully Guinevere moved about the aquarium. Her gills lifted and closed rhythmically — twice as slowly as compared with the three or four times every second of her breathless young tadpolehood. Several times on the fourteenth day, she came quietly to the surface for a gulp of air.

Looking at her from above, two little bulges were visible on either side of the body — the ensheathed elbows pressing outward. Twice, when she lurched forward in alarm, I saw these front limbs jerk spasmodically; and when she was resting quietly, they rubbed and pushed impatiently against their mittened tissue.

And now began a restless shifting, a slow, strange dance in mid-water, wholly unlike any movement of her smaller companions; up and down, slowly revolving on oblique planes, with rhythmical turns and sinkings — this continued for an hour, when I was called for lunch. And as if to punish me for this material digression and desertion, when I returned, in half an hour, the miracle had happened.

Guinevere still danced in stately cadence, with the other Redfins at a distance going about their several businesses. She danced alone — a dance of change, of happenings of tremendous

import, of symbolism as majestic as it was age-old. Here in this little glass aquarium the tadpole Guinevere had just freed her arms — she, with waving scarlet fins, watching me with lidless white and staring eyes, still with fish-like, fin-bound body. She danced upright, with new-born arms folded across her breast, tail-tip flagellating frenziedly, stretching long fingers with disks like cymbals, reaching out for the land she had never trod, limbs flexed for leaps she had never made.

A few days before and Guinevere had been a fish, then a helpless biped, and now suddenly, somewhere between my salad and coffee, she became an aquatic quadruped. Strangest of all, her hands were mobile, her feet useless; and when the dance was at an end, and she sank slowly to the bottom, she came to rest on the very tips of her two longest fingers; her legs and toes still drifting high and useless. Just before she ceased, her arms stretched out right froggily, her weird eyes rolled about, and she gulped a mighty gulp of the strange thin medium that covered the surface of her liquid home.

At midnight of this same day only three things existed in the world — on my table I turned from the *Bhagavad-Gita* to Drinkwater's *Reverie* and back again; then I looked up to the jar of clear water and watched Guinevere hovering motionless. At six the next morning she was crouched safely on a bit of paper a foot from the aquarium. She had missed the open window, the four-foot drop to the floor, and a neighboring aquarium stocked with voracious fish: surely the gods of pollywogs were kind to me. The great fins were gone — dissolved into blobs of dull pink; the tail was a mere stub, the feet drawn close, and a glance at her head showed that Guinevere had become a frog almost within an hour. Three things I hastened to observe: the pupils

of her eyes were vertical, revealing her genus *Phyllomedusa* (making apt our choice of the feminine); by a gentle urging I saw that the first and second toes were equal in length; and a glance at her little humped back showed a scattering of white calcareous spots, giving the clue to her specific personality — *bicolor*: thus were we introduced to *Phyllomedusa bicolor*, alias Guinevere, and thus was established beyond doubt her close relationship to Gawain.

During that first day, within three hours, during most of which I watched her closely, Guinevere's change in color was beyond belief. For an hour she leaped from time to time; but after that, and for the rest of her life, she crept in strange unfroglike fashion, raised high on all four limbs, with her stubby tail curled upward, and reaching out one weird limb after another. If one's hand approached within a foot, she saw it and stretched forth appealing, skinny fingers.

At two o'clock she was clad in a general cinnamon buff; then a shade of glaucous green began to creep over head and upper eyelids, onward over her face, finally coloring body and limbs. Beneath, the little pollyfrog fairly glowed with bright apricot orange, throat and tail amparo purple, mouth green, and sides rich pale blue. To this maze of color we must add a strange, new expression, born of the prominent eyes, together with the line of the mouth extending straight back with a final jeering, upward lift; in front, the lower lip thick and protruding, which, with the slanting eyes, gave a leering, devilish smirk, while her set, stiff, exact posture compelled a vivid thought of the sphinx. Never have I seen such a remarkable combination. It fascinated

us. We looked at Guinevere, and then at the tadpoles swimming quietly in their tank, and evolution in its wildest conceptions appeared a tame truism.

This was the acme of Guinevere's change, the pinnacle of her development. Thereafter her transformations were rhythmical, alternating with the day and night. Through the nights of activity she was garbed in rich, warm brown. With the coming of dawn, as she climbed slowly upward, her color shifted through chestnut to maroon; this maroon then died out on the mid-back to a delicate, dull violet-blue, which in turn became obscured in the sunlight by turquoise, which crept slowly along the sides. Carefully and laboriously she clambered up, up to the topmost frond, and there performed her little toilet, scraping head and face with her hands, passing the hinder limbs over her back to brush off every grain of sand. The eyes had meanwhile lost their black-flecked, golden, nocturnal iridescence, and had gradually paled to a clear silvery blue, while the great pupil of darkness narrowed to a slit.

Little by little her limbs and digits were drawn in out of sight, and the tiny jeweled being crouched low, hopping for a day of comfortable clouds, a little moisture, and a swift passage of time to the next period of darkness, when it was fitting and right for the Guineveres to seek their small meed of sustenance, to grow to the frog's full estate, and to fulfill as well as might be what destiny the jungle offered. To unravel the meaning of it all is beyond even attempting. The breath of mist ever clouds the mirror, and only as regards a tiny segment of the life-history of Guinevere can I say, 'There is no need to wipe the mirror.'

STAR-DUST

BY CHRISTINA KRYSTO

I

HE had always dreamed of adventure, this ever-young father of ours — the full adventure which comes to the world's pioneers. And always, too, he had had his share of it. The memories of our childhood are shot through and through with brilliant tales of his fashioning, and of these the most entrancing were the reminiscences of his own childhood years — unless one counts as stories the gay escapades which constantly we shared with him; the truest true stories we used to call them, talking them over in the evening, in front of the open fire. Yet, always, we came back to the scintillating plans which he ceaselessly drew for his own future and for ours — plans which long ago set us to saving our copper kopeks for our travel-fund.

'Give us the new things!' he used to say, half-laughingly, swinging some one of us on his knee: 'the unknown places and the untried tasks! Give us our home where the axe first meets the forest, our work at the roots of the big undertakings; and let who will have the blossoms and the fruit. Give us a full life of the hardships of beginnings. And then, for our reward, give us a battered old ship, on a sea that has no shores; let us face storms, lest we grow indolent; let us search for treasure, lest we grow old! Come, kiddies: who will be captain of my ship?'

We had them all in varying measure, the blessings for which, half-jokingly, he prayed. We had the house in the Caucasian forest — a forest which even

the axe could not subdue; for its stumps came triumphantly to life again and the tall fern brake of the underbrush ran ever back over the half-cleared spaces.

We had the year in the historic, sun-filled, blue-and-white Balaklava, where we lived 'across the street from the sea,' and feasted on the stories of the Greek fishermen, who adopted us all into their lawless fraternity.

We had another year or two in Yalta, — a city of white steps running down to the water, of tall, slim cypresses, and pine-covered hills at the back, — where, contrary to our accustomed ways, we lived in a big house with polished floors, and father was very much in the midst of things.

Later, we had Hawaii, where we spent our days in the warm breakers and prayed that nothing would ever take us away from them; while father, with his little white mule, tramped over the islands, stopping now and then to spread his paper over some flat-topped rock and write for an hour or two, so that the magazine-reading Russia might know how much fun there was in the world of the tropics.

And, later still, true to his pioneer bent, he planted us on a half-cleared ranch in California, where we fought desert rocks as we had fought the forest of Caucasus, and with little better results. Though even then, in those slim days, the unforgotten travel-fund held our small savings and our dreams.

And all this time father was working

at the roots of the big undertakings. The work ran lightly at first, through articles in the Russian newspapers and magazines, where he urged new plans and new experiments and new developments in industry and education; then, steadily and consistently, when he put his whole heart into it and forgot himself in his work. He left the California home at that time, and went back to Russia, to prove, if he could, his contention that the life of mankind is built close to the earth, and that in the proper tilling of that earth lies the hope of the world. Under the Department of Agriculture, as agricultural expert and adviser, he began his work with the Russian government, and Fate was kind to him, for he stayed but a little time in each of the districts allotted him. The endless plains of Siberia were his for a time; then the hot fields of Turkestan; then once more the mountains of his beloved Caucasus, from which he dropped into the steppes of his native Ukraina.

His adventures took a queer turn, in those days. He had lived in the United States long enough to learn the newest methods of agriculture in all its aspects; long enough to covet them all for his own land. As they said of him once at an official dinner in Petrograd, 'He stands with one foot in Russia and one foot in America, and his task is to bring his feet together.' The world in which he lived at that time was the world of disc ploughs and modern harrows and cultivators; and for many years they called him, throughout Russia, 'the tractor-mad American.'

Into this world he took the readers of the Russian magazines, and his rich descriptions of his plans and dreams made it a true fairy world. Fruit-drying for Turkestan he preached, and the intensive cultivation of cotton; a gigantic lumber industry for Siberia, together with a full opening of her mines, and

both of these but poor seconds to her rich, tractor-developed fields. In Caucasus he saw the all-Russian resort, surpassing Switzerland and Southern France and Italy — a playground of the nation, which later would become the playground of the world. And then, for Russia as a whole, he had bigger dreams still — the dream of improved grains wisely sown and successfully harvested; the dream of rural schools; and then the dream of good roads, a network of them, supplanting her hopeless mud-ruts and lifting her out of the Middle Ages.

He exasperated us a bit with those good roads. That dream held him very fast on that momentous visit of his when we met him at the station with our shining new car, and had the blissful experience of having him ask unsuspectingly, '*Chey avtomobeel?*' We took him on long rides on that visit, parading before the entire countryside both our father and our car. We would explain to him excitedly the intricacies of the levers and the buttons, still very new to ourselves; and we would be chilled by his indifference.

'The road,' he would say, 'is very smooth right here. It has a different feeling, somehow, under the tires. Will you stop a moment?'

He would climb out — awkwardly; he never did grow used to the car, which seemed to serve him only as a starting-place for memories of his ungovernable gray *Sery* of Batoum days, who used to throw him regularly and could go like the wind, 'quite as fast as the car.' With his camera he would walk back along the road, pausing to make his snap-shots, striking his foot on the paved surface, crumbling it away with his hands at the edge.

Presently he would come back to us. 'Who built this road, do you know?' And if we did not know, there were, of course, ways of finding out. Then

would follow the trip to the contractor's office, and long technical discussions through which we waited, impatient, but for the knowledge that all this was somehow the following through of the tales of our childhood days, the tasks at the roots of big things. Later, there came the reward — the news that the Russian government was working along his plan. His booklet on good roads came also, illustrated with the snap-shots that we had helped him to take; although in those snap-shots, — we observed it with a full sense of injury, — he had not even bothered to include the new car.

His visits were not frequent in those years, and, each time, he would remain with us a fortnight or three weeks, then go on to New York, or set sail for Vladivostok. They were oddly hushed days, the days just before his going, when he shook his head over his too-full bags, and jotted things down in his worn notebook; and when, in spirit, he would be gone long before the day of his departure. His step was still on the porch as he paced up and down; his arm still fell promptly about the shoulders of any one of us who chanced to come within reach. But there was a different light in his eyes — the going-away light, which we had learned to know; and in his room, when we called him to breakfast, we would find him writing, writing.

II

Through all those years, somehow, we did not outgrow his stories; yet he kept always a long step ahead of us. We need not even close our eyes to see him on the ranch during those brief 'runs' in from Russia, sunning himself on the porch, his small grandson on his knee, a tattered Stevenson in his hand — we had worn out the English original, after the leaves of our Russian translation had fallen apart.

'Sing yo-ho botta-rum, *dedushka*' — this last the only word that crowned sister's heroic efforts to teach her young Scotch-Russians her mother-tongue.

'Yo-ho and a bottle o' rum,' would come in father's low, pleasant voice.

'And we shall look for treasure, too, *dedushka*, you and I?'

'We shall look for it, sonny-boy, you and I.'

'And find it?'

'And find it. Or, at least, if we should not find it, we shall have had the fun of looking for it, just the same.'

Then, usually, sister would appear, a little worried wrinkle between her eyebrows. 'Really, father, he dreams about it all night — and he talks and tosses, and kicks off the bed-clothes — and he saves his pennies for a travel-fund.'

Father would laugh at that, and sing a little Russian song, — something about the trials of being the father of a grown daughter, — and hand the squirming youngster over to her.

'Take your son, then, and give him plain bread and butter, you who were raised on rainbows. But just the same, some day we shall find that ship and go looking for the treasure.' He would pause a moment and narrow his eyes. 'With the help of Boris Ivanovich.'

He told us more of Boris Ivanovich, his neighbor in his apartment in Petrograd — a veritable brother in adventure. Boris Ivanovich, it seemed, was ready to outfit a ship and go cruising on the shores of Peru, in quest of treasure whose location was clearly marked on a messy chart, which he had bought from a starving sailor. Father, of course, was included in the party.

He was quite serious about it, and his trip to Argentina gave new substance to that fancy of his. It was on that trip that, though he went alone, he took us with him through the letters that came to us and the photographs he brought

back. It was a queer collection of pictures — a tractor pulling a disc plough, rows upon rows of bound wheat-straw, and then, a matchless avenue of royal palms, in the photograph of which he had caught the coming of evening across the sky and the breeze that springs up at sundown. Then would come an improved grain-elevator, and a group of eager-faced immigrants on the wharf. He paused long over that last picture.

'Here you have romance in its fullest. Each one of these is facing his adventure — a new land, new opportunities, new hopes. I should like to see their faces at the end of five years.'

'When they're disheartened and disappointed?'

Father shook his head.

'When their feet are firm on that strange land, and they have made the wide new fields their own. When they have matched their strength against odds, and have won, and have begun to dream of definite accomplishment. Now, in this picture, they are dreaming only of dreams.'

We asked him, half-jokingly, about the Peruvian treasure. But he remained quite serious.

'They talk of it, much, throughout South America. And on the ship I heard it. Boris Ivanovich will be encouraged.'

'But, father,' we remonstrated, 'so many people have tried —'

Father smiled then, and said, —

'They went to seek the treasure of gold, and they missed it. As for me, I shall go to seek other treasures, and these I cannot miss. I have never yet had enough of the sea. Always I go from somewhere to somewhere, and time is limited. So many times I have longed for broken engines. There are a thousand thoughts, a thousand plans, which have come to me, and which I have not had time to develop. One could write so much and so clearly on

board a ship that was not hurrying. Always, too, I have wondered about those who live in the forgotten places — savages, we call them. But what, after all, are savages? I have always wanted to know. And then, of course, we should have interesting people on board, and books, the sort of books that one has no time for in ordinary life yet, but without which one's life is not rich. There would be storms and calms, and then there would be the breath of the tropics, which has haunted me ever since first I felt it. And there would be the slow working inland through the jungle and over the mountains. Perhaps we shall go where no one ever went before, and stand on the peaks and look down, all about. Yes, I think I shall find my treasures!'

But, as time went on, he became less sure. His work grew ever more fascinating to him. He was in Petrograd for only short periods, going into the country with the first breath of spring, returning only when even the southern fields were buried in snow. The government looked with favor on his big schemes; in Russia's big adventure of slow awakening he was playing his part well. But his thrilling personal reward, of which he had talked in our childhood days, grew ever more remote.

'Soon I shall be old,' he complained to us, 'and the only personal excitement that came to me in the last year was the theft of my new *shuba*. And even then, when I caught the thief, he proved a tiny fellow, half-starved; so of course I had to buy the *shuba* back from him. I eat and sleep and work, and after a time I shall come back to the ranch to stay, with no dangers to remember. I don't like it.'

III

The war brought to him new duties, but no new excitement save the added opportunities to travel back and forth

over the rich steppes, in quest of food for the army. And he must have hated his years and his graying hair when he watched his younger friends slip out of their places in the offices and go out to the front, to face their big adventure.

The first news of the Revolution thrilled him. The provisional government opened to him the possibility of pushing his plans for Russia to limits that matched his wildest dreams. The youthful spirit that had triumphed over the age-old political traditions recognized in father the spirit that would not grow old. He was wanted in a dozen places at once; a dozen posts were offered him. And it seemed, for a time, that, in the working toward the realization of his plans for Russia, his desire for the thrilling things for himself would be fulfilled.

But the provisional government was short-lived; its end buried his new plans, and he settled back to wait. Then, gradually, the life of every day began to force itself upon him as an adventure more thrilling, more compelling, than any for which he had hoped. His last letter, which slipped through from Petrograd before that six months' void of helpless waiting, when we simply closed our minds to his fate and refused to face the one question, was filled with the wonder of it.

'The soul of a nation,' he wrote, 'like the soul of man, is revealed fully only in the moments of greatest stress. I am watching the soul of Russia now, and its greatness and its shortcomings are alike overwhelming. Only, the greatness, for the moment, is submerged, and the stark nakedness of an untutored people's passions fills one with horror. The living question is growing difficult; men who formerly stirred thousands with the fineness of their ideas now talk with glowing eyes of buckwheat *kasha* and meat-pies. It is not a pretty sight to watch them. Yet I would not choose

to be anywhere else on earth just now, and I awake each morning with the thought of another wonderful day before me. The unexpected does not need to be sought now: it meets one at every step; and I turn street-corners in my wanderings, as one turns the pages of a book of fairy tales.'

The living question grew more difficult from day to day, and soon father, too, was caught in the pressure of food-shortage. His aimless wanderings ceased; there was always a goal to his walks now, for new 'lines' came into being to supplement the original bread-lines — the meat-line and the milk-line, the flour-line and the herring-line; 'tails,' the Russians call them, giving the proper bit of irony to the institution. At first they took it jokingly, the people of Petrograd, and, indeed, of all Russia: after all, they said, standing in a tail for a loaf of bread was no different from standing in line for an opera-ticket.

Besides, there were the servants. But the servants melted away, what with servants' wages soaring above the wages of their masters; and, presently, like refugees adrift on a raft, people thought of little besides food. Enticing tales began to circulate: 'Those who know can get food, plenty of it'; 'Those on the inside eat soup made of meat'; 'The redder one's belief, the more butter on his bread.' It is doubtful whether history will ever record the number of political converts made by the hope of bread with no husks in it.

Father no longer marveled at the glowing light in the eyes of his friends when they talked of food. His own dream of going through the jungle in search of strange animals and unknown savage tribes was fast changing color. With all the zest which that dream had engendered, he was hunting the Petrograd jungle for a wilted potato or a stray salt herring.

There was the red-letter day when, in some forgotten basement shop, he unearthed ten pounds of lentils, and felt a warm sympathy for Esau; for was it not of lentils that the mess of pottage was made? But the lentils lasted only a short time, and each sallying forth after new supplies took more time and greater efforts, and each effort was more scantily repaid.

Temporary relief then came in the guise of cabbages. For the chaos, though appalling, was not absolute, and attempts at order were beginning, though order itself was far from being achieved. Those who were 'on the inside' knew the value of edible stores.

With his love for fresh air and his hatred of noise, father had always sought the edges of a city. In Petrograd he had outdone himself, and the apartment house in which he lived faced blocks of cabbages. These had been seized by 'those who knew,' and the 'house committee' of his apartment house was given jurisdiction over them. The committee was now looking for an overseer of cabbages, and perhaps it was but natural that it should turn to the country's agricultural expert and adviser to undertake the office.

We laughed when, later, father told us.

'How did it make you feel?' we asked.

'Very happy.' Father did not smile, and we knew, then, the extent of his trials. 'You see, I could buy my cabbages at half-price then. But it kept me busy,' he went on; 'for the guards gave me much trouble. I had not anticipated that. I picked my personal friends for guards — men whom I trusted absolutely not to fall before temptation. But the cabbages disappeared alarmingly.'

But one could not live on cabbages alone, and, besides, their season soon passed and the fields were left bare; and

father's hope of staying on in Russia, of weathering the storm so that he might make use of the ensuing calm, quickly faded. Even his own reserve of strength was gone, for he was already a living skeleton. The sad truth was forced upon him — he had to leave Petrograd or starve. There was a brother in Khar-koff, a brother who owned an estate upon which, no doubt, cabbages and other things were growing. But traveling across Russia, even for short distances, was a total impossibility, and father decided to come home to California.

It was a decision that took bitter months for its accomplishment, and across those months, like a golden thread, runs the devotion of the friends who helped — friends without whom, beyond a doubt, the end of this story would have lost itself in some forgotten corner of tumbled Petrograd.

Passports, it seemed, could not be had easily. For the Department of the Interior and the office of the War-Control Board both had to visé the passport; and during that period the two bodies were not on friendly terms, and each refused to recognize any paper honored by the other. So, for months, father's passport lay, now in one office, now in another. The days dragged by; each day there was less food, father's 'travel-fund,' which had taken on a new meaning, dwindled alarmingly, and something had to be done and done at once.

We had talked it over so many times in the old, old days — the despair that comes to one who, like Haggard's witch Gugula caught by the descending rock, or Hugo's Valjean driven by his pursuers into a *cul-de-sac*, feels the inexorable closing in upon him. He must have felt something of the despair as he watched his travel-fund, so closely figured for the tickets home, being cut down relentlessly, every day, for morsels of bread and salt pork, which merely roused his hunger more and more.

IV

So, presently, he began to look for the gate that opened upon the passportless way out. But it was quite by accident that he stumbled upon it, at the home of a friend, the head of a mineral-water factory. People were not interested in his mineral water just then; but his funds were adequate, and he was staying on to 'watch the show.'

'Stay to lunch,' he urged father; 'your friend Smith, the Englishman, is coming, and, besides, I've located a veritable cache of frozen turnips.'

Father stayed — principally for the turnips. Mr. Smith rather startled him, he had grown so frightfully thin. He had been in prison, father learned; was kept there until 'those on the inside' had been paid three quarters of a million roubles.

'Three quarters of a million is stiff,' said father.

Mr. Smith laughed dryly.

'My captors had a good answer. It was all a matter of the degree of searching, they told me. Search offhand, and you find no money. Search intensively, and, from somewhere, it comes. When a husband is jailed, the wife searches intensively. They offered that as a new proverb to add to the Russian collection. To-morrow I finish with Russia.'

'You got your passport?' Father almost shrieked it.

Mr. Smith shook his head and smiled again.

'When you've paid out three quarters of a million, there is one quarter left. That's another possible proverb. Interested?'

'Distinctly,' said father. Yet he thought hopelessly, in the light of the figures quoted, of his slim and ever-diminishing travel-fund.

Mr. Smith tore off a corner of an age-old newspaper that lay on the sideboard and scribbled on the margin.

'Call up this number,' he said, 'and ask for Philip.'

Father denies feeling any thrill at those words. It is only those who hear or read a story, he says, who feel that thrill of the tense moments. Those who live the story — they are worrying. Is it all a joke? Will Philip betray? Will his price be too high? Will the whole plan go wrong? These, father stoutly maintains, are the thoughts that run through one's mind; and 'presently, when the turnips are brought in, even these thoughts go. But we who have gone the way with him through Jules Verne and Cooper and Hoffman and Stevenson, we refuse to believe him here. And we refuse to believe him when he says that he was too hungry, when Philip's wife answered the telephone, to feel any wonder at the address she gave, or at the time she set for the interview — two o'clock in the morning.

The address to which father went was in the most pretentious home district of the city, and the house, when he found it, proved to be a mansion.

The house was dark. In answer to his ring, the door swung open into a vault-like, icy hall. Out of the darkness a woman's whispered voice said, '*Voy-deete*'; and only when the door was closed again, did she strike a match and light a candle. She led the way through many rooms, shielding the flame against currents of air that blew in from somewhere, though all the windows seemed solidly closed. There were electric fixtures everywhere, but the drawn blinds were evidently of too little protection. Even on the heavy rugs Philip's wife walked on tiptoe, and on tiptoe father followed her.

The council-room had been chosen for its location in the middle of the floor-plan, with no windows on the street. Here they settled down into the soft, deep chairs; but father had no thought

of removing his shuba — there was ice in a forgotten fish-bowl on the table.

'Riches,' said Philip's wife, beginning nowhere, 'are good for no man. Philip used to be a model husband. Now he divides his time between his crazy work and fools who flatter him. Where is he now?'

Out of the silence and the dark there came another tiptoe step, and a man carrying a distended sack slipped into the circle of light — not Philip, for there was no abuse from the woman. He was the cartoon of a Russian anarchist come to life: misshapen, drunk, impossibly dirty. He stood a moment, swaying, then dropped the sack and laughed.

'Gregóry, where is Philip?'

'Wait,' said Gregóry, smacking his lips; and with his grimy hand he drew from the sack a loaf of bread, white, huge, round, delicately browned on top.

'Gregóry! Again?'

'Wait,' repeated Gregóry; and tipped the sack.

The potatoes that rolled out across the velvet rug were not the grubby, withered, gnarled potatoes for which father had searched in the months before, but potatoes smooth and solid, thin-skinned and round. Father picked one up, weighed it in his hand, and laid it back regretfully. It was then, he says, that the thrill came to him, the sense of treasure spilled at his feet, out of the sack, lavishly, across the velvet carpets. It made him feel faint, a little, but the end was not yet.

From the bottom of the sack Gregóry stealthily drew forth a whitish object and held it behind his back, grinning horribly.

'Close your eyes, *hosyaushka*, and hold out your hands.'

And across her outstretched hands he laid a plump young pullet.

'Oh, *Boje moy! Boje moy!*' gasped the woman, holding the pullet close against her breast.

'Even the liver is in it,' said Gregóry proudly, 'the liver and the gizzard and the heart. The boy who cleaned it stole the head, though. I tried to get it back, but my legs were not steady. I don't know what's wrong with them.'

'You're drunk, that's all,' said Philip's wife, secure in the possession of the booty. 'You're drunk, and you get Philip drunk, and soon the two of you will be caught. Where is he? It's after two; the gentleman is waiting —'

It was then that Gregóry first looked at father — a long, suspicious look.

'Going out?' he asked.

Father nodded.

'A customer, then.' His eyes ran appraisingly over father. 'A fair shuba. If your purse matches it, Philip will take you; but I shall advise him against it. I am his depot guard, and the real work of getting you out falls on me. He makes the contracts and collects the money, so your face makes no difference to him. As for me, I like the small men with colorless beards and drab clothes. They slip through like eels. You will have to trim your beard and bend your back, and we'll send your shuba separately. And even then I'll not promise —'

'Shut up, Gregóry,' said the woman; 'here comes Philip.'

The sight of Philip standing there in the doorway against the darkness made the adventure complete before it had fairly begun. Never, father says, had he seen a man so beautiful. Bright-eyed, clear-skinned, with perfect features; thick smooth hair thrown off a high forehead; his hands flawless, his body slim, tall, and strong — father's own eyes shine when he talks of him.

One look he gave father, then stepped up to him with his hand outstretched.

'Glad to see you,' he said, his voice seeming, somehow, a part of his beautiful face, his teeth showing even and white.

They sat apart, the two of them, in the icy room, while over a kerosene stove set in the middle of the velvet carpet Philip's wife cooked the chicken, — with the lid off, that they might enjoy the fragrance, — and Gregóry slept on a fur rug.

They did not at once talk of the escape, for father needs must have Philip's story first. He had been of the Tsar's bodyguard and, later, had trained the Tsar's horses. It was great sport, he said; he was sorry the Tsar had been deposed, for now the horses were scattered, and heaven alone knew what rank amateurs were handling them. He himself came to work for a Petrograd contractor, taking the position of foreman. But the contractor had become frightened at the unrest of the city and had fled to Finland, paying Philip royally to help him, and leaving his house in his hands. So Philip, learning the way at that initial escape, devised more elaborate schemes. Now he was head of a big organization, — a 'Travelers' Aid,' he said laughingly, — whose profits were making his residence in the stone palace less and less of a joke each day. Very soon, he said, he could have horses of his own and turn the first story of the house into a stable. Did father think he could obtain permission, now that some of the house-building rules were not strictly observed?

They chatted so, delightedly, Philip going deeply into the fun of his present work, father begrudging the flight of the minutes. Philip's prices, he concluded, when at last they came to terms, may have been due to a desire to own horses soon; but Philip had chosen his profession as father had chosen his own — for the fun that goes with adventure.

Next Sunday, Philip told father, they would go, at eleven o'clock.

Father liked the plan. It would get them to the Finnish border well past

midnight. At which Philip laughed his pity; it was only in books, he said, that people escaped at night. They would go at eleven so as to be well on their way by noon. That was the crowded train, and he and Gregóry loved crowds.

'Don't forget to drink tea at the station,' he cautioned at parting; 'for everyone drinks tea at the station, if you can call it tea.'

So father straightway began his preparations, and the house committee — such a blessing in the matter of the cabbages — became now a menace and a threat.

Father's rooms could not be given up, for no hint must be had of his departure, and, besides, he had to leave everything in such a way that he could come back did the venture prove a failure. Yet somehow, in order to swell his travel-fund, he had to conduct a sale.

We almost wept when he told us this, — our stately, dignified father holding a sale of second-hand goods on the street, — yet he could not see the oddity of it. It had to be carefully conducted, he said, for every purchaser might be a 'red,' who would take the goods, refuse to pay, and inform the house committee besides. So the ostensible reason for his sale had to be 'reducing stock' rather than 'going out of business,' and the date of delivery was in some cases quite uncertain, as bedding had still to be slept in for two nights. Then, too, things were complicated by Boris Ivanovich, his neighbor and companion of the Peruvian treasure-hunt, who was conducting a sale of his own, and clinging close to father, as if afraid to venture far afield.

The goods brought marvelous prices. Old rubbers sold at a hundred and fifty rubles, old sheets at twelve rubles each; three worn suits brought a thousand; and customers commented on the cheapness.

On the day appointed Philip came

promptly at eleven, and daylight threw into full relief the beauty of his face and body, which the candle-light had revealed but scantily. Father locked his rooms with a very real pang, breathing a prayer for ultimate return; hired an *izvostchik* for a fabulous sum, the full price of an old umbrella; and proceeded to the station, there to wait for his train and drink his tea, with the fierce Gregóry looking on from a far corner.

There were others who were drinking tea as he drank it, with exaggerated appetite. A little French girl with frightened eyes, an Englishman who had trusted to a three-days' beard to make him look a Russian, and, straight across the room, Boris Ivanovich, who had conducted his shop too close to father's. It was all beginning to be much like a play, and father was enjoying himself hugely.

'Remember,' Philip had said when they jogged over the cobble-stones, 'you are a bewildered Petrograd official, who is going out into the country for a few hours. That is why your baggage will not be with you.'

The train steamed slowly into the station. The French girl crouched far in the corner of her seat; the unshaven Englishman remained standing. Boris Ivanovich could find no seat save the one opposite father; so he sat and stared at him blankly and unknowingly — rather overdoing it, father thought.

There was little that was exciting on the train, save that the guard locked both doors between stations. Only when an official, who looked much like Gregóry, passed through asking for tickets, did father grow worried. He proffered his ticket — to a little summer-resort station in the thin birch wood that lines both sides of the border; but the man still stood and looked at father with his hand outstretched.

'Passport,' he said.

There was, in the corner of father's

pocketbook, a note from his house committee testifying to his good behavior; no doubt it was the cabbages that had produced it. Father unfolded it and held it out. The official grunted, —

'Going away?'

'Yes,' said father, 'for a walk in the woods.'

So the man passed on; and presently they reached their little station, and walked away, separately, along the paths leading into the woods. When the sound of the train had died away, they came together again.

It was very quiet in that snowy birch forest, among the silent summer cottages, with their windows nailed over with planks. Somehow they could not walk slowly; almost at once they broke into a trot. And only Philip, behind them, strolled calmly on, his hands in his pockets, his head bared to the frosty air, his face lifted to the sky.

He explained to them, humorously, when at last they had quieted down and were walking, why the prices they paid him were so high. On the edge of the wood, he told them, where the ground begins to fall away toward the river that divides them from Finland, the border-guards are hidden. It is to them that most of the money goes. And even then there is danger, for gun-rangers of adjoining guards overlap, and an unbribed guard may shoot into the province of the bribed. Then, too, accidents occur sometimes — a 'safe' guard is replaced overnight by a new man, and a sudden change of direction becomes necessary; also, sometimes, a quick bribe, at a loss, because there is no time for bargaining. It is, after all, he concluded, a shabby business, with no order about it.

He whistled when he came to the edge of the wood — two short, sharp notes in quick succession. A triple whistle answered him.

'Now,' said Philip, 'for the bridge,

and no hurry. If you run, the next guard will notice. I go to the middle of the bridge with you. After that—it is Finland, and God guard you all!

Half-way across the bridge he took them. And, though the bridge was in full view from all sides, father stood still to watch him go back lightly up the slope. He turned to wave his cap,—he seemed to have expected father to wait,—and then slipped into the thicket a little to one side; it was probably pay-day for the bridge guard.

Thus ended that chapter of father's home-coming, and the chaos of Russia lay far behind him. Yet to Philip, at parting, he said, '*Do svidanya*,' which differs from the harsh '*proshchayte*'; for the latter holds in it no hope of the meeting to come. And the thought came to him then that, perhaps, before long, he would be asking Philip to help him go back into Russia as he had now helped him to come out.

But, before he left Stockholm, he knew that Philip never would help him again. Another refugee brought the news—one of the small men with colorless beards beloved by the station guard Gregóry, who had not proved worthy of Gregóry's faith. He had lost his nerve at the last moment, had run where he was told to walk, and Philip was with him; and there had occurred, the night before, that 'accident' on the border—the guard farther down the line, whose range reached the bridge, had been unexpectedly changed.

The colorless man got away, hiding until nightfall in an overturned boat in the willows. But Philip had sought to preserve an air of unconcern by walk-

ing leisurely down to the river. It was a poor guess, so the escaped man remarked, shaking his head wisely: it does no good for a man to stroll easily, with his hands in his pockets, when his companion runs like a frightened rabbit.

The guard hesitated for a time. Then he shot,—rather carelessly, the man thought,—'into the wind,' as the Russians say. But Philip, who had just reached the river, swayed a little, and then, very quietly and very leisurely, as he had been walking, he slipped down the steep, snow-covered bank.

Somehow it took much of the joy out of father's escape—that part of it. Somehow, if we could think back upon Philip striding through the thin birch woods along the border, with his hands in his pockets, his beautiful face uplifted, we could hold to the spirit of play in it all. But, with the thought of Philip's frozen body breaking through the melting ice, it is different. It is the sign, somehow, that body, of the things that can happen, but that should never happen. So we do not wonder that father's months on the tranquil California ranch have not been restful months, and that he lives very much in the days to come.

Yet it is not really Philip who counts with father, or even the events that led up to Philip's quiet slide down the river-bank. The dreams of full adventure that fall to the pioneer do not die with partial fulfillment, and the going-away look, which all our lives we have known, still comes into father's eyes whenever he says his four limitless words: 'When I go back—'

LYRICS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

CABINED FIRE

BIRDS are free
And winds are free,
And I, with head upon your knee,
Am free;
But oh, the birds and winds are rushing by
In every way of freedom, wide and high,
Whilst I
Beside the cabined fire
Trace all the north and south of my desire,
And all my freedom's farthest east and west,
Upon your breast.

THE YOUNG GIRL

IF I knew a snare,
I would not spread it;
If I knew your way,
I would not tread it;
Though the tear is quick,
I will not shed it.

Nothing in me means
To give a token, —

Oh, but if you pass,
My heart is broken
With the tear unshed,
The word unspoken.

AFRICAN YOUTH

On the trails that are all day long,
Where the young of the forest throng,
The caravans of Youth
Pass with their smiting song.

On the head of the girl that is young,
Where the thousand beads are strung,
The glamour of youth is shed
And the flower of youth is hung.

Bright at the lad's dark side
Hangs the terrible sword of Pride,
And swift is the thrust of youth
At the wound that the old men hide.

With the sword that is Beauty's sting,
And the speed that is Beauty's wing,
To the throb that is Beauty's drum,
They pass and the shadows spring.

LITERATURE IN THE GRADES

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

I

FAR be it from this writer to assume any more knowledge of the intricacies and profundities of his subject, with all the implications attached thereto, than may easily be had by the man who passes by in the neighborhood of literature in elementary schools, and turns aside to consider.

A most significant symbol for such a situation, a symbol offered for the consideration of any passer-by who, going about his daily and quite different affairs, nevertheless turns aside to these things, is that picture, somewhere down along the old Nile, of a young man engaged in tending his father-in-law's sheep in the routine of a blazing Egyptian day.

Suddenly this contemplative person, this reflective, if rather sullen, young man, saw a very curious thing—a bush that burned and was not consumed; that illuminated even that sun-enveloped land, and particularly illuminated him.

'And he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed.'

Literature is just such a bush. But how few parents and how few teachers turn aside, though they are continually passing.

The relation of parent and child is a desperate thing, a thing compounded of tragedy. For, if parents themselves had more to give, they would understand how little of literature or anything very refreshing and invigorating and adven-

turous and joyful the usual school has to give.

Hence it follows that whole communities share an infatuation that their school is good for children simply because the children do not resent it. How should the children know that their school is a sterile thing, dominated by conscientious people who, nevertheless, beat the ground to stone with their tramping about in 'custom-made' pedagogical shoes?

Here is a school with the children pouring in. You, being contemplative, realize that these children have just one chance like this. In a thousand hours a year, for a very few years, there is a chance that some few hours out of the total may be spent in the presence of that mysterious influence, that yeast, which will make the great pan of dough, called the public-school system, rise, and make the little pans of dough, the private schools, rise also.

But the dough does not rise: it remains level with the society round about; and when the individual little loaves are baked in the oven of experience, the nation is not refreshed and invigorated as it might be had that bread 'raised.' Instead, there is general indigestion and a great cry for remedies.

The teachers of literature, and especially the teachers in normal schools, do not realize that man, like the earth itself, is suspended upon nothing. That Shakespeare's assertion, 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on,' is rather

an under-statement than an over-statement of the fact. That in a life wrapped in the seven veils of mystery, accompanied by prowling demons of pain, and always skirting an abyss, begun and terminated in vacuity and infinite silence, there are certain extremely precious sources of happiness and actual beatitude; and that they, for the majority of children, preside as wardens at these sources — as forest-rangers, to prevent devastation and the drying-up of the only springs that make the social world habitable.

Aided by publishers and authors, by moving-picture producers and phonograph manufacturers, and mechanics of every sort whose impulses are exclusively economic and whose philosophy is the industrial one of quantity production, they, to a most incredible degree, proceed to throw into these springs rubbish, the rubbish of their own wasteful and discouraged house-keeping, the old furniture of their tired heads, and the very mattresses of their heavy sleeping days.

II

Let us take a look at the class in English. The teacher has been trained to teach English, and has taught it year after year. Even at the beginning of her career she was rather metallic, because the normal school she went to intensified her preconception that teaching English meant analyzing sentences, tossing their words into the air and catching them dexterously: just juggling English words. Nothing alive is ever exposed. She never takes a kicking pink-eyed rabbit out of anybody's pocket; she never discovers a vigorous emotion; because, as regards English, she has none herself — as the magician has his rabbit; as a magician I saw last winter had a *real lion*, lean, tawny, and glaring, who for a few minutes turned

his 'ruddy eyes' on an audience surfeited with tricks and put the whole show to shame. If you have not a lion concealed about your person, dear teacher, have n't you at least a rabbit?

As wave after wave of children's classes in English has broken against her, she has become quite stony. English is more and more words, and less and less emotion and passion and beauty and inspiration and love. Therefore, how can she possibly teach English? Moreover, the 'Readers' do not help her, and outside the Readers she herself does not read much except newspapers. For the Readers are a tangle of short things, mediocre and good inextricably mixed.

'The Class will please take their Readers and turn to page 43. John, what is the subject of the story on that page?

'Now, stand up and read till I tell you to stop; stand up straight, please, and hold your book in your right hand. Speak clearly, hold your head up. There — that's the first sentence; now tell us what mood the verb is in. What is the rule for the subjunctive mood? Can't anybody remember that? Why, we had it just day before yesterday. I will write it on the board; for that is something you must know before you go on to the next grade.' She writes: —

The subjunctive mood is used in a subordinate proposition when both contingency and futurity are expressed, or when the contrary fact is implied.

The children look at it somewhat as a puppy looks at the house cat with its back arched and tail inflated: they look at it reproachfully, and turn away sadly.

'Now, go on reading, please.

'There, stop there. Caroline, what would you say was the particular feature of this story as far as we have gone?'

Caroline says, 'Well, I should call it — sad — or — I don't know — I don't care much about it.'

'Oh, that 's not what I mean,' says the teacher; 'I mean its literary feature. Don't you think it is the way the adjectives are used? Hugo had a great reputation in his day for adjectives. He seemed to know more of them than anybody else, and this is an excellent example of his style.'

'And don't you notice, too, how short his sentences are? Now, why did he use such short sentences? Why, every author has his style, and Hugo chose this as his because he liked it. I was always sorry he did, for it makes his writings so jerky.'

'Do you know anything else that Hugo wrote besides this piece we are reading?'

Nobody knew, and there was every chance that nobody ever would know. They would always read pieces — rarely books, for they were trained to read pieces.

Here is a scene to set against that. It is not a class in reading, or in anything to do with letters. It is just the sixth grade beginning its session with its teacher on the morning of any day. The children selected each day one of their number to recite some favorite poem; or, just as often, they sang together some song they loved to sing. A boy with shaggy hair and the clothing of a poor man's son, but with a happy face devoid of self-consciousness, being called on by his classmates, stood up at his chair, and recited in a pure, cadenced voice this thing, which I afterwards learned was a prayer of the Navajo Indians to the Mountain Spirit:—

LORD OF THE MOUNTAIN

Reared within the Mountain,
Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!
Hear a prayer for cleanness.

Keeper of the strong rain,
Drumming on the mountain;
Lord of the small rain,
That restores the earth in newness;

Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness.
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness.
Keeper of the paths of men,
Hear a prayer for straightness.
Hear a prayer for courage,
Lord of the thin peaks,
Reared among the thunders;
Keeper of the head-lands,
Holding up the harvest,
Keeper of the strong rocks,
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

How would you have felt if you had been there?

In the midst of our general 'mud and scum of things,' in school and out, it was one of those poignant, unexpected songs that Emerson asks us to listen for — a penetrating and unforgettable song.

And in the English classes of this school, what do they do? Why, they do what anybody would do who loved English literature and proposed to spread that feeling to children.

They tell stories and they read books *through*. They read books through twice — just because children always do that. The story moves on from day to day and from wonder to wonder. Will you substitute for this the indifferent hash of the grade Reader, all chopped together and compressed between two covers, and then think that you will start any feeling for literature, even if the teacher is good? Will you take a chapter out of *The Wind in the Willows*, or the *Lance of Kanana*, or *Wolf the Storm-Leader*, the *Travels of Ulysses*, the *Nibelungenlied*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and miss the opportunity to give your children the whole experience? Why?

Can you give any satisfactory reason why real books are not used in schools

instead of Readers? And does it not seem better to read one book, — if a fine one, — than scraps from many books?

III

Those who travel in or out of Chicago by rail, may very likely be sitting among the glistening silver and china of the dining-car, with the red-shaded candles punctuating the comfortable room, in which the waiters are moving swiftly and adroitly along the aisle. Waiting for your order on this particularly dreary January evening, you look vaguely out of the window on the very sea bottom, the 'ooze' of civilization — the outskirts of an industrial city. And you look rather complacently. If you think about it at all, you think fatalistically.

It is pleasant, on the whole, for the person in the radiant dining-car, awaiting the *filet mignon*, to be a determinist, and to believe in status in accordance with function; to be feudalistic, and only agreeably conscious of the fact that multitudes are employed in supporting his weight and the weight of his household and the weight of his ignorance and his prejudice. It is a weight, and a leaden one; and the gazer through the plate-glass might with advantage think that there was danger, if too many engaged in his kind of thinking and living, that the centre of gravity would get outside the base, and then, as usual, the thing would roll over and all sorts of hideous things come to view and to action. He might see the school, as he rolls ponderously by, black and ugly against the end of another day of routine, but with no thought of children, with their eager eyes and hands and minds, who are having their total experience of childhood just there, in the stridency of those streets and rooms.

But what has this to do with literature? Well, you saw those streets and

houses, and you saw that school. But there were many things you could not see and had never seen, and among them was a woman who lives there. Not of your sort exactly, if you are really insulated by plate-glass, but of such a different sort that, in her presence, you, with your confident manner and modish garments, might stand quite confused and abashed, and rather afraid to expose that well-worn stock of ideas, the stock you so volubly exchange with your intimates.

She is a star, in the twilight of Chicago's industrial abasement, that 'washes the dusk with silver.' And in the glare of electricity and the roar of traffic and the mad outcries of our Babylon, she is unconfused and radiant.

She is going into the school after its educational machinery has stopped humming, and appears in the assembly hall, which presently begins to fill with children, the older ones a little sheepish, and many boys frankly inimical and explosive, hitting each other with their caps, and full of vacuous antics by which they would indicate their superiority to these extra proceedings, but, nevertheless, drawn by an obscure curiosity.

They see the small figure standing near the desk, and conclude that this meeting for 'story-telling' will be theirs rather than hers, and concentrate in the back.

The room seethes and tosses, filled with that strange protoplasmic substance which we call youth. •

But notice: this woman steps to the centre, — on the floor, not on the platform, — and you see there that ancient and most moving thing, the field and the sower, the lamps and the lighter, the listeners and the speaker, confronting one another. It is a situation charged with an enormous potential, with a voltage of which physics knows nothing, but which, in its department

called psychology, or science of the soul, rises to levels where, if what is said is not commensurate and adequate, you are thrown down by the recoil into an abyss of defeat and despair.

This is the matrix of education; that this relationship, this confronting of an illuminative personality by combustible material, shall result in a lighting of those lamps in the mind and in the heart that shall eventually show the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

And this is the tragedy of the school, that the lamps remain unlighted, and the oil evaporates, — that priceless oil of childhood, — and the opportunity passes.

There is a picture called Oral Tradition, painted on one of the walls of the Congressional Library. It represents a group of Bedouins, in white robes and turbans, squatted in a circle of gleaming eyes, while before them stands a dramatic figure recounting in glowing Arabic some old tale of the desert, or the chanted poetry of Abu Nuwas of Harun.

The spirit of man has never changed, and living speech rather than the printed page is still, and will always be, its avatar, its quickener, and its passionate hunger.

In similar attitude stands the storyteller in the city school, and puts the same resistless spell upon her audience.

She is in the apostolic succession from the story-tellers of the prehistoric desert, the skalds of the North, and the myth-makers of the Mediterranean.

The boys in the back of the room are reduced immediately to graven images, with straining eyes and ears, all enmeshed in that finely woven fabric called — Literature.

Children, to be strong, to be symmetrical, and to be properly coördinated, must repeat in their physical growth the whole biologic story.

And something of the same sort

applies to their minds. That is one of the natural laws in the spiritual world. Therefore, the literary diet for children is composed of fairy stories, fables, myths, and folk-tales, the older the better, because these have been tested by the attrition of hundreds of years and have never worn out. They are like radium, forever giving out energy, but never weighing less or diminishing in force. And the avidity with which they are accepted, their complete assimilation, makes it perfectly plain that they are as native a diet for children as clover for rabbits. They make bone and sinew, blood and nerve, and are the only soil in which the roots of their mature life can always find moisture away down under the parched ground of the work-a-day world.

When you proceed to substitute for these highly nutritive things the feverish stupidity of the standard moving-picture shows, censored or not, and the defilements of the sensational theatres, you proceed to destroy souls. All the green shoots of imagination, from which alone have ever come any harvests of creative ability, are ironed out and scorched. For older people they may be tolerated, as a moral equivalent, perhaps, for the saloon. For children they are, to use Mr. Wister's phrase, a pentecost of calamity.

But here we are. We have not provided against this pestilence, which now flieth by night and wasteth at noon-day, any powerful antidote or preventive such as this story-teller, except in rare instances, like this.

Here in this room are Greek children, Italian children, Scandinavian, Russian; some of German, Irish, and American parentage — but they are in the minority. The stories are taken from the sources of their native literature. On this day it was Greek — of Ulysses and the Cyclops, Ulysses and Circe.

On another day, it would be of Bal-

der, of Sigurd, or of Frithiof; legends of King Arthur, Robin Hood, Bruce; folk-tales of Ireland and of Germany; or such a story as Tolstoy's 'Where love is, there God is also.'

In simple words, deliberately spoken, with but a slight gesture, but with an intense timbre and the rhythm, intonation, and inflection required by each situation, the story-teller proceeds along this old Roman road, accompanied by the winged spirits of these children, and at the end says, —

'Next week I hope to meet you here again; and will you keep the engagement?'

With hardly breath for answer, they continued to sit there, and with that sudden inspiration, born of the maternal, the story-teller continues: —

'Now I must say good-night, and I want to say it by repeating a little poem to you. Is n't it strange what can be done with words? and a great poet is a person who can do more wonderful things with words than anybody else. He puts them together in a certain way, and they immediately glow and make a great light and a great music all about them; and yet they are so old and worn with use. They come from so far back, away back in the old Europe your grandfathers and grandmothers lived in, and their grandfathers and their grandmothers. Nevertheless, they are young and strong, filled with such thunders and such whispers, such sweetness and such bitterness. Dear children, when you look at things, and think about things, and write about things, keep perfectly quiet and wait till the right words come swimming past, then catch them in your net like silver fish. Keep quiet and wait, and presently here they come swimming through the clear pool of your mind — all living, shining words which you can catch.

'And now listen to the words William Blake caught in his net. I will tell you

more about him some day, and read you some of the poems he calls "Songs of Innocence." Such astonishing things — things that could be written only by a very great man, and yet a man who was as simple in his use of words as a little child. But these are the words he used when he wanted to express what was in his heart as he looked at the evening star — and this is my "good-night." And she repeated very slowly: —

'Thou fair-haired Angel of the Evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains,
light

Thy bright torch of love, thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed.
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes in
timely sleep.

Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering
eyes

And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full
soon,

Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And then the lion glares through the dim
forest.

The fleeces of our flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew; protect them with thine influ-
ence.'

And so her flock departed home, their fleeces covered with a sacred dew, and in their hearts some glimmering of the stars in the great constellation of letters.

There must be people found who can do this sort of thing, this oral tradition; otherwise, literature in school has no roots and cannot grow. And these people exist. Put a sufficient premium on this sort of school meeting, at morning exercise or any convenient time, and from the recesses of our huge American family, the story-tellers, draped in garments of quiet power, and of faultless discrimination, will stand before you.

IV

Why should it be necessary to state this case again? Do we people, who profess all sorts of devotion to the needs

of children in school and out, read a great authority on this subject, whose works have been available for years — G. Stanley Hall? Articles in magazines can be but faint echoes of the things he has said in his great books, *Adolescence* and *Education*.

To this old man we make our obeisance and our apologies.

And then, too, I am only telling something that every enlightened mother knows, though she may not understand to what an extent, in this as in so many other ways, she is building a craft — a canoe — for her son or her daughter who listens at bedtime to her stories; a craft which will bring him through many a rapid, if not dry, at least safe, by the subtle steering of a thing called 'taste.'

Children of Presbyterian households a generation ago may have felt the rigors and confinements of a childhood spent 'in the fear and admonition of the Lord.' But there were many compensations, and among them was this. Out of the austerities of the Westminster Shorter Catechism, and theological sermons, and interminable extempore prayers, and strange melancholy hymns, emerged those astonishing pictures of men and events called 'Bible Stories' — from the Morning and the Evening of the First Day, down through the wonderful procession of figures passing colossal against the glowing sky, on the rim of that Oriental world from whence came the very breath of our spiritual life.

In after years they tower up and constitute a sort of mountain-range running across the green plains of early youth. And you never get out of sight of them; they tower higher as you go on. Children who have not appropriated these stories as integral parts of their lives are likely to suffer from the lack of that luminous and stately background, which I compare with a moun-

tain-range, and behind which, as we proceed inland, is the immortal sea that brought us hither.

For those who, in the multiplicity of their material, may have overlooked these peaks where the greatest river of literature has its source, allow me to recall a very few, at haphazard.

Esau, for instance, Esau the brown and shaggy hunter, with his great hairy hands, his honest eyes and appetite, home from a long sojourn in that wilderness he loves, throws himself down in the door of the tent, talks with Jacob, and makes that memorable bargain symbolic of the relationship that forever exists between the man of physical endowment and simplicity — the outdoor man — and the man of mental subtlety — the indoor man.

Samson, the Playboy of the Eastern World, his broad, whimsical face framed in that astonishing hair, filled with grim humors which could change to devastating rage. A piece of the old Earth itself, against whom a lion roared but once, and then with terror. A man of riddles and taciturn mirth, wandering quizzically through an amazed and unfriendly country. Tying together the tails of foxes, carrying off the gates of walled towns, like a huge undergraduate, and with the jaw-bone of an ass, picked quickly from his mother-earth, reducing his pursuers to pulp. But a prey to the guile of bright eyes, as always; until, finally, he sits blind and shorn among the women, grinding, grinding, with his pestle and mortar. Nevertheless, a quiescent, not an extinct, volcano, as they shall presently know.

Noah, massively calm, like a bronze man, with his elemental sons and daughters-in-law. A family the Creator of the Earth found worthy to live in it; not a huckster, but a builder. A slow but sure man, with the dignity of six hundred years of experience, who could

do huge things with an axe and an adze and a mallet, and did them, he and his sons. And behold the Ark of gopher-wood, its cavernous interior resounding with the cries of every kind of beast, bird, and creeping thing, and redolent of the same, as the gang-plank was drawn in, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

Lot, in his doomed little city, through the dim streets of which those radiant strangers passed swiftly to his door. Two such prosperous little cities, and so comfortable, — Sodom and Gomorrah, — in the fertile plain. But not enough disinterested men in them; and the sense of appalling disaster hangs over, as Lot and his family flee through the gates toward the hill country. And there his wife stands to this day, looking back! O incomparable masculine retribution on all the feminine longing for the old home rather than for the frontier! Outside of how many little cities are there these pillars of salt!

Joseph and his brethren — and the strange dreams of those Egyptians, which he could interpret. Joseph the administrator and friend of Pharaoh in the old, old land of Egypt, to which his descendants would return as slaves.

Moses and Aaron, and those heart-breaking plagues which the dark wizards down there could also produce, strangely enough, because Egyptian learning was profound and went down into the recesses of things. Even the Jehovah of Moses felt the prick of competition, and was obliged to do quite stupendous things to out-match these doctors of Egyptian divinity.

Saul, Jonathan, and David, that tragic group, worthy of Michael Angelo or Rodin — bound together by the strangest fate.

David, standing on the edge of the army and looking with his clear poet's eyes at that apparition Goliath; filled

with a curious conviction that he can stop this outrageous affront — the conviction of a boy who was also a king.

David and his descent to the depths of criminal indulgence and despair, and his ascent to the sublimity of the scene above the city gate after Absalom was slain; and the immortal music of the Twenty-third Psalm.

Solomon the incomparable, having entertained the Queen of Sheba in a manner that bewildered even that consummate artist in pageantry, and having got his huge family to bed, paces wearily to his apartments, removes his insignia, and after looking on the vast Oriental night and its incredible stars, writes the last few chapters of a little book he has recently been devoting his precious leisure to, now called 'Ecclesiastes'; understanding so well that heaven and earth might pass away, but the words of those chapters would not; that the spectacles of kings and queens and palaces and parades were the least real of all things. 'Solomon who talked to a butterfly as a man talks to a man.'

Job, and the resounding eloquence of those mighty debaters, where again Jehovah can win only by employing his greatest guns, against this Promethean stubbornness.

Daniel, and the feast of Belshazzar. There was a great teacher in prototype, whose business it was to tell the truth about things, and who recognized the signs of the times and interpreted them. 'Let thy gifts be to thyself,' he said, 'and give thy rewards to another.' What writing would such a man see on the walls of our cities? And what would be his interpretation? For in these cities is all the sowing that produces the whirlwind of war. 'Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones.'

It is a stupendous piece of theatrical art, that setting, filled with a wild music

too, increasing to the abandonment of the 'Scheherazada,' which, suddenly, quavers, dies out; and in shuddering silence the fingers of a man's hand — huge cyclopean fingers — are seen writing on the great gold wall, over against the candlestick.

Ruth and Naomi. Women of a deathless majesty and loveliness, whose speech is the speech of that inward nobility which is the crown and diadem of life. 'Entreat me not to leave thee or to depart from following after thee.' And as long as English is spoken, we have the final expression of devotion in these and the following words.

And so on, down to the crowning achievement of the compulsion man is under to adorn his life with beauty and escape the terrors of a mechanistic world — the story of Bethlehem.

Again out of heaven come visitors and a message, as recounted so often before by the poets of all nations in their own idioms; but never before in any spectacle or any words so transcendent and compelling as these.

Before those obscure men of the Orient, and their successive translators, down to that amazing assembly of men of letters who produced the King James version, all writers and teachers may well prostrate themselves; nothing so beautiful, so august, so comforting, having been produced before or since by man on this planet.

If you have regard for your child destined to wander in the mazes of the labyrinths that are now constructed to the consternation and ultimate destruction of youth, you give him a thread to hold, so that he cannot lose his way and may even kill the Beast that fills the air with its bellowing. At any rate, if we do not feed him, he will die of starvation.

And until the monster is dead, and the labyrinth transformed into something generally happier and more

healthy, the supreme duty of parents and teachers is to attach children's hearts to the threads of great literature and great music and great ideas, while there is still time.

It is just as important that the school music should be inspiring, and should capture the rapturous attention of every child, as that the school literature should; and the means to secure this result are the same — find the person who corresponds to the story-teller, carefully avoiding imitations and tempting compromises. For it is much better to have none at all than to have something specious; than to have something second-class that poses as first-class; than to fool children in such an insidious and despicable way that they will never get any confidence in their own discrimination, but will forever mix good, bad, and indifferent, all the time perfectly bewildered, but making believe that they know, just as their parents do.

From the twelve intellectual supermen in the world who can understand the Einstein theory, we are going to steal one little trinket, and stop right there. They have a thing called a 'frame of reference.' In an effort over many years to find that *ποῦ στᾶω*, — 'a place to stand,' which Archimedes also wanted very much, — a place from which they could measure motion with some confidence, — they hitched this 'frame of reference' to first one thing and then another, until they got as far off as the Nebulae, entirely outside our fixed stars and everything else that seemed fixed. Nothing would do, — nothing was fixed, — everything moved, and moved with shattering velocity. Trustworthy measurements could not possibly be made. At last they took the ether; took it on faith because they don't know whether there is such a thing or not, but they had no further choice.

Where are you going to hang your

frame of reference in the ethical universe — and the spiritual? What shall we tie to as a base for measuring the actual excellence of ideas, of aspirations, of procedures, of the works and words of men? How far back do you think we should go to escape the aberrations of popular opinion to-day: current events, journalism, class-theories, religious cults, capital propaganda and labor propaganda, pedagogy, diplomacy, patriotism?

There is need for some haste in making this decision for our children. For ourselves it makes comparatively little difference. It is what we commit *them* to that is the disturbing thing.

There is an old pontifical rubric, 'Unto you are committed the keys; whomsoever thou shalt bind *shall remain bound*.'

If this sounds pedantic, moralistic, and reactionary, let the objector suggest, as regards literary and artistic standards, something more in keeping with the actual needs of twentieth-century children.

The fact seems to be that the total structure of the best and deepest in human experience and thought, and therefore in literary expression, is not only old, but very beneficially secure.

Perhaps those who recognized the writer of 'These Wild Young People' in the September *Atlantic* as their spokesman will feel this point of view as an

added hardship in their vivid rush toward the privileges of youth. But when they arrive at this stronghold, as also at others equally secure, they will save themselves some embarrassment if they recall that picture of Thor before the gates of Jötunheim. He also was exasperated, and hammered somewhat on the heaven-high gates, demanding surrender, or, at any rate, demanding consideration much beyond his worth.

But it particularly remains for school people to show that they fully understand what schools are for — 'and then proceed to put the emphasis upon those things that are radical; that pertain to the roots of human happiness and health and fertility; that produce an enlightened heart and a right spirit within us, to guide a trained mind and hand.'

By the magic of intimate friendly intercourse with a wise and sympathetic teacher, who can interpret life and its arts to his pupils, who long ago accepted Whitman's philosophy and asks not good fortune, because he has good fortune within himself and distributes it wherever he goes, you get a school; and by no other means or method whatsoever.

For a school, said a great teacher the other day in my hearing, has always been just a person — is now — and ever shall be; substitutes are invariably futile.

PLANTATION PICTURES

BY HOWARD SNYDER

II. THE ORDINATION OF CHARLIE

I

ALTHOUGH the negro's revival service is often a scene of wildest excitement and frenzy, of dire and awful communion with occult powers, of dreadful fear and ecstatic joy, we should not assume that all his religious services are of this nature. Like his funerals and weddings, the revival service is of the nature of a boisterous picnic. Indeed, it is more than that; for it adds scenes of hilarious comedy. What the theoretical purpose may be, matters little; in practice it is distinctly a farce, where the spectators and participants gather to have a jolly, frolicsome time. They eat and get drunk; the old people gossip with their neighbors, and the young ones find sweethearts and exchange soft words.

In the negro ordination services of these parts, twelve ordained preachers sit on the platform, their victim — there is no truer name for him — standing before them. As Uncle Charlie says, 'dey tries ter make de candidate go woll-gathering.' That is, they try to frustrate him, entangle him, and 'worry him down,' by all manner of what appear to us to be idiotic questions. Once the victim begins wool-gathering, talking nonsense, raving like a lunatic, and uttering cries and words with no possible semblance of continuity, the service is at its height; the twelve divines have outwitted their victim. Should the candidate succeed in keeping a cool head

and in answering all their fantastic questions, he will have outdone the divines. In this case, the preachers keep up the cross-questioning all day and all night, in their determined efforts to 'down' their victim.

Now, the one great accomplishment that a negro preacher must acquire is that of sophistry. He must always have an answer ready for any question under heaven, and he must roll it off in thunderous tones as dogmatically as a mediæval bishop. It matters not that the answer has not the faintest possible connection with the question. But to falter, to hesitate for one tenth of a second, to qualify or condition an answer — this is ruination complete and unconditional.

II

For the questions and answers of Charlie's ordination service I went directly to him, just as I have done for all other facts in these sketches of his life. But just as anyone, even a candidate for a Ph.D., will be able to give but very few definite answers to questions concerning that which happened after the ups and downs of forty years of life, so I suspect that Uncle Charlie has forgotten many of the questions and answers he gave at his ordination. But this thing is sure: there is a great sameness in all the ordination services of my negro neighbors.

And in this, as in all their religious customs, so far as I am able to ascertain, forty years have brought about the least possible change. Uncle Charlie himself has sat on many boards of 'catechizers' in the past forty years, and all his questions, and the answers he has demanded, have been as much alike as the eggs in a basket; for once a negro learns a thing in a given way, he will hang to that with great tenacity and will vary it never an iota. So, whatever material Charlie has given me concerning his ordination, it is quite sure that it is just what anyone may hear if he attends an ordination service to-day.

And now, to get down to the actual questioning: somewhere between ten o'clock and noon, twelve preachers, the 'catechizers,' in long-tailed black coats and white shirts and collars, took their seats on the platform. Their 'singin' leader,' Peter Nichols, a young man of about twenty-five, began to sing, and the other preachers soon joined in. Slowly the women and girls ceased from their gossip, discussions, and laughter, and fell in with the singing of the preachers; and still more slowly did the men from the outside leave off their argumentation and join the song-service within. After half-a-dozen songs, all was comparatively quiet and the first question was in order.

Charlie was called upon to stand before his tormentors. Peter Nichols fired the first shot, and the report fairly rumbled as it reverberated from wall to wall.

'Brother Robinson, what is de soul?'

And Brother Robinson, in equally pompous and thunderous tones, roared out, —

'De soul is de breath uf God. God fust breathed hit inter ol' Adam un Eve, un from dem hit com' down ter us.'

'Un what is de mind?'

'What de handle is ta de plough, what de edge is ta de axe, what de

point is ta de sword, what de steam is ta de engine, dat de mind is ta man. Mind is what makes us go.'

'Brother Robinson, ya kin sharpen de axe un' de sword, un' ya can make steam; now how can ya sharpen de mind un' make more uf hit?'

'Ed-ducation is de grindstone dat sharpens de mind un' makes more uf hit. As de ploughshare is drewed out by de blacksmith, so is de mind drewed out by ed-ducation.'

'Now, Brother Robinson, ya is here ta pass 'zamination in de eighteen holy art-tickles uf faith giben us by de great head uf de church. De fust art-tickle 'splains de foundin' uf de Scriptures. Who is de founder?'

'De Scriptures hab God fo' hits author, salvation fo' hits end, un' truth without fault fo' hits matter. Hit is un' shall remain fo' eber, eben unto de end uf de worl', de centre uf de church, de consume [supreme] standard by which all creeds, doctrines, un' orthodoxies shall be tried fo' eber un' eber, amen.'

'What is God, Brother Charlie?'

'God is de consume ruler uf heaven un' earth.'

'What 's God's name?'

'God hab one hundred un' twenty-one flatterin' titles: Je-hos-a-fat, Hallow-eth be thy Name, un Emanuel is his most flatterin' titles.'

'How many heads hab God?'

'God hab three heads.'

'What is de three heads?'

'De three heads uf de Trinity.'

'What 's de name uf de three heads?'

'Father, Son, un' Holy Ghos'.'

'Brother Charlie, whan ya fell out un' talked wid God, which uf his three heads talked wid ya?'

'De Father.'

'Un' what did ya learn from dat talk wid God?'

'Dat I war regenerated.'

'Un' what 's ta be regenerated?'

'Dat's ter be broke up root un' branch, ter be set aside fo' God.'

And Peter went on and on, asking many questions of this nature; and during all the questioning there was much general confusion among the spectators. It is well-nigh impossible to keep a negro's mouth shut, especially if he is inclined to laugh and praise the good works of his fellows. As Charlie answered particularly promptly and in a little louder and more sanctimonious manner than that in which the question was put to him, his friends poured out a stream of 'Amen,' 'Praise de Lawd,' and so forth.

Brother Reuben Clay, an old gray-haired parson, long since dead, was Charlie's next questioner.

'Brother Robinson, do ya believe in hell?'

'Ize believes in hell.'

'What is hell?'

'Hell is punishment atter death.'

'Who goes ta hell?'

'Good mens un' bad mens.'

'How so, Brother Robinson, do good mens go ta hell?'

'Good mens kin go ta hell, fo' ter be good hea on earth ain't ter be good in God's eyes.'

'Who is good in God's eyes?'

'He what hab faith.'

'What is faith?'

'Faith is de per-say-va-gance in things unseen, de heartily reception of our Lord un' Saviour.'

'How do we git faith?'

'Faith is de gift uf God.'

'Kin liddle chillens hab faith?'

'Dey sho kin whan dey reach de age uf understandin'.'

'Whan do dey reach dis age?'

'At twelve years of age. Chillens can't sin befo' dis age.'

'How so, Brother Charlie: ain't chillens de sons un' daughters uf mens un' womens?'

'Dey sho is.'

'Un' ain't mens un' womens de off-springs uf Adam un' Eve?'

'Dat sho is right.'

'Un' did n't ol' Adam bring sin inter de worl?'

'He sho did do dat nasty thing.'

'Den how did ya say dat chillens ain't sinners?'

Charlie, apparently trapped, began to hum and haw and fumble for words. His mind began to wander, and he soon found himself in a chaos of silly images. At this his friends broke into song 'to moun' him up.' They began soft and low, then rose higher and higher; with every verse more and more joined in, and soon the whole house sang, rich and full. They carried everything before them. Charlie was saved. When he spoke again, one picture followed another in rapid succession.

'God made him ter sin, un' He teaches us dat de son shall not bear de iniquity uf de father, ner de father de iniquity uf de son, un' dat's why liddle chillens can't sin.'

'Be hit so, brother. Now, Brother Charlie, whan kin ya git red uf yar sins?'

'At de 'vival service.'

'What do a 'vival mean?'

'A 'vival mean a school. Let me gib ya hu 'lustration: de nestry [nursery] man take up liddle sings [scions] un' set dem out in de nestry ter grow; dat's just what us uns should do at de 'vivals, take up liddle chillens un' set dem out in de nestry uf de Lawd ter grow.'

'Brother Charlie, how many Gods hab we dat kin forgin er sins?'

'One un' only one God; his name is Halloweth be thy name, Jay-hat-a-bell, God uf Isreal un' God of Si-ball.'

'But de Bible say de people worshnip Bail un' de golden calf.'

'Dese air false Gods; der is but one true God, one man wid different names.'

'How kin we know a true God from a false God?'

'De Bible say Daniel un' his capters were throwed inter de fire; Daniel came out unscorched, un' his capters burned. Daniel worshniped a true God, dey a false God.'

Thus Charlie and his tormentors continued; but to give all the questions that he says he answered on that golden Christmas day would lead me far beyond the limits of this paper. As the sun began to hide its face in the west, the meeting adjourned for lunch. Fires were rekindled both inside and outside the church, baskets were opened, coffee was made in big iron pots, and bottles were uncorked. And thus they ate and drank and were merry.

After two hours of feasting, the twelve preachers again took their seats on the platform, and the questioning went on uninterrupted throughout the night and until the break of day. And this was nothing unusual then, nor is it now. Time and time again have I been awakened at daybreak by the noise and hubbub of dismissal down under the hill at 'Magdalene Church.'

III

In Charlie's answers, the first thing that strikes one is the utter absence of critical thought. For hours together, and on many occasions, I have questioned him, and always he answers me by rolling off a long reel of incoherent motion-pictures, or just words, words, words.

As there is no critical thought in his religion, we might expect the Bible to be a universal combination tool to him. And this is just what it is. He can justify any act under heaven, however sinful, and he can condemn any act under heaven, however righteous, by referring to the Bible for authoritative utterances. This is true, not only of Uncle Charlie, but of all the negroes I know. For example, Uncle Albert, an old man

who has lived here nearly as long as Charlie, and whose relations with the plantation girls merit very serious criticism, justifies himself by referring to the Bible. He says, 'De Lawd say a man shall take unto himself a woman, un' dis is just what Ize does.' On the other hand, he will condemn immoral relations in other men by referring them to the ten commandments.

And further, there being little critical thought, we need not expect to find the sin of intolerance. Any religion will do. We have a negro Catholic Church a few miles south of me, and we have Methodists and Baptists and Hollinests. And then we have a steady supply of new sects springing up almost yearly. Not long ago we had a new upshoot that called itself the 'Tongues.' When I say new, I mean new for the negroes of these parts. The phenomenon is as old as man's religious instinct. The founders tried to invent a sacred language and preach in it. In Lexington, the county seat of Homes County, Mississippi, which joins the county in which I live, we had a short time ago the 'Dancing Methodists.' If one will travel a bit through the rural South, he will come upon many new sects. They spring up like mushrooms, then die out almost as quickly.

Next I would call the attention of my readers to a very common trait of the negro mind, a trait seen very distinctly in Charlie's ordination. I refer to his love of authoritative utterances. If a statement comes from 'de great head uf de church,' — the Bible, — or from any other book, for that matter, it is all that my plantation negroes require; it is then and there swallowed whole. It surely is not digested; but this matters little to them, for their religion is a religion of faith and not of works. It has but the faintest connection with their moral life. At the present hour, if I remember correctly, every negro on

my place over twenty years of age is a church member, and yet, only one, — Uncle Charlie — has the faintest hint of what honesty means. And in the relation of the sexes, the majority of them, both men and women, are grossly immoral.

IV

To witness an ordination service carries one's thoughts back over the centuries to the time of the Reformation, when men's minds were occupied by such momentous questions as the Last Judgment, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Communion of Saints, and other weighty matters of a holy and divine nature. For example, in Charlie's ordination he was asked to give the doctrine he had been taught concerning the end of the world. This is the last of the articles of faith. It reads as follows: —

'We believe that the Scriptures teach that the end of the world is approaching; that at the Last Day, Christ will descend from heaven, and raise the dead from the graves for final retribution; that a solemn separation will then take place; that the wicked will be adjudged to endless punishment, and the righteous to endless joy; and that the judgment will fix forever the final state of men in heaven or hell, on principles of righteousness.'

Where can one find a more mediæval flavor than in the following from another of the articles of faith: 'We believe

that the scriptures teach that civil government is of divine appointment, for the interest and good order of human society'?

Or than in another, which teaches that a 'special Providence watches over the welfare of the believer who endures to the end'?

And what can we say of the article concerning the fall of man? Charlie was duly asked to explain this most sacred truth.

'We believe that the scriptures teach that man was created in holiness, under the laws of his Maker, but by voluntary transgression fell from that holy and happy state; in consequence of which, all mankind are now sinners, not by constraint but by choice; being by nature utterly void of that holiness required by the laws of God, positively inclined to evil, and therefore under just condemnation to eternal ruin, without defence or excuse. Amen.'

That such doctrines as these are alive to-day and are freely discussed will be quite evident to anyone who will take the trouble to listen for an hour at any of the many religious gatherings of the negro. At the funerals, at the baptizings, at the revivals, at the experience meetings, at a thousand and one odd times and places where men or women may happen to be gathered, one can drink to satiety of mediæval religion. There is not a negro man or woman on my place who will hesitate to discuss each and all of their articles of faith.

EVERLASTING GRACE

BY MARION PUGH READ

I

THE assemblage was nearly complete when she got there, for she had come afoot, and she had come from far. It was ten miles to her little cabin over on the western slope of Bear, and they were mountain miles — up the steep ridges and down again into the little valleys, back and forth across the windings of the unbridged streams, where only the protruding surface of a rock here and there gave precarious footing through the swift current. And she had come a longer way still, a way that led past a lonely little graveyard half-way up the rough side of the mountain, where, beside a grave unmarked and grass-grown like the others, but with a little path leading up to it that her own feet had worn, she had dropped on her knees to offer up a silent little prayer of thanksgiving that this day had come at last.

On the outskirts of the crowd she hesitated. Under the bodice of her thin black dress her heart was throbbing painfully. She had hurried toward the end, for fear she would be late; but the meeting had not yet come to order, and the crowd was more like a great social gathering. Up and down the road, as far as you could see in all directions, groups of young people were scattered, families were holding preliminary reunions, shy courtships were getting under way again. There was much animation of scuffling dogs, of crying babies, and of braying of mules picketed farther back in the grove. For this was the

Annual Funeral Meeting on Little Oak, and everyone in that remote little region, far back in the Kentucky hills, had come.

Three funerals were to be preached. The little log schoolhouse was all too small, so the meeting was held in an open grove beside the branch. Split rails had been laid from rock to rock, forming a little amphitheatre around a natural elevation in the centre, where the preaching was to be. Overhead, the deep blue sky was clear as a bell. There in the shade of the grove the dew was still heavy. Over the stream and down from the deep hollows came cool little breaths of exquisite refreshment; but outside, over the dusty white road, the sun beat down with a still hot glow.

It was a perfect September day, as radiantly pure as only a September day in the Cumberlands can be, after the morning mists have lifted, taking with them every blemish of earth and air. A soft haze filled the distant valleys like a little blue smoke. Whole slopes were yellow with goldenrod. Tall white asters, jeweled in the sunshine, fringed the little forest ways, and filled the fallow field across with shimmering beauty.

Against the warm, benignant silence of the day the noisy excitement of the meeting crowd seemed incongruous and overwhelming; but it was all fair to the gaze of the woman from Bear, standing there on the outskirts, her hand lifted to her heart to still its eager throbbing,

unconscious of the curious glances turned upon her. Even in that ill-clad assemblage there was something poor and pitiful in her whole appearance. Her feet were bare, and her sombre dress, of some cheap, sleazy stuff, bramble-torn and drabbled with dew, clung limply to her thin, spent frame. But when she took off her bonnet and rolled it up to hide its forlornness, her face was revealed, with its luminous peace. To the others this might be a meeting like any other, but to her it was the rare emotion of a lifetime. As one nearing the presence of the altar, she bowed her head a moment before advancing timidly.

She was a stranger to most of those present. Only a perfunctory 'Howdy' here and there greeted her as she made her way forward to the front row, where the mourners, their faces set in a solemn mask, sat silent. One or two, to whom bereavement was a more recent experience, were crying unobtrusively. Others seemed to be self-consciously evoking an appropriate expression of grief. Later on, in the excitement of the meeting, they might rise to great spiritual transports; but she who had taken her place last among them was not waiting till then. Already she sat in a little spiritual ecstasy of her own, and seeing the wonderful light in her eyes, one or two in the audience, who had recognized her, marveled greatly.

'Hit's his *mother* — Felix Hanby's!' the word passed around. 'Then it's true his funeral's aimin' to be preached to-day.'

It was partly in delicacy that they turned away from her, for he had been notorious in that whole countryside as a worthless no-account, that son whose funeral she was having preached. There was no form of debauchery or villainy of which he was innocent. He had lied and thieved and killed. He had broken every law of faith and honor. Young as

he was, many a girl, and older woman too, had come to curse his name. And yet there were always more to believe in him.

He had been mean to everyone; but meanest of all to his own mother. She had lived from day to day in the shadow of his disgrace, shuddering at his profanity, and suffering from his guilt almost as if it were her own. But when he lay asleep, he was as beautiful as a young Greek god; and whenever she gazed down into his sleeping face, she would think: 'Lord, ain't he pretty! He's jest a-workin' out his roughness now. Boys is always wild till they've settled down. He's a-goin' to do better soon. He's a-goin' to *wake up good*.'

And so it had been when he lay dead, shot by his own gun as he stumbled and fell, while creeping through a tangled cover to shoot a foe from ambush, and they had brought him in to her, his beautiful features chiseled in marble, and the evil of his eyes forever veiled. 'He's a-goin' to *wake up good*.'

He had been her only dependence in her widowhood. The only other child left to her was a frail little boy with a 'hurtin'' in his breast. One was well and one was sickly, one was strong and one was weak, and she had loved the strong one best. One was bad, and one was goodness itself, but it was the ne'er-do-well she clung to with a yearning love that gave life all its splendor. He would be gone for days. When he came back, she would wait upon him, trembling with joy. The other, in his gentle way, was always trying to win the place in her heart that was not there for him. He limped around, and helped her far more than many a well, strong boy could have done; but there was no tenderness for his efforts. She never failed in kindness to him; her voice was always patient; but what does the voice of love need of patience? He had dreams and visions. For hours he would lie

there transfixed. 'Hit's like as if a little door was opened into the sky. I kin see right in, an' I kin hear.' At such times his thin little face would take on an ethereal beauty, his rapt little gaze oblivious of everything but the vision unfolding itself before his eyes. She would speak to him and he would not hear; but afterwards he would tell her what he had seen.

'I seed pappy up yander. I seed him jest as plain! He were settin' up thar jest as nucheral, like he might ha' ben settin' by the fire hyar.'

'Then ye did n't see right,' she would say. 'Hit ain't thataway, I know hit ain't.'

'Hit's the best o' this airth put up yander. Only hit ain't crowded none, 'cause hit's so big. Hit's bigger'n all the valleys o' the Cumberlands an' all the mountings o' the world put into one. Hit's so big everyone kin find him jest the sorter place is likeliest to him. Them that's lived up the hollers kin find 'em a little holler o' their own, an' them that's lived by the big waters kin find 'em mightier ones thar.'

'An' did ye see yer little sister Mony?'

'Yes, I seed her.'

'An' hev she kep' her little white dress clean?'

'No, but thar was an old granny thar a-washin' it in the branch, like Granny hyar useter, an' flung hit over the fence to dry, an' Mony were playin' round in her little t'other 'n till hit were ready. Her ha'r was in them two little braids, an' her eyes was soft an' blue. She'd got her a little poppet doll, like that un she teased ye to buy from the peddler that day, an' were a-cossetin' of it. An' whilst I were lookin', — ye know how on airth, when she seed a bird a-settin' on a limb, she'd look up so coaxin' thataway an' stretch out her little hand fer hit to come an' set thar, an' hit never would, — well, whilst I were lookin', thar were a little yaller

lettuce bird a-settin' on a lily bush, an' she done thataway to hit, an' helt out her little hand, an' hit come! An' hit set thar a-lookin' up to her with them two little bright black eyes, a-singin' away, till hit were jest too pretty to see how purely happy she were.'

'An' who else were thar?'

'That were all.'

'But yer brother, honey, whar were he?'

'I never seed him.'

The light would die out of his eyes, and he would turn his face to the wall away from her accusing glance. She never could forgive him for his failure, and every time she hardened her heart against him more than ever. It was as if he were excluding his brother from those heavenly hosts, whither she yearned to believe that he had gone. It was against all the tenets of her faith that an unrepentant sinner could be saved, but night after night she fought on her knees the long battle for his soul.

'Save him, Lord! Save him!' she would cry. On the Lord himself she put the burden. 'Lord, ye tuk him so young. Ef ye'd only gin him a little longer chance! He were jest a-goin' to do better. Lord, ye would n't ha' made him so pretty thataway ef ye had n't loved him. Lord, ye would n't ha' left him gone so fur astray ef ye had n't meant to foller after him when 't were time, an' show him the way back.'

The Lord had been good. Gradually her prayers had brought solace, and she had come to believe him assembled there among her other dead.

'I'll have him the prettiest funeral preached that ever was!' she cried. For that would put the last seal and sanction upon his salvation, and redeem him forever in the sight of God and man.

But no preacher could be found who was willing to undertake it. 'I reckon ye'd better look to someone else,' they

would say, turning away. For three years she had trudged to meeting after meeting, but her plea was in vain. At last, one cold, rainy Sunday in June, she had gone to a baptizing where Brother Seymore from Clay County spoke. Brother Seymore was known far and wide for his yearning efforts to touch the stubborn heart of youth. It was told of him that many a time, crossing the mountain at nightfall, and passing a certain cabin where there was always a crowd of boys drinking and carousing, he would dismount from his horse, and pass the night there on the mountain praying for them. It was as if the weight of their sins were on his own soul, for in his youth he had been as wild as the wildest of them, until one day the miracle had happened, and he had 'got religion.'

He looked down into her pleading eyes. 'Yer son were Felix Hanby?' he said, hesitating like the others. Then, finally, 'Ef ye so desire,' he decided. 'They were askin' me to preach the funeral of a young girl over at the yearly meetin' on Little Oak. I reckon someone else could be found fer that. I'll preach your boy's thar, instead.'

And after that all the days were like a shining path that led to this one.

II

Up in front the preparations for the meeting went quickly forward now. Brother Pike and Brother Bixby, awaiting only the arrival of Brother Seymore to proceed, stood at one side, conversing in low tones about the order of the services, and choosing the hymns from the fluttering pages of their little black singing-books. On the little wooden platform the pail of water with the tin dipper stood ready for their refreshment, and the last stragglers took their seats as Brother Seymore came, at last.

He conferred with the others a mo-

ment, and then, seeing her among the mourners in front, he approached and took her by the hand. She looked up into his face as if he were a messenger from the Lord, come to speak to her in person, nodding in compliance when he told her the other funerals would be preached first, and he would speak last.

'Hev no one come with ye?' he asked, seeing her alone.

'No, thar hain't but me,' she said simply. 'His pappy's dead, an' his little brother's weakly. He could n't come so fur, nowadays.'

He looked down for a moment into her uplifted eyes, then wrung her hand and turned abruptly away.

At last her turn came. The funeral hymns with their long, quavering choruses had been sung. The last wailing note died away on the air, the hysterical sobbing ceased, and a little silence fell as Brother Seymore rose to speak. For a moment he stood facing them. Under the compulsion of his glance the hush grew even more intense. It was so still that for a little interval the sounds of earth reasserted themselves as sounds of great magnitude — the trickling of the stream, the murmur of the leaves, the little thud of a dropping acorn, the pawing of a mule and the clatter of its bit as it rubbed against the tree, the sound of a passer-by on the road outside.

His face was stern and tense, and as his glance swept over that multitude of waiting faces, its expression grew ever more stern and relentless. A little thrill of excitement swept through the audience, already keyed to a high pitch. Instinctively they gathered themselves together for a stronger appeal to their emotions.

The woman before him trembled a little, and leaned forward. The long-awaited hour had come. The sacrament was ready, and in her eyes there burned the holy zeal of the communicant.

Earth could hold no higher joy than this. But Brother Seymore was looking over her head into the waiting throng beyond.

'O my bretheren,' he began, 'hit has ben a blessed privilege to be hyar this day an' recall for a moment the earthly lives of those two of our number who have not left us, no! but gone on before. Fer that dear young sister who passed away so early from our midst we shall not mourn, but rejoice. She was pure an' sweet as ary flower that ever bloomed. Airth were too sorry a place for her. Heaven were her rightful home. It's thar she's gone! No one thinkin' of her kin re-collect one mean thing she ever done, one hateful word she ever spoke. In the home, in the meetin', evrywhars hit were the same — she was good, purely good. Fer her we shall not mourn! Her eyes hev beheld the glories of the firmament, an' the magnitude thereof. She's one of that blessed multitude on high. Yes, my bretheren! An' hit's thar we shall find her, gethered with the others round the great white throne.

'An' as fer Brother Williams, no one ever heerd him make no perfession, but he died with a prayer on his lips. Fer him thar is hope. But, O my bretheren, fer that young boy whose funeral I stand before ye now to preach, fer that sinner among sinners, an' that profligate among profligates, fer him thar is no hope! No, my bretheren! Fer him thar shall not be rejoicin' among the saints on high. Fer him thar shall be weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' of teeth. *Fer he went straight to Hell!*'

A shudder of horror swept through the throng. The mother before him fell back as if struck by some physical blow.

'No, no!' she cried in terror. But she did not question it. From that verdict there was no appeal. If Brother Seymore said so, it must be true.

'Yes, my bretheren!' he repeated.

'He's gone *straight to Hell!* It's thar he is now, whar Hell is deepest an' blackest. Fer the wages of sin is death, eternal death. *An' thar shall be no end!* Fer what is life? Life is but a step, an' turn whar ye will, the grave is at the end of it. Yes, my bretheren, ye shrink from it, ye draw back, but down into it *ye must go!* The grave is deep, but, O my bretheren, what is its depth beside the pit of Hell? The grave is dark, yes! but, O my bretheren, its darkness is as the light of the sun beside the blackness of Hell. *An' thar shall be no end!*

'I've heerd sick folks longin' fer death to end their torments. But, O my bretheren, death is not the end! Death is but the beginnin'. Hit's Eternity that's life! An' if fer you or fer me it shall be the fires of Hell — think, my bretheren, *think*, my dear young boys, think while thar is time! Fer youth is no pertection. He were no older than some of you. The thought of death were far from him when the vengeance of the Lord overtook him, struck down by his own gun as he were settin' out to kill a neighbor agin whom he had no rightful quarrel, a good man an' just.

'O my dear young boys, when I see ye here so full o' life an' hope, with yer bright young eyes an' yer strong young shoulders, some of ye drunk a'ready, plannin' out yer evil courses even while ye stand thar; scoffin' at the voice o' religion, an' flauntin' yer sin; O my dear young boys, my heart yearns fer ye. Ye don't know, *ye don't know* what is before ye! *An' thar shall be no end!*'

Brother Seymore had preached Hell from many a mountain-top, beside many a stream, and in the hot, close confines of many a crowded little meeting-house; but never had he preached it as he preached it to-day. Hell writhed and seethed and fumed before them. His power lay in his terrible earnestness. The agony of Hell was in

his pleading voice, and in his yearning eyes its despair and bitter anguish. He was not thinking of the tragedy of the mother, sitting there crumpled up before him, moaning, 'God ha' mercy! God ha' mercy!' He was thinking of those boys still to be saved on the outskirts. From the doom of that young companion whose wickedness had been a byword among them, he drew a fearful lesson.

At last he stopped from sheer exhaustion. A little group of 'joiners' clustered about him as he stood mopping his brow. Brother Bixby and Brother Pike and some of the more emotionally moved lingered to clasp their hands and lead in fervent prayer. The rest of the meeting broke up in confusion. The excitement was over, their faces resumed their normal expressions. It was well on in the afternoon. Thoughts of dinner filled their minds. Some quickly mounted their mules and galloped off. Others waited to fumble in the saddlebags for snacks of apples and cornbread.

Most of the funeral party and a large following were already proceeding down the road a half-mile to old Jim Sands's, one of the early settlers of the region, where half-a-dozen women had been busy all the morning, getting dinner ready for the multitude sure to come. It was there that the aftermath of the meeting would be held, as they sat, their chairs tipped back, on the long, narrow porch, waiting for their turn to eat in relays at the little table inside.

It was Sands who approached the mother from Bear, as she sat there still on the mourner's bench as in a trance, unconscious of the movement about her. For she was not here, she was down in Hell, down in the black depths beside him, watching his agony, trying to suffer the torments instead of him.

'Come along, sister. Come home along with me,' the old man urged.

She hardly heard his words, but his touch on her arm brought her back to herself. She rose to her feet, and stood for a moment, startled and bewildered in the midst of the moving throng.

'Down thisaway,' he said kindly, leading the way.

But by that time she had taken her bearings, and was starting back over the little trail where she had come so swiftly in the morning. But here too the crowds were surging homewards. Instinctively she shrank away from them, and vanished among the bushes.

III

The sun had set and the dusk was fast deepening when she emerged from her retreat. She listened a moment before venturing out; but the trail was deserted now, and there was only silence. Hardly conscious of the hours that had passed, or of the change in the face of the sky, she started on her way. Time had brought no respite from her anguish. A fever burned in her cheeks, and despair drove her on like a hunted thing. Her eyes were still looking on the horrors of Hell. Her spirit was still staggering under the immensity of it. There were intervals of insensibility, when she was as one stunned under the weight of it. Then, more vividly than ever, its magnitude would burst upon her again.

'An' I hev borne him fer this!' she would cry. And not a minute's grace, not an instant to brace himself for what was coming. *Straight to Hell!* 'No, no!' she would beseech shudderingly, falling by the way. And ever and again the agonized refrain pursued her relentlessly, '*An' thar shall be no end!*' Greater than the horror of the flame was its everlastingness.

Up in the sky the moon rose full, changing the murky dusk into glorious night. Brighter and brighter grew its

radiance. Even here, on the timbered side of the mountain, its rays penetrated the deep curtain of foliage, showing the way dimly. As one in a frenzy, she hurried on, hesitating only here and there, where, in a little clearing, the light flooded the space like a bright pool into which she shrank from plunging, or the gaunt shaft of an old oak or poplar stood alone, its black shadow like a barrier across the way. Once in a while the harsh cry of some night-bird startled her, or the barking of a fox, echoing back and forth across a little hollow. Once, as she sat motionless by the way, the soft fur of some little night-prowling beast brushed against her in passing, and over the great silence of the mountain came queer little stirrings and rustlings, the whispering of leaves, the chorus of crickets, the murmur of rivulets seeking the larger streams.

But the night had no voice to soothe the tumult raging within her. Its serene beauty only intensified her isolation. The storm had shattered the foundations of her being, and swept away all her supports. Prayer was gone from her, and hope, and Heaven. There was nothing left, here or in the hereafter, but the hideous chaos of Hell.

The night was nearly spent when at last she reached her home. Involuntarily, outside the little gate she stopped and stood gazing down at the familiar scene. For a minute it, too, seemed unreal. Untouched by the devastation that had swept over her, everything lay sleeping as in a lovely dream. Something in its unaccustomed beauty moved her. Gradually, as she looked from one familiar detail to another, the chords of old remembrance stirred, bringing her back into touch with that life she had left so long ago in the morning. It was as if she were beginning to wake from a nightmare from which they had been spared.

And yet — over there in the pasture-

corner, the old red cow still mourned her calf, the calf that had been sold to buy the funeral dress. Inside its circle of stones was the little flower-bed, with its broken stalks of feather-grass and prince's plume, which all summer long, as fast as they had bloomed, she had robbed of their blossoms to cover his grave. Up in the steep little cornfield, where the garnered sheaves stood in rows, how hard she had toiled to get the fodder pulled and stacked, ready for to-day! She had wanted to leave everything shining and in order, as if they, too, were to partake of the sacrament. Not one part of that little domain but had felt the stir of preparation, the eager hope, the gladness. Even the little silver path from doorway to well-curb had felt it, and the festoons of beans hung to dry from the eaves of the little porch. Now, lying there before her gaze, they seemed to know and share her grief. Insensibly they spoke with a voice of comfort, softening her anguish, and bringing it more within the bounds of her human endurance.

Gradually her tired spirit ceased to grapple with the immensity of Hell. Life waited again, life with its light forever gone, with only its toil and burden, but with its saving round of drudgery, and its ties that bound her to the past.

Then, inside the open doorway of the cabin, she saw the shadow of the bed where he would be lying, that other one, that little one whose very goodness was a constant reminder of her cross.

'Ef 't were n't fer *him*! Sure to ax first thing ef 't were a pretty meetin'. A-glimpsin' Heaven oftener'n airth.' The contrast was too sharp. 'Hit's more'n I kin bear!'

She crept in softly, so as not to wake him: she did not want to speak to him, or let him see her tortured face.

But he was awake. The room was flooded with moonlight, and there at

the window, where its radiance poured in in a broad bar of light, he sat propped up against the pillows. His wide-open eyes met hers.

'Did I rouse ye, comin' in thataway?' she asked wearily, dropping down on the edge of the bed.

'No, I were n't sleepin',' he said. 'I were jest a-seein' up yander!'

It was like the lash of a whip on bare flesh. 'Then ye'd better ben a-sleepin',' she said roughly. 'Ye do too much o' that 'ere old "seein'", as ye call it.'

'But, mammy, wait till I tell ye once,' he cried, his thin little voice tense with excitement. 'I seed *him*!'

She stared at him aghast. 'Not yer brother, honey?'

'Yes, him!'

'No, no! Ye could n't, ye could n't!' she cried brokenly. 'I knowed all the time ye never seed right. Ye could n't see him, cause he — were n't thar to see,' she started to say; but she could not bring the words out. Covering her face, she burst into racking sobs.

'But, mammy, listen while I tell ye. I seed him as plain as ever I seed him on airth, an' his face were kind, purely kind, like that time he gin me the squirrel skin.' In all his life it was the only kindness he had to remember of him.

'But whar, whar was ye lookin' when ye seed him?'

'Up yander, in Glory,' he returned simply. 'It were like this. I were jest a-layin' hyar, an' my eyes were shet, but I could n't sleep, an' all to once I felt soft wings breshin' again my cheek, an' I heerd a voice say, "Look!" an' I opened my eyes. At first thar was jest a light, a great shinin' light. In all the times I've looked I never did see a light like that. An' then I see an Angel o' the Lord were a-holdin' that light. He were a-holdin' it up high for some-one a-comin' way down below, whar 't were all darkness. The way were long an' steep, an' who it were a-comin' I

could n't see yet. An' then I seed it were *him*, a-comin' up from Hell.'

'No!' she breathed incredulously, but with a gleam of hope in her wonder.

'*It were him, a-comin' up from Hell!* An' when the Angel o' the Lord seed him comin', he were glad. "Yander's the Gate," he says, throwin' the light up high. An' lookin' up atter it, I seed a little gate of gold an' of pearl, an' then I knowed it were the Gate of Heaven. An' as he drewed nigh unto it, it were opened for him, an' he went in.'

'In the visions of the righteous thar is truth,' she murmured, trembling to believe.

'An' the Angel o' the Lord waited thar till he were safe within the Gate, an' then he tuk his light an' went away, an' fer a little while it were all darkness; but I kep' on a-lookin', an' atter a while I seed again. An' this time 't were way fur within the land o' Heaven, an' him an' Pop were jest a-findin' of each other. An' Pop says, "Whar ye ben all this time? I ben a-lookin' an' a-lookin' fer ye, but I never did see ye afore." An' he says, "I were n't hyar to see. I ain't but jest come. When I died," he says, "*I went straight to Hell!*"'

'Oh, yes, he did, he did!' she moaned, crumpling up again in her grief. '*An' thar shall be no end!*'

'"But how come ye're hyar then?" Pop says. "On airth they say the fires o' Hell is everlastin'."'

'"Yes," he says, "they air everlastin', but not fer me nor fer you. We hain't got to stay thar all that time. Hit ain't to burn *us*, hit's jest to burn the *sin* outen us, an' set us free. Fer the intention o' the Lord is that atter death we shall all be gethered hyar in Glory. But some of us hain't ready yet to live among the saints. We was borned in sin, an' we died in sin, an' ef it hain't ben cleansed out of us by the salvation o' the spirit on airth, hit's got to be *burned* out of us in Hell. An' that's

what the fires o' Hell is fer! Hit ain't fer punishment or torment. God's too good!" he cried. "Hit's jest to prepare us fer Eternal Glory, an' make us fitten fer hits grace. On airth," he says, "they say differ'nt, *but they don't know!* They only see in part. The fires o' Hell air everlastin', they say. Yes, they air everlastin'. They shall burn on an' on, an' thar shall be no end, as long as one sinner is left on airth a-needin' their flame. But fer him nor fer me, nor fer no one that comes, thar hain't no real everlastingness to ary thing but Grace."

'An' is it thataway?' she marveled. 'All plain an' simple an' sartin? Then God is good!' she breathed reverently.

'That's what Pop says, "Then God is good!" An' fer a little while they stood thar, jest seein' over in their minds how 't were. An' then he looked up to Pop. "I were n't no kind of a son on airth," he says, sorter 'shamed, as if to beg forgiveness; "but now — " An' Pop tuk his hand, an' made as if to answer; but they could n't either on 'em say it, no more'n menfolks on airth; but hit were a mighty understandin' look they gin each other, an' their faces was as happy as if all the glory o' the Lord were a-shinin' right thar.

'An' then I tuk notice that whar they were a-standin' was in a little laurelly bottom, an' hit were airly of a mornin', like an October day on airth. The trees was ev'ry color, an' the ground beneath, whar their leaves had fell. The sun were jest a-risin', an' oh, but hit were pretty! Fer the dew was heavy on the leaves an' the grasses, an' ev'rywhars ye looked hit sparkled an' shone till seemed like each one o' them littly bits o' dew-drops was a sun-ball hitself, risin' up to make a new day. Fur an' near the pa't-ridges was callin', an' up in the trees the gray squirrels chattin' away.

"Let's go a-huntin'," Pop says. An' hit were like two boys they went off together.

'Him an' his pappy — together!'

'An' atter that I could n't see no more; but when I shet my eyes, I could hear sweet music. An' if it were the sounds o' voices lifted up in praise, or the play o' stringed chords, or the song o' birds an' tumblin' waters, I could n't tell, but hit were glad, pure glad! An' when ye heerd it, ye fergot thar were ary thing on airth but joyfulness an' peace.'

'I hear it now!' she cried in rapture. 'I reckon hit's the echo.' Then, after a bit, 'Did either on 'em see you, honey?' she asked.

'No, they never seed me — but they will when I go,' he answered in happy certainty. 'I'll know jest whar to find 'em.'

A little stab of pain shot through the assuagement of her heart.

'Have yer breast ben a-hurtin' whilst I were gone?'

'Hit ain't a-hurtin' now,' he replied, his soul lifted up beyond the dominion of bodily pain.

But as the waning moon traveled on at length beyond the radius of the cabin-window, his little face, missing its radiance, grew suddenly tired and spent.

With the gloom a chill little breeze shivered on the air. Dawn was beginning to whiten the eastern sky, but on its western rim two stars still shone. They were like her eyes, unquenchable wells of brightness in the worn pallor of her face.

'Honey,' she whispered, 'that's a sweet gift o' yours, did ye know it?'

Then something in the delicacy of his face, and the pleased little flush her rare praise brought, smote her newly awakened tenderness. Drawing him up close, she brushed the damp locks away from his thin little forehead. Her voice was infinitely gentle.

'Let's lay down a minute now,' she coaxed, 'an' rest us 'fore hit's day.'

THY KINGDOM COME

A DREAM FOR EASTER EVEN

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

THE PLACE: The Tomb of the Saviour in a Garden
THE TIME: The First Easter Even; the Soldiers' Vigil

THE PEOPLE

The Three Soldiers who guard the Tomb

The Soldier who plaited the Crown of
Thorns

The Soldier who pierced the Side of Jesus
The Soldier who won the Seamless Coat

The Galilean Children .

The little Daughter of Jairus
The Boy who was an Epileptic

The Lad who once had five Barley Loaves
and two Fishes

A Child whom Jesus blessed

THE ANGELS

The Angels who roll the Stone away

THE DREAMS

The Child with the Crown of Thorns

The Child with the Lance

The Child with the Seamless Coat

The Child with the Cross

It is chilly dusk, and the soldiers have kindled a fire in a brazier before the tomb and stuck a tall torch upright in the earth between the tomb and a long stone bench. The spring flowers of the garden twinkle and flush within the torchlight's wavering circle, and a flowering almond tree glows softly above the stone bench. One of the soldiers has stretched himself along the bench beneath the rosy tree, with feet crossed and arms clasped under his head. His helmet is on the ground within reach of his hand. Another soldier crouches beside the brazier, feeding the fire and shivering. The third paces uneasily to and fro before the sepulchre, from the

young cedar at one side of the tomb to the torch at the other, from shadow into light, and back again. The three soldiers wear the Roman insignia. The reclining soldier is the one who pierced the side of Jesus. The chilly soldier is the one who won the Seamless Coat. The restless soldier is the one who plaited the Crown of Thorns.

THE SOLDIER OF THE THORNS (*pausing before the tomb and looking up at it darkly*). — So here's the end of Him and his Kingdom?

(*He strikes the rock savagely with his bare hand, winces, and sucks the injured hand.*)

THE SOLDIER OF THE LANCE (*glancing sidewise out of the corner of his eye*). — Hurt yourself?

THE THORNS. — A thorn.

THE LANCE. — Funny place to pick up a thorn.

THE THORNS. — I run it in yesterday, when I was playin' smarty.

THE LANCE (*indifferently*). — Playin' smarty?

THE THORNS (*sulkily*). — Plaitin' a crown o' thorns.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SEAMLESS COAT (*looking round over his shoulder, but still warming his hands at the fire*). — You was that joker, was you?

THE THORNS (*ignoring the question and examining his hand by the light of the fire*). — If I'd known the things could hurt so much —

(*There is a thoughtful silence.*)

THE COAT (*turning back to the fire*). — Better have it looked at. Sometimes them things swell.

THE LANCE (*still indifferent*). — Maybe He put a curse on your hand. I would.

THE THORNS. — You — yes! — Not Him. — He never cursed a curse all day, from the time we took Him.

THE COAT (*staring into the fire and shivering*). — Father, forgive them —

THE THORNS (*violently*). — Aw, shut your face! (*He begins to pace up and down again.*)

THE LANCE (*yawning and stretching on the bench*). — Who takes first watch? Don't everybody speak at once!

THE COAT. — I'd just as lief. I'm too cold to sleep, and anyway — I'd like to be awake if He — if He should —

(*He glances again over his shoulder, fearfully, at the tomb.*)

THE LANCE (*grimly*). — Did you ever stick a spear into a dead man?

THE COAT (*defiantly*). — What's that got to do with it?

THE LANCE. — You'd know He was dead — that's all.

THE THORNS (*pausing beside the bench*). — Let's have a look at the spear.

THE LANCE. — Left it home.

THE THORNS. — We was told to come armed.

THE LANCE. — Well, what's a sword? (*He draws his short sword half out of its scabbard and thrusts it back again.*) I've done all I want to with spears — for one while.

THE COAT (*speaking hesitantly across the brazier*). — You don't think — even if He was dead — He'd — ?

THE LANCE. — Well, do you?

(*There is another silence, doubtful, inconclusive.*)

THE THORNS (*again resuming his restless march*). — That old villain, Caiaphas, ain't afraid of the dead. It's the livin' he's out after.

THE COAT. — Them fishermen?

THE LANCE. — The trouble with the High Priest is, he thinks everybody else is as foxy as he is. But I'm not going to lose my sleep waiting for Simon and the sons of Zebedee to hatch a plot to rob a tomb. I'd develop insomnia permanent, if I did. (*He closes his eyes.*)

THE THORNS. — There's Joseph of Arimathea? — Or Nicodemus — what?

THE LANCE (*still with his eyes closed*). — Too respectable. Besides, they want to be convinced, themselves. And you don't convince yourself a man's risen from the dead by swiping his corpse; now, do you?

(*He opens his eyes and looks up at the Soldier of the Thorns, who has paused by the bench. They stare at each other silently a moment, and the Soldier of the Thorns takes up his march again.*)

THE COAT (*shuddering*). — I'll be glad when the night's safe over.

THE LANCE (*indifferently*). — Same here. Say, if you're cold, sittin' in the fire, what do you think I am, layin' out on this frosty bench? Where's your

prophet's mantle you won so slick yesterday afternoon? If you're not goin' to use it, you might tuck it round me and kiss me good-night.

(*The Soldier of the Thorns laughs.*)

THE COAT. — Our baby was asleep in it when I left home. He's been sick for two days, and I ain't had a wink o' sleep. My wife thinks he — he — knew the coat. He snuggled right down and dropped off, quiet as you please.

THE THORNS (*moodily*). — He blessed my kids, too. Great one for kids, He was.

THE LANCE (*musings with his eyes shut*). — Kids are all right in their place. I'm as fond of a good kid as anybody. But a whole Kingdom come, of nothin' but kids —

THE THORNS (*with a laugh*). — Well, you don't need to worry. It's all off.

THE COAT (*tentatively*). — You think there won't nothin' come of it?

THE LANCE (*contemptuously*). — He's dead, ain't he?

THE COAT (*hesitating*). — But we're not.

THE LANCE (*truculent*). — What do you mean? — We're not?

THE COAT (*troubled*). — Well, we're not; are we?

THE LANCE (*turning his head sideways on the bench and regarding the Soldier of the Seamless Coat quizzically*). — Feel sorter responsible, now his mantle's descended on you, do you? (*He turns his face once more to the sky and shuts his eyes.*) You poor fish!

THE COAT (*pondering*). — They say He said the Kingdom's inside of us.

THE THORNS. — Rome, for mine! There's something you can take hold on.

THE COAT (*puzzled*). — But He never talked against Rome.

THE LANCE (*intoning, his eyes closed*). — No man can serve two masters.

THE COAT (*piteously*). — But I can't find no Kingdom inside of me to serve.

THE THORNS (*pausing beside the brazier and looking down good-naturedly at his comrade*). — Nothin' but guts, heh? Well, guts ain't so worse.

THE COAT. — You think He's not goin' to rise from the dead?

THE THORNS (*noncommittally*). — It ain't mornin' yet. What do you say, Longinus?

THE LANCE (*after a pause, always with eyes shut and face turned up to the sky*). — I say — there won't be any Kingdom come unless He does rise from the dead.

(*The Soldier of the Thorns returns to his beat, back and forth before the tomb.*)

THE VOICE OF A CHILD (*heard from a distance*). — Not that way! This way!

THE VOICE OF ANOTHER CHILD (*also heard from a distance*). — Yes, yes! This way! I see a light!

A THIRD CHILD'S VOICE. — Wait for me! Wait for me! Don't run so fast!

A FOURTH CHILD'S VOICE. — Take my hand! Upsy-daisy! Did you hurt yourself?

THE THIRD CHILD'S VOICE. — Just my toe — stubbed.

THE THORNS (*peering through the dusk beyond the cedar tree, and laughing*). — Here's your robber band!

(*The Galilean Children come into the firelight from round the cedar tree.*)

They carry palms and spring flowers in their arms. The little Daughter of Jairus and a little Girl whom Jesus blessed are hand-in-hand. The four children stand abashed and shy when they see the Soldiers.

THE LANCE (*sitting up on the bench and putting his feet to the ground*). — Hullo! Kinder late for little folks, is n't it?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES (*with dignity*). — I'm older than I look.

(*The Soldiers laugh goodnaturedly.*)

THE BOY WHO WAS EPILEPTIC. — Father said I might. Since the Master

cured me, I don't have to wait for grown people to take me places. Our inn is n't far.

THE COAT (*eagerly*). — Cured you, did He? What of?

THE EPILEPTIC BOY (*awkwardly*). — I used to fall down, just anywhere. Once I fell in the fire; and — and — I was 'most drowned once — and — and — I don't know —

THE THORNS (*nodding sagely to his comrades*). — Fits.

(*They all nod, and stare stolidly at the boy.*)

THE LANCE (*holding out his hand to Jairus's Daughter*). — Come over here and sit by me, Missy, and tell me where you live when you're at home. You know (*solemnly*), us soldiers have to guard this tomb, and we can't let suspicious-looking characters come around.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (*going over to the bench and laying her hand in the soldier's*). — I'm not a suspicious-looking character. My father is one of the rulers of the Synagogue in Capernaum.

THE LANCE (*holding out his other hand to the little girl who has followed Jairus's Daughter*). — Galileans?

(*Jairus's Daughter sits beside him on the bench. The younger child allows him to lift her on his knee.*)

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — We came up for the Passover; my family, and his, and hers, and hers. We're staying at the inn. Everybody said this Passover would be different from all the other Passovers. They said the Master would come into his Kingdom.

THE LANCE (*quietly, stroking the child's hair*). — And what do they say now?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES (*passionately*). — I don't care what they say.

(*He goes to the tomb and lays his palm and his flowers before the rock-bound door. Then, standing upright with face uplifted toward the tomb, and arms stretched upward, he says gently,* —

Master, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

(*He steps back to the fire.*)

THE EPILEPTIC BOY (*laying his palm and his flowers before the tomb, and standing with uplifted face and hands*). — Master, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

(*He moves to one side and stands beside the torch.*)

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (*slipping off the bench, crossing to the tomb, laying her palm and her flowers beside the offerings of the other two, and standing with uplifted face and hands*). — Master, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

(*She returns to the bench.*)

THE CHILD (*who has been watching her playfellows, speaking now to the Soldier of the Lance, on whose knee she sits*). — I want to put mine up there, on top. Will you lift me up?

THE LANCE. — Sure I will!

(*He carries the child to the tomb, sets her on his shoulder, and stands still while she puts her palm and her flowers on top of the tomb.*)

THE CHILD (*sitting on the Soldier's shoulder and lifting up her face and her hands*). — Master, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

(*The Soldier of the Lance carries the child back to the bench and sits down, taking her again on his knee.*)

THE THORNS (*gruffly*). — But He's dead, you know, so how —

THE LANCE (*interrupting angrily*). — Shut your mouth, you!

THE THORNS (*turning sullen*). — Shut your mouth yourself! Was n't it you said He was dead, in the first place?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (*quietly*). — The Master raised me from the dead.

(*There is a startled silence. The three soldiers stare, speechless, at Jairus's Daughter. The Soldier of the Lance edges away from her slowly, along the bench. The Soldier of the Seam-*

less Coat, squatting by the brazier, rises to his knees and clasps his hands. The Soldier of the Thorns, standing by the torch, throws out his hands in a gesture of terror, as if to keep her off.)

THE LANCE. — Who told you that, Missy?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — He called me.

THE THORNS. — He?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — The Master.

THE COAT. — Called you?

(He glances fearfully over his shoulder at the tomb.)

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — He said, 'Maid, arise.' And I heard Him, and came back again, and got up off the bed. And He told them to give me something to eat.

THE LANCE *(always quietly)*. — How does it feel to be dead?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER *(simply)*. — I don't know how to tell it. I came back a long way.

THE COAT *(on his knees by the brazier, flinging out his hands in a gesture of entreaty, his voice trembling with eagerness)*. — What do you say to that, Longinus?

THE LANCE *(clasping both arms round the child, and speaking moodily)*. — I say, there came out water and blood from the wound. What else can I say?

THE COAT. — The man at Bethany was four days in his grave.

THE THORNS *(reluctantly)*. — And somebody told me there was a widow's son at Nain —

THE LANCE *(brooding, with his arms clasped tight round the child)*. — He saved others —

THE CHILD *(on his knee)*. — Are you afraid He won't wake up in time to-morrow morning?

THE LANCE. — Well, you see, ducky, He waked little sister here — maybe — but who'll wake Him? My voice don't carry very far.

THE CHILD. — Oh, He'll wake Him-

self. Just as I do when I say, 'To-morrow morning I'll wake up at six.' And then I do wake up at six.

THE COAT. — That's so!

THE THORNS. — And are you kids going to stay here the rest of the night?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — No; I had to promise we'd come back in half an hour, or they would n't have let us come.

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — My father's discouraged. We're starting home at dawn.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — So is my father. He seems to think the Cross was the end of it all, when it's only the beginning.

THE LANCE. — The beginning of what, Missy?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — Of the Kingdom.

THE THORNS *(bitterly)*. — A fine Kingdom — a dead man on a gibbet.

THE OTHER TWO SOLDIERS *(speaking together, hastily)*. — Sshsh-h, — you!

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER *(tranquilly)*. — The Master said, only this week, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' And then He was lifted up on the Cross.

THE LANCE *(quizzing her gently)*. — And now — where's He going to lift the rest of us up to — more crosses?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER *(always serene)*. — But I'd so much rather be on a cross with the Master than on a throne with Herod.

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Or on the Judgment Seat with Pilate.

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — Or in the Holy of Holies with Caiaphas.

THE CHILD *(turning on the Soldier's knee and looking up into his face)*. — Would n't you?

THE LANCE *(laughing ruefully)*. — Well, ducky darlin', if you put it that way — I s'pose I would.

THE THORNS *(gazing at his injured hand)*. — If one little thorn in your

hand can hurt so bad, what must it be like — ? — still —

THE COAT (*wringing his hands in anguish*). — I drove the nails! I drove the nails! Ah, but the Cross would be a soft bed — a soft bed indeed, for me! I'm thinkin' I'll never rest quiet till I'm laid on it.

(*The children are gazing in round-eyed compassion at the Soldier of the Seamless Coat.*)

THE LANCE (*to the Soldier of the Seamless Coat, roughly*). — Quit your whining, you! Do you want to scare the kids? — (*To the Lad of the Loaves*). — Tell us about this yere Kingdom of yours, youngster. Nobody over fourteen allowed inside, what? Infants admitted free? — Say, could n't you squeeze me through the gate if I stooped down and crawled in? (*This to the child on his knee.*) — Or I could sit in the baby's go-cart and you could push me.

THE CHILD. — Would n't that be funny — you in a go-cart! The Master would surely laugh. But He did n't say you had to be children.

THE LANCE. — Did n't He, now?

THE CHILD. — No; He said — (*she pauses as if recalling something*) — He said, 'Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.' He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God.' Don't you see? — as a little child.

THE LANCE. — Just what I said — in a go-cart; and you wheeling me!

THE CHILD (*laughing, but doubtful*). — But I could n't wheel you if you were too grown-up.

THE LANCE. — But if I promise not to grow up any more?

THE CHILD (*smiling, with her head on one side*). — Perhaps —

THE LANCE. — And then, when we got inside — then what?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Then you'd never be hungry any more. Nobody's ever hungry.

THE THORNS. — That's good hearing. How would you manage it?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — The Master would show us how. You ought to have seen Him do it — that day we were outside Bethsaida — such a crowd! My father gave me a basket of barley bread, five loaves, and a couple of fishes, — little fellows they were. 'You may be able to sell them,' my father said. 'Some of these guys are sure to go off without their lunch.' And there wasn't anybody had anything to eat there that day — anybody but me; they did n't know it was going to be an all-day affair, I guess. And the Master looked up to heaven and blessed the bread and the fishes, and divided it up, and everybody had some and ate all they wanted.

THE THORNS. — How many was there?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Five thousand.

THE COAT (*eagerly*). — I heard about that!

THE THORNS (*to the Lad*). — Did you eat some?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — I ate some that was left. There was twelve baskets of bread and fish, scraps, left over.

THE THORNS. — Oh, say, kid, you dreamed it!

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — I was there.

THE COAT. — Yes; I heard about them twelve baskets.

(*For a few moments there is silence.*)

THE LANCE (*rousing from his reverie*). — Well, so that's the first thing; no more hungry folks in your Kingdom, eh?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — In the Master's Kingdom.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — But it takes more than fishes and barley bread to

keep you from being hungry. In the Master's Kingdom we shall have the Bread of God 'which cometh down from Heaven and giveth life unto the world.'

THE COAT. — Who said that?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — The Master.

THE COAT. — What is that Bread of God?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — The Master.

THE THORNS. — What does the kid mean, Longinus?

THE LANCE. — Why should I know? Am I a rabbi?

THE CHILD (*looking up earnestly, reproachfully, into his face*). — Oh, but you do know!

THE LANCE (*kissing her*). — Kiddie, you're a mind-reader. (*Turning to the Epileptic Boy*) Well? Bread enough and to spare — barley bread and Bread of Heaven — and then what?

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — No sick boys, like I used to be.

THE THORNS. — Not a bad idea, what! Rosy cheeks; no snuffles; everybody in bloomin' health. Say, you kids have got the notion all right.

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — Oh, but it's not our notion, you know. It's the Master's.

THE LANCE (*glancing at the tomb*). — No Kingdom without the Master?

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — How could there be?

THE THORNS (*his eyes on the tomb*). — But He's d —

THE LANCE (*interrupting hastily*). — Nobody hungry; nobody sick. Now, ducky, your turn —

THE CHILD. — I know a story about the Kingdom. Shall I tell it?

THE LANCE. — Do!

THE CHILD. — It's one of the Master's stories. I can't tell it as good as He could.

THE LANCE. — Never mind. We'll make allowance. Tune up, sweetie.

THE CHILD. — Well — Once upon a time — the Kingdom of Heaven is like

a man that got up early one morning and went down town to hire some laborers to work in his vineyard.

THE COAT. — So there'll be work in the Kingdom?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Sure! Enough for all. Bread and work.

THE CHILD (*shaking her finger mildly at the lad*). — You must n't interrupt; else may be I'll forget what came next. And the man said he'd pay them a penny a day. And they said, 'That suits us, boss.' And I believe that was about six o'clock in the morning. And about nine o'clock he went out to see if he could n't get some more help. And there were still lots of men hanging round the market-place —

THE THORNS. — Sure! I've seen 'em.

THE CHILD. — And he hired some more, and said he'd give them what was right. And they said —

THE THORNS. — 'We're with you, boss.'

THE CHILD. — Yes; I guess that's what they said. Only you must n't interrupt. And at noon and at three o'clock there was still such a lot of work to be done in the vineyard that he hired some more, and some more.

THE THORNS. — In luck, was n't they?

THE CHILD (*sternly*). — You must n't interrupt. And at five o'clock, just an hour before closing time, he said, 'See here, if I'm going to finish this job to-day, I've got to hustle —'

(*The Soldiers laugh delightedly.*)

THE CHILD. — And so he went to the market-place one more last time, and he said to the men that were there, 'What are you fellows loafin' round here all day for, doin' nothin'?' And they said, 'Because we can't find a job.'

THE THORNS (*to the Lance*). — Smart kid, what?

THE CHILD (*ignoring him*). — And so he said, 'Well, you go to my vineyard, too, and you'll get what's right.'

THE THORNS. — And they said —

THE CHILD (*regarding him with gentle disapproval*). — They did n't say anything. They just went.

THE THORNS (*laughing*). — The workin' men I know ain't so trustin'.

THE CHILD. — Oh, but wait till you hear. This is the best part of the story. Because in the evening, the man said to his foreman: 'Call the men and pay them; and pay the ones that were hired last, first.' And every man that was hired at five o'clock in the afternoon got a penny. Now, what do you think of that?

THE COAT. — That sure was white of the boss, was n't it?

THE CHILD. — And then, of course, the ones that had been working since six in the morning thought they were going to get more. But they did n't. Just the penny they said they'd work for. That's all they got. And so then they made a fuss and said it was n't fair, because they had worked all day, and the others only an hour. But the man said — let me see if I can remember the words. — The man — said — 'Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.'

(*There is a pause, during which the three Soldiers glance at each other amusedly, and wink, over the child's head.*)

THE LANCE. — You're sure you got the last part of the story straight, kiddie?

THE CHILD (*astonished*). — Yes!

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — Yes; she got it straight.

THE LANCE. — And you think it was fair?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — For everybody to have as much as he needs to live on? Why, yes! Don't you?

THE LANCE. — Whether they work for it or not?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — Oh, but they did work for it, as long as they were given a chance to work. There they stood in the market-place, ready to be hired. Could they help it if nobody hired them till five o'clock?

THE LANCE (*smiling*). — It's a new idea in business, that's all.

THE CHILD. — Why is it new?

THE LANCE. — Say, ducky, ask me another.

THE COAT. — Just the same, it's a fine story, little darlin'; and you told it fine. If it ain't true, it ought to be.

THE CHILD. — But it is true — once upon a time, in the Kingdom.

THE LANCE (*to Jairus's Daughter*). — And now you, little Missy; what else is true in the Kingdom, once upon a time?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (*with her tranquil smile*). — Everybody'll be alive, in the Kingdom.

THE THORNS. — Alive! — What's the matter with us?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — Oh, I don't mean just breathing and eating and walking and talking. I mean, really alive — like the Master.

THE COAT. — The Master!

(*He turns from the fire, on his knees, and gazes at the tomb with praying hands.*)

THE THORNS. — The Master! But He's —

(*He pauses, his eyes fixed on the tomb.*)

THE LANCE (*gently, looking over his shoulder at the tomb*). — And if the Master — is n't —

(*A voice in the distance, calling.*)

VOICE. — Children! — Children!

THE CHILD. — Mother's calling. We must go.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (*to the Soldier of the Lance*). — And if the Master is n't what?

THE LANCE. — Nothing. No matter. — So you don't think I'm alive, Missy?

JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER (*rising to go, and regarding him thoughtfully*). — Coming alive.

VOICE. — Children! — Bedtime!

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Coming! — Coming!

THE EPILEPTIC BOY (*pausing before the door of the tomb*). — Thy Kingdom come!

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES (*pausing before the door of the tomb*). — Thy will be done!

JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER (*pausing before the door of the tomb*). — On earth as it is in heaven!

(*The three move away from the door, looking back lingeringly at the tomb, as they disappear one by one beyond the cedar.*)

THE CHILD (*slipping off the knee of the Soldier of the Lance, running to the tomb, and laying her cheek against the rocky door*). — Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Blessed be the Kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!

(*She runs out after the others, beyond the cedar.*)

VOICE. — Children!

CHILDREN (*from a distance*). — Coming!

(*The Soldier of the Seamless Coat puts more twigs on the fire. The Soldier of the Thorns begins his slow, steady beat, up and down before the tomb. The Soldier of the Lance stretches out once more on the bench. There is a brief silence.*)

THE LANCE (*looking over his shoulder at the Soldier of the Thorns*). — How's a fellow to get his forty winks, with you clankin' up an' down, clankin' up an' down — ?

THE THORNS. — Nerves. That's what's the matter with you.

(*He slumps down with his back against the cedar and his legs sprawled out on the ground before him.*)

THE COAT. — I don't believe the little kid got twisted in her story. I believe He told it that way. It would be like Him.

THE THORNS. — I don't know what I believe.

(*He yawns, and presently his head drops forward on his chest — and he sleeps.*)

THE COAT (*stretching out on the ground by the brazier*). — I, if I be lifted up — lifted up. A soft bed — Cross. Never rest quiet — never rest quiet — till I'm laid on it. (*He sleeps, murmuring*) Never rest quiet — cold. Rest on the Cross. (*In his sleep he turns on his back and flings his arms out on the ground in the shape of a cross.*) I — if I be lifted up — lifted up — all men unto me.

THE THORNS (*wincing in his sleep*). — If I'd known that one little thorn could — Father, they know not what they do — Father, forgive them.

(*There is silence for a brief space.*)

THE LANCE (*lying on the bench with face upturned to the stars and eyes closed*). — Coming alive! — Coming! — Coming alive!

Silence. The Soldiers sleep. From behind the flowering almond tree their dreams come drifting in. The Soldiers are dreaming of children.

The Soldier of the Thorns dreams of a child with shadowy hair and clad in a dim, filmy purple gown. She bears a purple cushion in her two hands. There is a crown of thorns on the cushion. Noiselessly the child passes before the Soldier and kneels beside him, her shoulder against his. Their two faces are turned the one way, side by side. His eyes are shut, for he is asleep; but the eyes of his Dream are set wide open, gazing upon the crown of thorns out-held upon the purple cushion.

The Dream of the Soldier of the Lance slips round the almond tree and sits at his

head, on the bench. She has a tall spear. She is a little gray dream, but there are silver gleams within her gray veils, and the veil over her hair is bound with a silver circlet. She sits with little gray feet dangling from the bench, steadying herself with clasped hands against the upright spear. Her small face looks straight forward, wide-eyed.

The Soldier of the Seamless Coat dreams of a child with pale, flying hair, and a dim, blue transparent gown. In her right hand she holds three great iron nails. Over her left arm hangs, fold on floating fold, a dim blue cloak. The child kneels above her prostrate Soldier and holds the three nails over his face. The cloak, thin as a shadow, trails, a dark pool on the ground about her knees. Her eyes are on the three nails.

Yet another Dream comes presently from behind the almond tree and stands beside the brazier. The three soldiers sigh. The fourth Dream is a russet-brown child, translucent in the firelight. This little Dream carries a cross.

THE THORNS (in the monotone of one who talks in his sleep). — Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the palace and gathered unto him the whole band, and they stripped him and put on him a scarlet robe. And they plaited a crown of thorns (*the voice falters*), a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and a reed in his right hand, and they kneeled down before him and mocked him saying, Hail, King of the Jews (*the voice falters*). And they spat upon him and took the reed and smote him on the head.

THE COAT (*crying out*). — When they had mocked him, they took off from him the robe and put on him his garments and led him away to crucify him. And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments among them (*the voice falters*) casting lots. And they sat and watched him there.

THE LANCE (*in a thoughtful monotone*). — Jesus said, Father forgive them for they know not what they do.

THE THORNS (*in his level voice*). — The soldiers led him away within the court which is the Prætorium, and they call together the whole band. And they clothe him in purple, and plaiting a crown of thorns (*the voice falters*), they put it on him and they began to salute him, Hail King of the Jews. And they smote his head with a reed and did spit upon him and bowing their knees worshipped him.

THE LANCE (*in his musing voice*). — He said unto him, Verily I say unto thee to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

THE COAT (*in a clear, high voice*). — When they had mocked him, they took off from him the purple and put on him his garments. And they lead him out to crucify him. And they crucify him (*the voice falters*), and part his garments among them casting lots upon them (*the voice falters*), what each should take. And it was the third hour.

THE LANCE (*gently*). — He saith unto his Mother, Woman behold thy son.

THE COAT (*in anguish*). — Casting lots upon them!

THE LANCE (*gently*). — Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother.

THE THORNS (*steadily*). — Herod with his soldiers set him at nought and mocked him, and arraying him in gorgeous apparel, sent him back to Pilate.

THE COAT (*crying out restlessly*). — Parting his garments, they cast lots, and the people stood by beholding.

THE LANCE (*in his inward, brooding voice*). — Jesus saith, I thirst.

THE THORNS (*in his slow monotone*). — The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns (*the voice falters*) and put it on his head and arrayed him in a purple garment (*the voice falters*). They struck him with their hands.

THE LANCE (*softly*). — About the

ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice saying (*in agony*), My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

THE COAT (*in the monotone of sleep*). — The soldiers, therefore, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part, and also the coat. Now the coat (*the voice falters*) was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore one to another, Let us not rend it but cast lots for it whose it shall be (*the voice falters*). These things therefore the soldiers did.

(*The Dream of the Seamless Coat rises to her feet, spreads wide the blue shadowy veil of the dream cloak and lays it over the Soldier, covering him. Then she kneels again.*)

THE LANCE (*quietly*). — When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished.

THE THORNS (*absorbed in his dream*). — The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head.

THE COAT (*absorbed in his dream*). — Let us not rend it but cast lots for it whose it shall be.

THE LANCE (*absorbed in his dream*). — When Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit. And having said this, he gave up the ghost.

THE COAT (*absorbed in his dream*). — Casting lots upon them, what each should take.

THE THORNS (*absorbed in his dream*). — They plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head.

THE LANCE (*absorbed in his dream*). — But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs, howbeit one of the soldiers with a spear (*the voice falters*) pierced his side; and straightway there came out blood and water. And he that hath

seen hath borne witness and his witness is true (*in terrible anguish*). They shall look on him whom they pierced.

(*A space of silence. The dreams turn and bless their Soldiers with the sign of the Cross. The Dream with the Cross exalts his Cross slowly.*)

THE THORNS (*in his dream*). — Thy Kingdom come.

THE COAT (*in his dream*). — Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

THE LANCE (*in his dream*). — Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!

(*The Dream of the Seamless Coat gathers up the dream coat. The Dream with the Cross exalts the Cross. The four dreams, bearing aloft the symbols of the Passion, go past the tomb in slow procession, with the Cross leading them, and out beyond the almond tree.*)

THE LANCE (*crying out with a joyful voice in his sleep, as the dreams vanish*). — Behold, by the Cross joy hath come to the whole world!

THE THORNS. — By the Cross!

THE COAT. — Joy!

THE LANCE. — Hath come to the whole World!

Silence. The soldiers sleep. The white-robed angels of the Resurrection come from behind the tomb. They scatter the palms and flowers of the Galilean Children in a little pathway before the tomb. They set their winged shoulders to the great stone and roll it slowly, quietly, away from the mouth of the tomb. They stand, one on each side of the open doorway of the tomb, their great wings arched above their bowed heads, their reverent hands folded over their eyes. The Soldiers sleep. Silence. The darkness before dawn.

UNEXPLORED HARMONIES

BY ALIDA CHANLER

Afloat the radiant spaces,
Past clouds in windy flight,
The song of silent places
Breaks through the veiling light.

NATURE shapes our lives by many subtle forces: by climate and sound, by light and shadow and silence. Our senses are dulled with repetition, and much beauty that we might see and hear eludes us. But though we may become unconscious of her power, Nature is never without influence over us. It is not only by visible and audible beauty, but also by invisible colors, inaudible sounds, flowing over us every day, that Nature affects our lives. In the peaceful stillness of wood or field we are soothed, not only by the absence of dissonance, but also by silent harmonies actively at work. Often what seems to be empty silence is really deep-lying music, as harmonious as the sweep of summer fields on a mountain-side. Our eyes, our ears, are as windows built at the end of tunnels, through which we reach to the gardens of sound and color beyond.

There are other gardens lying between these two, but we cannot turn the corner from the tunnel of ether to the tunnel of air, from light to sound. Yet these secret gardens can reach us, their fountains play over us unceasingly. We have so much joy in visible colors, that it seems a pity we cannot enjoy all the harmonious forces of Nature. Not, indeed, from curiosity; not so as to speculate on the kind and degree of their influence; but from sheer love of beauty, would we study them.

I have seen a Mexican bird, allied to the northern hermit thrush, whose throat fairly quivered with notes inaudible to my ears. What I could hear of his song was thrillingly sweet, and I longed to hear the whole of it. But his small body vibrates to notes we cannot catch at all. And if this is true of sound, it is even more true of light. We hear seven or eight octaves of sounds, but we see only the equivalent of about one octave of light. Between the lowest color-vibrations we can see, and the highest sound vibrations we can hear, are twenty octaves of invisible light, of inaudible sounds. Is there no way in which we might enjoy these also?

We cannot train our eyes to extend their range of vision, a range developed through thousands of years of evolution. But science has lately found a kind of periscope to turn the corner from light to sound. It combines electricity with magnetism (they are interchangeable, like steam and water) in an electric bulb connected to a telephone; it is called the 'oscillating audion' wireless receiver. Because magnetism from luminiferous ether can vibrate metal in air, this bulb changes invisible light into music. And what more fascinating than to listen to music till now inaudible to human ears? The fact that we use a metal medium need not detract from the wonder of the thing. When we listen to violins, we do not think of the cat-guts rasped by rosin; when we hear wood-winds, we do not think of the bamboo reed that is vibrating with every breath. Neither need we think about the action of the

metal as it transmutes ether-vibration into air-vibration.

The music heard with an oscillating audion bulb compares with the buzzing type of wireless heard on crystal receivers much as a violin compares with a policeman's whistle. It is as sweet as flutes, as variable as Hawaiian guitars. So far, we have heard only man-made music, sent out by man-made wireless stations. But we may come to hear natural vibrations of ether, as we now hear natural air notes on an æolian harp.

If one grouped ether-vibrations into four parts, like music, then X-rays¹ would be the soprano, colors would be the alto, heat waves would be the tenor, and electro-magnetic (wireless) waves would be the bass notes. And as music is not confined to one straight line, but spreads in all directions through the air, so ether-waves spread, as we see in light rays. But, unlike visible light, electro-magnetic rays pass through houses and people. Some say they pass over; whichever way it is, they certainly get past! When sent from wireless stations, they can encircle the earth, for it makes no shadow to them as it does to light rays. A radio conversation between Europe and America can be overheard instantly in Japan.

Speed, however, is sufficiently appreciated in these days; it is of the musical side of wireless that I wish to tell. Ether-vibrations, too high-pitched for human ears, are transmitted by means of electricity, and made audible at the receiving end by means of the 'oscillating audion' bulb. What happens is, that the audion also sends out a silent note, conflicting with these ether-vibrations; and the resultant beats are audible when passed through a telephone. The sending machine is very large and clumsy, so that all tuning, after the ini-

tial pitch of sending has been decided upon by the transmitter, is left to the receiver. Because the note heard is the resultant of two inaudible notes, one of them under the control of the receiver, the pitch of the note listened to is also controlled by the receiver. The sender may use a telegraph key to interrupt his note, but he does not change this pitch.

Exceptions to this are found in such stations as Annapolis, where the sender transmits one pitch when his key is raised, and another when it is lowered. This gives alternated notes, generally about a third apart. The lower note is confusing, both for dot-dash signals and for chord effects in combination with other stations. One might say that stations of this type are like organs that play as soon as air is pumped into them, while the other, more common type, is not audible until the keyboard is played. The keyboard being at the receiving end, the listener plays the tune. The sender makes the letters of the dot-dash code by interrupting one of the two inaudible notes at certain intervals. He makes the rhythm, while the listener (if he be musically inclined) plays any melody he likes, for he makes the tune. Hundreds of listeners in different parts of the country can play different tunes without interfering with one another.

All wireless stations cannot be so tuned, but most trans-Atlantic ones are of this musical type; their notes can be intercepted in any direction, without reducing the signals at their destination, by using an audion bulb. They can be combined to form chords. I have made music in Washington, D.C., out of the inaudible note sent from Bermuda, combining the resultant with one made from the note of Sayville, Long Island, and perhaps a third at New Brunswick, New Jersey. Or I have combined the two notes sent by Annapolis with one of the other stations.

¹ Radium rays, and others named only by letters, should be grouped with the X-rays as part of the soprano of ether-waves. — THE AUTHOR.

Sending stations choose, each, a certain pitch on which to send, so that they will not interfere with one another.

When two stations within a few hundred miles of each other choose notes (silent) that are only about a third apart when made audible, then they can be combined, and raised or lowered together to any pitch desired. This makes chords. These musical stations also send harmonics on half, and a third, and a fifth, of the length of wire used for sending the fundamental note. Trans-Atlantic stations often use a mile or more of wire, both for sending and receiving; and amateurs find it difficult to use so much wire. Therefore, many amateurs hear only the harmonics of the notes sent by high-powered trans-Atlantic stations, as they are in tune to perhaps half, or a third, of the fundamental sent by these stations. Like the fundamental, the pitch of the harmonic is controlled by the listener; by tuning a short wire in resonance with one of the transmitted harmonics, its resultant note can be lowered to any pitch. Harmonics are always fainter than fundamental notes. Stations several thousand miles away are also faint, such as those in Europe, and their signals are unsatisfactory, at present, for musical purposes.

With a sensitive audion bulb and well-insulated connections, the best distance from which to listen is from two to six hundred miles. At a less distance, one station will come in louder than the others, and its note will not fit in well for chords. Night is the best time to listen in, because then there are no sun rays to conflict with the electro-magnetic rays, and there are fewer interruptions from stray electricity in the air. The latter is true also of the winter; summer, with its many thunderstorms, causes continuous crackling in the telephones.

The musical stations along the Atlantic coast are at Marion, Massachusetts; Sayville, Long Island (another is being

constructed at Port Jefferson, Long Island); New Brunswick and Tuckerton, New Jersey; Annapolis, Maryland; Charleston, South Carolina; and there are others on the Gulf of Mexico.

There are also low-powered sending sets that can be tuned by the receiver, such as those used by radiophone stations and air-planes. When a radiophone sends Victrola music, or human speech, it is merely transmitting sounds from a Victor or a man through the ether. In order to do this, it has to send another extra-high-pitched note, which carries the variations in sound made by the Victor. This note is continuous from the moment the radiophone is turned on; and though it is tuned out (up) by those listening to the Victor, it is lovely for chord-making in true wireless music.

So much for the music that can be heard any day, by anyone having an audion and its connections. How about the still unheard ethereal harmonies of the universe? Radio operators are too busy reading messages to be able to play with music. Scientists are too busy experimenting to stop and enjoy the results of their discoveries. It is difficult to be a calm analytical mathematician, and yet respond to Nature's stimulus to the imagination. Hard, but worth trying! Wireless may seem to the artist to be a very dry subject; but the musical side of it can be enjoyed without learning any code, without danger of electric shock, with merely a few lessons in tuning and connecting an oscillating audion and its batteries and controls. It is no harder than playing a guitar, and its notes are as variable as those of Hawaiian guitars and as sweet as flutes; they are as truly ethereal as a harp is Æolian. Also, it has a constant though unappreciated influence over our lives, for its passage affects us as truly as does the climate, or light and sound.

At last we are finding an entrance into the secret gardens! The harmony of

color, which is a balanced adjustment of ether waves, is being transmuted into harmony of sound — into air-waves blending in music. Surely it is not enough just to read messages sent by ingenious man; it is not enough to manipulate ether for its speed alone. If we are patient, we may yet hear the morning stars singing together, or catch a whisper of moonbeams filtering down. As pattering leaves played over the 'let's pretend' games of my childhood, so I would let ethereal harmonies play over my dreams to-day. Even the noisy telephone may take its place in the harmony of life!

I would like a lyre tuned to ethereal

winds. With a frame of ebony and bakelite, with frets of selenium and strings of magnetic alloys bound in gold-leaf, it would respond to far-off suns, its melodies would be shot through with light. Then would I hear the music of the spheres that Shelley dreamed of, light and sound blending into the harmony of eternal life.

With music interwoven,
The rainbow colors throng,
Their melodies of heaven
Are blending into song.

Through comet's swirling traces,
Past moonlit fields of night,
The song of silent places
Spreads harmonies of light.

THE MIND AS MISREPRESENTED TO TEACHERS

BY GEORGE M. STRATTON

I

It is well that education should be eyed with suspicion, as it has been from of old. 'Be not many of you teachers,' says an ancient letter, 'knowing that ye shall receive heavier judgment.' And to-day we should have an open ear for the latest messenger who runs in breathless to tell us of teachers' evil ways. Yet occasionally we may hold and cross-question the tidings-bearer, lest from a false report we should act hastily, only to make bad worse.

Such caution is perhaps needed with those who now come in the name of psychology, saying that, since mental discipline, which clings to a few central studies to develop the mind, has no scientific standing whatever, the school

should, with whole heart, work to a different end, teaching only those studies that inform, that give useful knowledge. We may find that the one side no less than the other speaks unrelially for the vital young science whose name is so freely taken. But first let us hale the witnesses into court.

The child's mind, according to one account, is a group of wide powers, or faculties, — of observation, for example, and memory, attention, imagination, reason, — which the teacher, by suited exercises, must make strong and supple. These great powers, once they become vigorous and elastic, stand ready throughout life for all important needs. Time is well given to their

development, even by studies that in themselves will never be of use. The particulars needed for one's work are too many to be foreseen, and, with a prepared mind, may easily be learned when the need is clearer. Powers have been given new life, not only for buying and selling and medicine and law, but for still wider service in regions where the day's work will never lead.

Those who so believe, their opponents say, are suckled in a creed outworn. Science has destroyed the simple faith. Experiments by James, Thorndike, Woodworth, and others have shown how idle is the attempt to train these general powers, have shown indeed that there are no general powers to train. The belief in such powers goes with the antiquated idea of mental faculties now of historic interest only, and swept aside with phrenology and its absurd map of the skull and brain.

Having destroyed in this way the faith in general powers and their training, what is offered in its place? A belief in particulars, and in particulars only. Instead of a single power of memory, there is a power to recall colors, another power to recall sounds, and so on — we know not how far. The mind is our convenient name for countless special operations or functions. We may train one of these functions or a number of them, but not a function in general — attention in general, or imagination in general, or reason. Further, these countless particular functions are independent; and when you have trained one of them, you have trained that limited function and none else. What you do to the mind by way of education knows its place; it never spreads. You train what you train.

The educational corollary of these things is momentous. We must discover the specific reaction, the specific information, which the child will use in after life, and make sure that he

possesses these and only these. The teacher's direction of attention here veers from east to west. The centre of interest is no longer the child's mind, but the particular things in life that have to be done. Of a study, we are to ask, 'Does it contribute to the doing of these things?' rather than, 'Does the study make the child's mind more alert or sound or sane?' Instead of giving form to the mind, we are to give it information. Instead of moulding the mind, we are to fill the mind. Where the education whose aim was mental discipline might have as its symbol a stripped athlete busied with Indian clubs and chest-weights for strength and agility, the education that opposes mental discipline and calls for mental contents might have as its symbol some receptacle that is being filled — a jar, with oil or wine; or a tool-chest, with screw-driver, chisel, and plane.

The controversy is thus in brief before us, each side with its different description of the mind. 'Believe the psychologist,' is the cry of a recent writer to schoolmen; and this must be my excuse for offering objection to both accounts, and in their place a picture of the mind different from either, and, I believe, with a far richer promise of education.

II

The mind is surely ill described by most believers in mental discipline. In so far as our remembering is explained by a faculty of memory, and our reasoning by a faculty of reason, we are offered mere words in the place of causes. But, along with explanations that do not explain, are clear errors. The mind is divided into great powers, — like sight, hearing, memory, imagination, reason, — each of which is supposed to be almost simple and uniform throughout. And this we now know is false.

Moreover, the believers in mental discipline too often fix their interest upon the powers by which we know, our intellectual faculties, and treat like a step-mother those great powers by which we take delight, and are moved to passion, and make resolve, and act. A certain strength and deftness of bare intellect is overvalued, to the misprising of the deep inner forces that drive and direct the intellect, as well as of something more nearly external — the definite and detailed knowledge of the objects with which intelligence must deal.

The defects of this account of mind are thus greater than many even of its critics seem to know. But some of the defects are caught and well denounced by those who hold the mind but as a receptacle to be given 'contents.' They rightly see the mind helpless even were it deft and strong; they see its lack of actual knowledge. They see also that the mind is of immeasurably more varied powers than are nominated in the short list of faculties in which the old schoolmaster was taught to believe.

But with these rugged virtues why not take the whole doctrine of 'contents' to our hearts?

First, and perhaps least important, its watchword confirms the ignorant in their ignorance. We are only too ready to regard the child's mind as a vessel into which knowledge is to be poured, and the new doctrine should appear to give to this crude notion a kind of scientific seal. So far as the child's training is viewed as mental contents, the mind itself is viewed as a receptacle, a container. And a container is both inert and indifferent: a jug idly accepts anything; a tool-chest takes no active part to receive its tools. Merely glance at the metaphor, and its absurdity is revealed. Those who believe in mental contents would cry out with one voice that they did not mean *that*.

For, if there is anything upon which psychologists are agreed, it is that the mind is active; not indifferent, but selective, forever choosing and rejecting. Even its humblest experiences, the colors and sounds by which the world is known, are not given us, but are the mind's unique and mysterious response to external stimulation. Hue and tone, the students of physics and of psychology are agreed, do not exist in the external world. They are our reaction; and with them we create for ourselves a strange counterpart of the reality without. And for one object awakening enough interest to be noticed, ten have vainly assailed our eyes and ears and have been ignored. These acts of notice and selection do not seem acts, being without effort, without strain of will. But action is not always marked by effort: a child at play is as active as a child at some deadening task.

If the things we see and hear hardly enter into the mind as into a passive receptacle, more clearly is this true of our recollections, our imaginings, our conclusions reasoned out. Unless we actively reconstruct the past and recognize it as past, we do not remember. The child can possess no imaginings or judgments save what he has himself imagined or judged. Nor can he create them once, and forever after 'contain' them; each time that they are before him, they must be created afresh — on the instant, usually, and with no slightest hint that power has gone into their remaking. As well call the ever-new movements of some graceful dancer the 'contents' of her body, as use this name for the marvelous expressions of the mind.

And still more clearly is this dead image broken by the will. In his purpose the boy proclaims himself no mere recipient, but a doer; not clay, but the potter. He takes his place among the infant deities, imposing his ideas upon

brute substance until in some measure it is made into the likeness of his mind.

But we waste time upon this unhappy watch-word of the party. Not until we find a jar that can change its form and enlarge, a tool-chest that helps to fashion and use the tools it holds, will this image do more than darken counsel.

III

Turning now from metaphor to plain statement, let us ask whether it be true that practice keeps its place, that you train only what you train.

The experiments in clear support of this doctrine are few; most experiments contradict it. Improvement in judging the area of certain figures, as was just said, fails to bring equal improvement in judging other figures. But the judgment of these other figures is not left untouched. On the contrary, it receives marked benefit. And while one experimenter found that neatness remained within narrow limits, another found that it could easily be made to pass such limits: if the children, in writing their arithmetic lesson, for example, were urged to neatness as of universal value, their papers in geography also were neater, although this other subject had not been named in the urging. Or, again, Swift practised with the right hand the tossing and catching of balls, keeping two in the air at once, until he had attained a high degree of skill. And now, was it with the right hand only that the effect of the practice appeared? No; it appeared also with the left; in some cases it was as if fully two thirds of the practice had in some way been transferred. And in many other directions of research, transfer of training is found.

It will hardly be possible to follow the attempted explanations of this spread; it can hardly be explained away. And even a spread of small amount may

be important: the effort would be well repaid if practice in justness of conduct at school were to bring even the slightest increase in justice of conduct in all other relations of life.

The evidence from the laboratory thus shows that the mind is unlike land, where ploughing of a field does not affect the soil beyond the fence. But the evidence is not confined to the laboratory. It is known, for example, that a left-handed child trained to act as if he were right-handed may stutter, and, becoming embarrassed, may incline to remain alone. The repression thus may work disastrously even into distant regions of the mind. And we are only at the threshold of our knowledge of the brain. Indeed, it is impossible to say that a serious effect in one part of the brain-cortex ever leaves the rest of the cortex unchanged; the change may be greater here than there, but never circumscribed.

Instead, then, of proving that you train what you train, the psychological experiments which have so troubled the waters of education prove that normally you train what you don't train.

And now, is it true, as the partisans of 'contents' maintain, that our mental powers are stubbornly particular, and never of general use? One would almost think, from some accounts, that a mental function could be trained for little more than one occasion, like the bow upon presentation at court. Yet even so particular a response as that of answering the telephone is run through and through with generality. There is never quite the same signal, never quite the same movements of the body, never the same words spoken, never in the same tone, never to the same purpose. If one cannot but see the breadth and openness in even so restricted a habit as this, how much more clearly general is the other habit of assuming a fighting attitude toward difficulties,

of asking evidence for any universal assertion, of giving special heed to the side opposed to one's private interest. These habits of mind, and a host like them, are perhaps less wide than the memory in general, or the reason in general of the older education. For us, the important thing is to see their immense range of use, in all manner of situations and by all manner of men, whether day-laborers or diplomatists.

So far we have been busied in denial, and denial by itself profits little: it should be the prelude to something more positive and gracious. Let us, then, look more directly upon the mind itself, to see, if possible, its more acceptable constitution, noticing our disputants only at times and out of the corner of our attention. Their artificial divisions into faculty and function in time tone down to their true value; as in the picture of the dissected muscles of eye and cheek and forehead, which we have to correct, knowing that these ghastly members are in life fed with warm blood, clothed with soft skin, and controlled by affection and intelligence; and in their stead we have a human and expressive face.

The mind is capable of wide forms of action; if we pursue this idea we come upon pleasant scenes. We come upon Lincoln, with his habit of 'bounding' every important idea in his use, never at ease until he saw clearly what limited it on north, south, east, and west, with no borders lost in the mist. Such a habit is of use for any idea and for anybody. Because it is not the whole of reason, we must not be blind to the part it can play in reason, immensely wide, even universal, in its sweep.

Yet we must also see the need for special knowledge. If one is to think effectively of sugar-beets or air-plane engines, he must study such beets, such engines. But he will not think effectively upon these if he thinks of

these alone: his interest and his knowledge must widen to the principles of agriculture or of aerodynamics; and, beyond, he will need botany, or physics, and chemistry. Chemistry, then, is important for a lad uncertain whether he will deal with beets or engines. But what of the boy or girl who does not know, and whom no one as yet can tell, whether beets, engines, taxation, tuberculosis, or the Gospel will lie at the centre of his thinking in the time to come? Must he give laborious years to all these and to a thousand things besides, that he may be ready for the day of action? Inevitable and enormous waste is in that direction. He had best be at home in the central studies into which all special subjects lead; and with these, and even more useful, he will need habits of intellectual economy, of accuracy in interpreting what is read and heard, of distinguishing important from unimportant, of throwing himself with vigor into the work in hand. These are a part of intellectual training; these and other things take the place of the two or three faculties of the older belief. They stand out as significant to an eye bewildered by the endless array of special functions that for some are the only things left. These wide and superior powers call for training, and the lad who has them trained has an incalculable advantage over every lad in whom they remain untrained.

But were we now to look to the energy of the mind, we should find something still wider than these, evident, not only in our thinking, but in every form of will. This energy makes itself known in the strength of the man's attention, in the vigor of his intellectual attack, and out beyond intelligence, in his endurance, in the impact and tenacity of his purpose. Its amount is not the same as the amount available, which suffers changes not due merely

to the ups and downs of health. Some crisis, as all know from *The Energies of Men*, may open a hidden reservoir from which power now flows into a man's every act. In the war, men and women who had before been working to their utmost suddenly assumed duties that doubled or even trebled their task. No new function may have been called to life, but rather the long-familiar acts felt an access of energy; and in this store of energy connected with all functions, whether they be special or general, we have an intimation of the mind as of another plan from what has too often been taught. It is not a mere composite of general faculties, or of particular functions; but something single, yet varied, holding together all functions and energizing them with a common life.

The release of pent-up energy lies close to the emotions; and in them we shall discover changes deep and wide — changes that reveal new possibilities of education.

For the fruit of every one of our intellectual powers is markedly affected by the emotions behind them and inter-fused with them. There is a whole group of passions which, in certain forms and intensities, are strength-giving — hope, for example, and gladness and anger and fear. To these we should doubtless look for the cause of that opening of the gate of energy in crises when energy is our sorest need. They make and unmake the man. They hold our powers together; they disorganize and disrupt. The war has brought new illustrations of this, when emotional stress and strain, without wounds, have caused the soldier to be blind or deaf, unable to speak even his own name — great stretches of his past a blank to him. A like influence of emotion upon the total organization of the mind has long been observed in hysteria, with its functional blindness and deafness, its functional paralyses,

its disturbance of memory and of the very feeling of one's identity. In all these cases something beneath the special functions has broken, and for the time their cunning is gone. Their life, then, is clearly not in themselves: in part, at least, it wells up from deeper sources.

The play of emotion thus reveals the mind. If its powers seem stubbornly specialized and separate and insulated, this is true only in part and on the surface. Deep within we find free intercourse, free circulation. For all its particularized abilities, then, the mind is whole and fluid. A passion acts in it like a drop of strong chemical that causes ebullition or precipitation throughout the whole. We cannot afford to neglect these universal potencies. The sect called Christian Scientists, with its eye upon some of these energizing emotions, shows that the neglect is being noticed and avenged. And the growing attention to play is something of a belated redress. We once thought that health and mental vigor needed mere muscular contractions — so many foot-pounds of exercise *per diem*. The spirit of play in the exercise is the secret elixir, and with it apparently the exercise can almost be spared. Some day we shall know how much the great and balanced workers owe to their power to play — in mind if not in body. Wilson, like Lincoln, enjoys the theatre; and humor is a grace of each. With a right grasp of the mind's character the emotions will come into their own. Time and some impatience will bring us to share the conviction of the wise physician, Sir James Crichton-Browne, that in all education these need uncommon care; but that, even for special work in medicine, the right and sensitive emotions of the physician himself can alone give effect to his learning and his judgment and his skill of hand.

But the energies and the emotions are not the only regions neglected both by

those who would give mental discipline and by those who would give mental contents. The instincts and the will cry out their own neglect. And this is the more important, for they too lead us beyond the thought of independent functions and faculties, until we see the mind's worth as something decided largely by the quality of its organization; and see that this organization can be directed toward the better or the worse. The neglect and the opportunity here invite longer consideration.

All children, if we look closely at their conduct, show a number of inborn traits — among others, an interest in possessing things, an attachment to other persons, a desire to shine in one's own and in others' eyes, a curiosity, a driving toward contention and domineering. And according as these impulses are bound together in one or another way, there result persons who stand opposite one another like day and night.

In one kind of youth, these various impulses act almost in independence. In another, they are bound until either the life is almost crushed out of many of them, or they are all made slaves of one of their roughest number. In still a third, the impulses are strong and united, but in a freer way, keeping watch upon one another; no one of them can stir without ears pricked up in all the rest; and its behavior is subject to their urging and restraint. But our present youth is indeed a fortunate youth, for in him the sense of attachment to others, expanded and refined into obligation, speaks the last word to all the competing interests. The native impulses have been brought to their place and proportion, each active, each tempered by its neighbors, each contributing to the right expression of the whole, each trained, like the soldiers of the Tenth Legion, both to command and to obey. Such training is both private and social. The individual is

enriched and also the community. For, in a man so trained, the instincts that either devastate or upbuild our common life, the instincts of pugnacity and of sex, have become, not enemies, but friends, of the general good.

Now the possibility and the need of this care and organization of vital instincts into a right form of will hardly appear in many a picture of the mind. Neither a group of independent faculties nor a group of independent functions reveals this constitution and opportunity. The mental disciplinarian, all eyes upon observation, memory, and reasoning, would strike into the depths of intellect, but misses those still lower depths of the affection, the instincts, and the will. Advocates of contents declare that the mind needs no care for its form and organization: it needs only to be filled.

We might well regard the mind as inviting, and indeed requiring, not only particular training and useful information, but also a profound redirecting and strengthening of its inner order, not wholly unlike religious conversion. Such a change will usually not be sudden, or marked by emotional storm; but gradually and in calm there will come a new perception and a new attachment of the affections and a striving toward a new goal. Something like this is in Plato's thought, that true education is that which leads us always to love what we ought to love and to hate what we ought to hate, from the beginning to the end.

Changes in the direction of the affections, even changes that seem instantaneous, are not confined to religion, but are general possibilities of our nature. The interest which in such cases turns the man around has, of course, not been created on the instant: it was active all the while, but subordinate; and the conversion is but the final stage of a long struggle within.

A new ordering of old interests and impulses has at last come, and a new stability is the result — as with an iceberg that by long melting below the ocean's surface must find a lost balance, and with a plunge shows a new side.

Such changes with most of us, when they occur, are less cataclysmic, although no less real and profound. They are invited in early childhood and in the years when school and college are working in us good or ill. No system of education can afford to miss them and the constitution of the mind which they imply. The mind, as we study it, begins to reveal an immensity and an inner life hardly dreamed of by many who repeat solemnly what they take to be the final word of science. Each man's mind is as varied and deep and wide, in its own way, as is the physical world. Its soundings and its sweep will forever exceed description, yet we can already dimly discern some of the forces that bind and move and strain the whole — a view which does not contradict, but corrects, those who notice only what is local and who miss the infinite in the infinitesimal.

IV

But some, while admitting that the corrected account of the mind may interest those who happen to be interested in such things, will deny that it is important for education. We must forever go on storing the mind, exercising its separate functions or faculties, they will hold, not because this alone is good, but because it alone is possible. 'How,' they will ask, 'can we unlock the child's reservoir of energy?' How can we make his emotions strength-givers indeed, and not his ruin? Is it possible to enter among his wild instincts, leaving them no longer to howl in anarchy or under despotism, but to be a commonwealth guided by the best?

The task is indeed difficult, and de-

mands the talent of creative artists. Not in one generation or in two will the means be discovered and brought to bear. But whatever comes of the best family life, or of fortunate friendships, or of great public opportunity and need — whatever comes to the mind's benefit from these is clearly within the aim of a right education. Whatever can be wrought by happy environment can in some measure be wrought by the school, which, too, is an environment planned and chosen. The result may be of less amount than comes from beyond school, but it need have no different quality. And, most of all, where the world beyond school promises the child, not the best, but only the worst, family life, with no fortunate friendships, and only the bleak prospect of factory and mill and mine, then is the demand insistent that we neglect nothing that will even slightly remake the mind into what is right and whole. The shame would not be so great were we to recognize the demand and our own incompetence. There would be some honor in feeling the lack, in hearing the challenge to the search, in being restless until the great discovery.

Once recognize the demand, and the inventive will of man is indomitable. So in education we shall have faith in things to come; we shall welcome all manner of experimental schools, especially those that look steadily to true understanding and to the will and the affections; out of that are the issues of life. Effectively to love what ought to be loved, and to hate what ought to be hated, requires, not heart alone, but brain and hand and tongue.

When we are offered new lamps for old, we must test the new to see how much of the old Aladdin-magic they contain. Let us have the new with the least loss. The cry for special training is a cry for specialists; and desirable as they are, they will bear watching: for

in choosing them the temptation will be to ask only what and how much they know. Moreover, with specialists it is touch and go with their pupils. In the great city schools there is little of the leisurely contact, little of the intimacy, without which the imparting of useful knowledge is as sounding brass. The archaic teacher, who taught the same children everything that lay between Shakespeare and the rings of Saturn, at least became acquainted with his pupils, and little in him escaped their ferret eyes. Upbuilding can come only from those who have it, and the demand for it must not weaken the demand for the expert in his field. An erect mind knowing the salient things will do more to quicken and give a right facing to other minds than will a dozen husks of humanity with the entire alphabet in capitals after their names.

Instead, then, of following wholeheartedly the new lights of education, whose gospel is that subjects are more important than minds, we shall reaffirm the exact opposite, while yet opening the door to the useful. The child is bigger than anything he can carry to market. In him is a divinity ready for employment, but greater than any employment he will choose. In fitting him to his job, we must have a live child left. This means no slighting of details: his general powers must be brought down to particulars, and to particulars that are useful. If the child be more than his information, we shall not neglect his taste. He will be sensitive to beauty, but by some toughening of his fibre he will escape daintiness and a repugnance to what is wholesome and of the soil. He will know the way into the enchanted world of music and painting and literature, but with a strengthened grasp of common duty; he will not treat lightly what he owes to family and friends, and to plain men everywhere.

And he will have reverence. This

great completion may not aid him as a producer of commodities; it may even hinder. But, as Dr. Cabot has reminded us that some of the greatest things of life are unhygienic, so we shall not forget that some are uneconomic. Man, as was said of old, is indeed the great amphibian. He suffocates if kept from the upper air. There must be intercourse with uses great and small, but also with that great world which passes judgment upon all use.

No symbol does justice to the mysterious relation between the mind and him who helps it to its power. The teacher is like a physician, assisting at the birth of the mind—the mind, which, before, exists all cramped, not breathing as yet. But he also feeds the mind, guides its first steps, gives it gymnastic, gives it toys and tools. He is the mind's autocrat, but an autocrat who knows when revolution is due, and abdicates; so wise that he has provided against anarchy, has trained many for office, and trained others to recognize them; so that self-government moves quietly into the departed ruler's place. No symbol is adequate; but should we not be shrewd bargainers if we exchanged both the image of the stripped athlete with Indian clubs, and the image of the tool-chest well stocked, for the figure of a city-state, with its inhabitants becoming trained to artisan tasks, trained to build and enjoy parks and museums, theatres and sanctuaries; trained also to enter and to respect the massive halls of justice and law-making and command? At home in all these broad spaces, he who is bringing into order the great city pauses here for a moment and encourages, passes on and sits down and patiently guides; and in the end, and with many helpers different from himself, and with a favoring fortune, the republic of the mind is established, and unfurls its splendid banner with festival and song.

JUVENILE COURT SKETCHES

BY GRACE E. POLK

II. THE THIEF

SHE was named for England's first false queen, Guinevere. She was nine years old, and she had long yellow curls and bright blue eyes. She sat in school with folded hands and eyes demurely lowered. The teacher passed and dropped a little purse. Guinevere's foot shot out and drew it in. No one saw her but Billy, and Billy never told.

'Has anyone seen my purse?'

Guinevere pushed it quickly between her singing-book and her geography; then raised the guilty hand.

'You, Guinevere?'

'No, teacher, but I'll help you hunt for it.'

She hunted in the hall and in the basement, bending far over in every corner. But she never looked between her singing-book and her geography.

That afternoon Guinevere visited a pastry-shop alone and tasted the forbidden sweets of cream-puffs. As for the purse, she threw it into an alley.

That night a neighbor missed five dollars from the table. Guinevere had been there. She thought of Guinevere's yellow curls and bright blue eyes. No, rather suspect slinky Billy, who never had anything to say, and hid behind a door when she looked at him. So Guinevere walked the earth in plenty for a week, and all her desert blossomed and put forth cream-puffs. But even to great wealth comes an end.

In school Guinevere sat near the back row, where only those sat who could be

trusted. She had nothing to think of but her lessons, and time hung heavy. Her curls dropped over the desk behind her; over her own hung a brown pig-tail. Guinevere grabbed it and pulled. The little girl's head bent back with sudden pain. Guinevere pulled harder. Her victim's hand went up.

'If you tell, I'll stick pins in you. I'll stick pins in you every day.'

The hand came down.

'Give me money,' whispered Guinevere.

'I ain't got any money,' said her victim; and her voice wailed up to criminal heights with pain.

'Why, Alma Ludwig, you come right up here and sit on this bench. The idea of your disturbing the whole school like that!'

'I'll stick pins in you, if you tell. I'll stick pins in you every day.'

Alma did the trembling penance of the innocent, in silence, and Guinevere sat with eyes demurely lowered. Geography had acquired a sudden deep interest for her.

Out in the snow, Guinevere caught up great handfuls and dropped them, melting from her warm little hands, down Alma's back.

'Give me money.'

'I ain't got any money.'

'Your mamma's got money; give me your mamma's money.'

Then Guinevere put her arm over Alma's shoulder.

'Alma, get me your mamma's money and I'll be your friend for life.'

It was very nice to have Guinevere's warm little arm around her cold neck. The water still ran slowly down her back.

'My mamma's money's in a jar; you can come home with me.'

Together the two little girls went to Alma's. Her mamma washed for a living. To-day there was no work, and she rocked the baby. But when Alma came, she gave her the baby and went out.

'Here, quick, give me the baby and you get the money.'

With the unquestioning obedience of a dozen generations, Alma handed her the baby and went to do the dark deed. Guinevere put down the baby and followed.

On the stairway, as they sped from guilt, a ten-dollar bill drawn from the purse smote Alma with sudden consternation.

'Mein Gott, it's the rent!'

A great joy burned in Guinevere.

'Give it to me; give it to me, quick, Alma, and I'll be your friend for life.'

'I can't: it's the rent. I've got to take it back.'

Guinevere's hand closed tightly on Alma's wrist.

'Give it to me: I'll change it for your mamma; your mamma wants two fives.'

Alma hesitated. Perhaps her mamma did need two fives. Guinevere usually knew. But caution ruled. 'I'll go too,' she said.

Hand in hand, they went into the bakery. Alma was dumb and miserable with guilt, but Guinevere spoke briskly to the clerk.

'She's got ten dollars. It's her mamma's. She wants to get it changed, and her mamma wants six cream-puffs.'

Alma's dull eyes looked on in wonder as the cream-puffs and the change were put into her hands.

'Give me some money,' Guinevere whispered.

Conscience rose for its last struggle. 'It's the rent money; I've got to take it back.'

Guinevere's soft arm went round her neck again, and she whispered in her ear. 'Don't take it back; don't tell anyone. Give me five dollars, and I'll be your friend for life.'

Alma held out her hand and Guinevere took the five-dollar bill.

Smearred with convivial cream-puff, the two little girls parted at the corner. From a block away, Guinevere ran after her companion. 'Give me another dollar, and I won't ever tell anyone in all the world, and I'll be your friend for life.'

Alma gave the guilty dollar, glad to be rid of it.

When the class in calisthenics jumped and clapped their hands above their heads, a silver dollar slid from Guinevere's pocket and rolled to the teacher's desk. In school, when a child has a dollar, there is an investigation. For an hour, Guinevere sat in the principal's office.

There are two roads, and only two, say the French, safe for the criminal: 'I did not do it,' and, 'I have forgotten.' Guinevere chose the former.

'No,' she said, 'I never took no dollar.' She shook her golden curls, and with her clear blue eyes she looked straight into the eyes of the principal. 'No, I never took no dollar.'

In the zest of the detective, the principal forgot the teacher. The grammar passed unheeded. She questioned again.

'I know I never took no dollar,' Guinevere repeated.

Her defense was unassailable. But there are coincidences of fate against which even genius is powerless. A policeman came in. He knew nothing of Guinevere: he had come for some-

thing else; but the principal hailed reinforcements. Had there been no sniveling Alma with ten cowed generations at her back, a bluecoat had been nothing in Guinevere's life. But how is one to be sure of an accomplice?

'Get on your things,' said the policeman; 'I am going to take you to jail.'

'I took the dollar,' said Guinevere. 'Yes, I know I took a dollar.'

'What else did you take?'

'I never took nothing else; I know I never took nothing else.'

Those who dragged the slow truth from Guinevere were foiled. They sent her from the office, to lay plans. In the outer office hung the principal's coat. With deft fingers Guinevere took out a pair of gloves and hid them in her dress. When they came to call her, she sat demurely, fingers locked in fingers.

Then they took Guinevere to the judge. The principal stood beside her.

'Guinevere,' said the judge, 'I am going to ask you some questions. You don't have to answer them, if you don't want to. But if you do answer them, I want you to tell me the truth. Because it would be much better not to answer them at all than to lie. Will you do that?'

'Yes,' said Guinevere.

Her blue eyes looked straight into the blue eyes of the judge, and she saw nothing else.

'What did you take?'

'I did n't take anything.'

'Did n't you take a dollar?'

'No, I never took no dollar. I know I never took no dollar.'

The judge's eyes looked at her, smiling kindly. Her own turned just enough to glimpse the principal, and memory came.

'What kind of a dollar was it, then?'

'It was a silver dollar, Guinevere.'

'Yes, I took a silver dollar. I know I took a silver dollar, but I was going to give it back to Alma.'

'Are you quite sure that's all you took, Guinevere?'

The kindly eyes were still smiling at her. They made her feel uneasy. She liked the hard eyes of the policeman better.

'Yes, I know I never took nothing else.'

'And you're sure you were going to give the dollar back to Alma?'

'Yes, I'm sure I was going to give it back to Alma.'

'Guinevere,' said the judge; and he leaned over toward her, his hand slipping over the edge of the table.

'Oh, please, mister, don't send me away from home. Please don't, mister. I got two dollars left. It's hid in a hole under the porch. And I'll give it all to you.' Her quick little hand shot out and patted his hand. 'Please don't.' Her blue eyes looked straight into his, and she smiled. 'And I'll be your friend for life.'

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

November 2, 1920

BY ALICE BROWN

CHILL of dawn and dark of midnight no more shall fall between us,
Nor even the wet April wind, or largess of the sun,
Or the fretted beauty of bare trees against wide, skyey splendors
Tempt us to desire of mortal days for you whose days are done.

From that other air you fled to, O fugitive freed spirit!
The veiling mists of beauty fall in rounded drops, like rain;
And the roots of life awake in us, to drink them in and nourish
Dark finalities of ardors blent of triumph and of pain.

Myrrh and spikenard bearing blindly, through mists of mortal dolor,
Your heavenly guidon brightened, and ecstatic you fared free.
And though here you struck but fitfully your halting note of prelude,
Now your sweeping resonances surge and sing tumultuously.

Whip of toil no more shall touch you, nor din of turmoil hinder,
Nor fate affright your quiet with his grisly mask of doom.
You shall lie by living waters, you shall walk with laughing heroes,
You are garnered up in safety in a large and lofty room.

THE BETTER RECIPE

BY GEORGE BOAS

But is knowledge different from understanding? No, by Zeus, no more than life is different from life. — MAXIMUS OF TYRE.

MR. OLESEN, the new assistant in English, was overjoyed at his appointment. All his life, he felt, had been a preparation for this moment. As early as his last year in high school, he had planned to be a teacher of English. Somehow or other the study had aroused his tastes and satisfied them at the same time, like a delicious narcotic.

But when the first department meeting was called, and he found himself surrounded by his colleagues, he felt a trifle ill at ease. He seemed curiously alone in this room of quiet gentlemen, who seemed so much more intelligent than sympathetic. He was conscious of his red face and yellow hair, for those about him had gray faces and brown hair. He was conscious of a turbulence within him, for round him there was a polite serenity.

Of all the men who sat in that room, only one appealed to him, the Head of the Department. He seemed to have a vitality permeating him which the others universally lacked. 'He looks,' thought Olesen, 'as if the breeze were blowing in his face.' His eyes were wide open, his hair stood up like grass, there was (and this was a genuine difference) a brilliant color in his cheeks. He looked like a jovial and well-fed burgher of old France; whereas the others looked like underpaid clergymen of New England — who had lost their faith.

While the Head was making his opening remarks in his hearty manner, Ole-

sen permitted his eye to wander about discreetly. Most of the men sat with their looks lowered to the table, but one pure countenance was lifted parallel with the ceiling, as if to avoid until the bitter end the rising waters of the commonplace.

'That man,' said Olesen to himself, drawing in his lips, 'is an æsthete and a prig. I hate him.'

The man's name was Merryvale — Charles Boynton Merryvale. Although he had never published anything, he was known to be working on a monumental treatise, *Notes on the Suspension of Certain Rules for Syllabication in Twelve West-Saxon Strong Verbs, with Special Reference to Verbs of Motion and Rest*. Very few people had been allowed a glance at this piece of work; but those who had been came away saying that they had never seen anything like it. They said that it would certainly cause a stir in English departments all over America and, mayhap, in Canada.

As soon as the Head had finished speaking, Merryvale claimed the floor. It was granted to him without a struggle. His voice was thin and exquisitely cultivated. One felt — at least Olesen felt — as if he were listening to a bed of petunias. Merryvale developed the thesis that the teaching of composition was illogical because it began with sentences instead of with words. He said that that was like beginning music with gestures or mathematics with surveying. This went on for twenty minutes, by which time the Head had taken to drawing huge ogres, with maliciously

curling tongues, on the cover of his notebook. Then Merryvale developed the practical side of his thesis, which occupied only ten minutes and wound up with the plea that he be granted permission to run his classes in the logical manner.

The Head knew in his heart that it made but very little difference how he taught composition. The students would never learn what they did not use; and when they needed English composition, they would all hire secretaries. He was perfectly willing to let anybody try out anything, if he could only be left in peace. So he told Merryvale to go ahead, and assigned him two readers. One of them, alas, was Olesen.

Merryvale shuddered when he saw Olesen's red face, much as he would have shuddered at the sight of a black tie with evening clothes. He felt at once that Olesen was not *simpatico*, and that the standards of university life had been lowered, like pasture-bars, for strange cattle to enter the fold. For to Merryvale the university was a flock of choice animals selected for their breeding. To admit men of less delicate lineage than himself into the flock was not only bad taste, but a sin.

'You would not hang a Rosa Bonheur among your Whistlers,' he said.

Olesen felt similarly toward Merryvale. He expressed himself, however, in a manner less refined.

'Who the —— does he think he is?' he muttered.

He loathed Merryvale's method of teaching English as much as he did his personality. To him, who used words rapturously and extravagantly, the fastidiousness of Merryvale was disgusting. He described him to himself as a jeweler sitting over a tray of semiprecious stones, picking them up one by one with a slender pair of tweezers, examining them on every side, in hopes of finding one to set in a ring, and always

giving up the quest. Olesen never weighed his words; he gathered them up by handfuls and poured them out exuberantly. Hence he swore that his poor Freshmen were being cramped, twisted, repressed, squeezed, desiccated, fossilized, frozen, and ruined by what he called this abominable beadwork.

But his oaths were all private and his criticisms internal, for he was sure that no other member of the faculty saw with his eyes. He put them all into the same boat with Merryvale — and he often wished the boat would be lost at sea. If only the others would wake up and behold what a monstrosity they were harboring, there might be some hope. Even the great Head was silent.

One day, to his surprise, Olesen saw a look of impatience flit across the well-trained face of one of his colleagues while Merryvale was inserting his careful dogma into the conversation at the Club. It lasted but a moment, like a very thin cloud passing swiftly across the sun; but it was enough to show him the beginning of a community of sentiment.

He took pains to make the acquaintance of this fellow sufferer, and within a month they had exchanged views on the subject of Merryvale.

'Of course, I don't approve of him,' Olesen was told; 'but we are helpless. He has the Head's approval. Since he's been here the work has become stiff and lifeless. Yet somehow he manages to have his way.'

'He's so damned sure of himself,' was Olesen's grumbling answer; 'we're too awkward.'

'Composition used to be fairly well liked by the students too, but now —'

Olesen had his private opinion about whether composition was ever liked by the students, but he held his peace.

'It's funny,' he sighed, 'that only we two should have discovered him.'

'Don't you fool yourself. Every one

of us has found him out. He's a fake, and we all know it.'

And sure enough they did. Olesen went out of his way to peer and probe. No detective was ever so zealous as he. And in the end he learned that every member of the department felt as he did — with the exception of the Head.

So he organized a rebellion against the Merryvale method. The students were to be taught ideas, not words; and Merryvale was to be asked to resign. The department grew almost excited about it. Like all educated men, they agreed on everything but the manner in which the rebellion was to be effected. The real point was not touched upon till Olesen asked them, with fire in his Norse eyes, whether they were going to be verbalized. The only question which then remained was whether the Head should know.

'It would worry him dreadfully,' said one man, who had a wife and four lanky adolescents.

'It's his job, after all,' growled Olesen.

'Still, he's fond of Merryvale.'

'How do we know?' asked a little voice in a corner.

They decided that they did n't. It goes without saying that, after that, nothing remained to be done except to bell the cat. And when the Senior Member refused, all refused with him.

'Oh, the devil!' said Olesen, 'I'll do it. I don't mind.'

With sighs of relief the petition was given into his care. It turned out to be a beautifully worded document, and it expounded an indictment which would have made the crimes of George the Third, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, seem mere peccadilloes. It related as a sort of preamble a general philosophy of teaching English, which was broad enough to include everyone's opinion and vague enough to hurt no one's feelings. It then set

forth the peculiar sins of Charles Boynton Merryvale, one after another, and concluded with the pious wish that he would recognize his unimportance for the welfare of the department and, in short, get out.

Olesen was really happy when it was written; and although only a part of the department was present to sign, and that the younger part, he felt that he might submit the matter to the Head.

Poor Olesen!

The Head was seated in his famous armchair before his fire reading the *Nouveau Cuisinier Européen*, by Jules Breteuil, *ancien chef de cuisine*, when Olesen entered. If he knew the purpose of the call, he was determined not to show it, for he immediately began to talk.

'Olesen,' he said, putting his great hand on his subordinate's left shoulder and pushing him into a low chair from which it was next to impossible to arise without help, 'Olesen, you've come in the nick of time. I have just reached the paragraph on *marcassin rôti*. A *marcassin*, Olesen, is first cousin to our sucking pig — a sort of Thoreau among the edibles, living in the thickets, avoiding man, and always sneaking to the turnip-fields on moonlit nights when he wants something really good to eat. The *marcassin* is a delightful little beast; I have seen children playing with tame specimens in the village of Aillianville (Haute-Marne). It hurts one to kill him and eat him, much as it would hurt one to kill and eat a faun or a baby centaur; much as it would hurt one to attack any harmless animal, Olesen. Now the best manner, says Breteuil, of cooking the young *marcassin* is to get him while he is still at his mother's teat, to cut off his head, and wrap it in strong paper so that it may not lose its shape in the roasting; for, says our authority, "comme elle ne contient que peu de parties mangeables, elle n'a pas d'autre

destination que celle de donner à ce rôle une physionomie originale." In a like manner, my boy, we roast our enemies, we humans, torturing their bodies, but carefully preserving their heads, to set on pikes above our gates, that passers-by may see them and laugh. The weaker and sillier the adversary, the more careful we are to preserve the head; for we know that revenge from family or henchman is hardly likely. Did you ever cook a carcassin, Olesen?"

"No," replied Olesen hoarsely, from the depths of his chair, feeling very hot from the fire and from rising shame.

"The art of cooking," went on the Head mercilessly, "is as delicate as that of miniature-painting and yet as strong as sculpture. But of all modes of cooking, roasting is the most primitive and, in its modern survivals, an inspiration toward atavism and barbarism. We should never roast. It is to cooking what obscenity is to humor, what the comic valentine is to satire. How much finer is this recipe, how much more advanced, than that to which we have just referred. "The ham of a wild boar," — I quote again from Breteuil, — "even when it comes from an animal killed in the height of the season, and hence is very fat, ought always to be garnished, row upon row, with bits of bacon of medium size, strongly seasoned with salt and pepper. The ham is then left in a bath highly charged with salt, bay leaves, thyme, sage, peppercorns, and slices of large onions. Twice, or even thrice, ought the ham to be returned to this bath. Then, removing it, dry it well, sew it in white linen, and put it in the braising-pot with the bath in which it has been soaking, adding three or four carrots, as many onions stuck with cloves, two or three bay leaves," — O Delphic Apollo! — "a bouquet of herbs, and as much white wine of Graves, of Barsac, or of Sauterne if you choose, as will cover it com-

pletely." There, my lad, is the proper discipline for the human spirit. No mere application of coals to the quivering flesh, but baths of herbs and of wine, — *vin ordinaire* would have been better than those given by Breteuil, — and the tender solicitude of an artist for his work. Olesen, could our relations with men we dislike be as thoughtful and as humane as those of Jules Breteuil with foods, a happier civilization would be ours — a civilization where the comic spirit might prevail, wearing a sprig of thyme in his button-hole, where Savagery with bloody jaws would be exiled from the society of mortals to that purely allegorical realm where he belongs."

Olesen put his two hands on the arms of his low chair and raised himself from its depths. He was blushing furiously and trying to control it.

The Head put his hand once more on his shoulder and steered him to the door.

"Good-bye," he said, "the next time you call I'll tell you how Breteuil describes a menu for thirty-six covers. Promise me that you have abandoned roasts forever."

"Forever," groaned Olesen in dejection. "Good-bye, sir."

The Head went back to his cookbook well satisfied with himself, singing in his nautical bass, —

"Sammy Smith would eat and drink
From morning unto night;
He filled his mouth so full of meat,
It was a shameful sight.

"Sometimes he gave a book or toy
For apple, cake, or plum;
And grudged if any other boy
Should taste a single crumb."

But Olesen had no heart to sing. For the life of him he could not tell just what wrong he had been guilty of; but he felt that the Head, at any rate, knew, and the fact that the Head was disappointed in him, if he actually was

disappointed in him, hurt him terribly.

'No,' he said to himself, 'I have certainly not been roasted; I've been first browned on both sides with a little onion and fat, and left to simmer. — And as for Merryvale, he can go to the devil.'

And it is reported that he dropped the petition down the nearest sewer when no one was looking, and walked on, feeling like Christian after he had lost his burden.

Meanwhile Merryvale, happily unconscious of all this, was living his life out serenely and lecturing to his three sections of English I on sound-shiftings. He apparently knew nothing of the conspiracy against him; indeed, it would have been hard for him to believe that any of his colleagues had impudence enough to try to oust him. He knew, of course, that everyone was plotting to steal his ideas, his method, but never his job.

And yet one wonders that he was so fortified by his wall of egoism that he suspected nothing, even when the Head began to recommend him for new positions, ranging from Williamstown to Pomona. Not a vacancy arose but the Head put him down to fill it. But Merryvale's reply to these invitations, in tones as dutiful and as chilling as a martyr's, protested that high salary, elevated position, or increased power,

should not divert him from paying the debt that he owed to Winsodemia, where his method was first appreciated.

'In worldly things,' he said a little sadly, 'I am ill rewarded; but, oh, the richness of the prize in knowing that I have fulfilled my obligations to you.'

He looked gratefully at the Head.

The Head said, 'Hum,' and went away.

At the very end of the summer vacation came an offer from a Californian institution, which paid very well although it was not well known.

The Head wired Merryvale: —

'Appointment as Professor of English X—— College four thousand yearly chance for missionary work do not lose this opportunity for the Merryvale System.'

It did the work.

For the answer was not slow in coming. X—— College was soon possessed of a problem of its own. No one at Winsodemia dared breathe until the missionary was actually on his way. Then Olesen received a short note from the Head.

'Le repas est terminé; on achève le dessert; on attend le café. C'est à ce moment qu'il faut faire circuler le champagne mousseux et le vin d'Arbois. — BRETEUIL, p. 707.'

He felt much happier.

CELLAR-HOLES

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

DOES anyone beside myself, I wonder, collect cellar-holes? You might suppose they would be a rather difficult thing to collect — outside of the battle region of France; but they are not, in my part of the world, at any rate. They might be somewhat cumbersome to assemble in one place, and somewhat crumbly also; but why should a collection be assembled in one place? Why not leave each choice piece in its original setting, and visit it from time to time as the mood invites? That is what I do with my cellar-holes. More than two hundred miles separate the northern and southern specimens, though the bulk of the collection is scattered in a portion of one county in my native state. I could visit nearly all of them in a day, if the roads were good. But the roads are not good; some, indeed, are as overgrown with verdure as the cellar-holes themselves, and can be negotiated only on foot. That assures me a privacy, however, which quite justifies my assumption of ownership.

I call them my cellar-holes because I alone visit them and treasure them and muse over their story when I know it, — which is not often, — or invent a story for them otherwise; an even more delightful occupation. Let other men rave of their first folios, their banister-back chairs, their Wedgwood urns, their Renaissance chests; give me my cellar-holes, bramble-edged and full of crumbling brick and rotten wood,

melancholy reminders, at the front of some ancient clearing by the forgotten road, of a vanished race, an altered civilization, lovely with fireweed, home now of a woodchuck, silent and wistful in face of the reinvading forest.

Would you like to visit some of my collection with me? You would, I am sure, if you were here on a glorious summer day, when the lazy cumuli pile into Himalayan summits against the blue, and the sunshine pours like a golden flood let loose down our lush green valley, between the long ranges of brooding hills; or, still more, if you were here when autumn has stung the air and touched the swamps with red, the mountain woods with brown and gold. It is not in a museum, under a filtered light, that my collection is displayed, but in the wide and windy open, where trees bow and toss, or the soft surges of the summer breeze roll across the feathery grass of abandoned clearings. So, if you are ready, let us go first to the House of the Pink Lustre Tea-set.

We climb a long hill to reach it, out of the valley town with its industries, its shops, its movie theatre, six miles or more into the hills, where we reach another town, older than that in the valley but scarce a tenth its size and hushed with the sleep of forgetfulness. Not far beyond this village, where the ancient houses regard each other somnolently and with the indifference of the very aged across an elm-hung green,

we shall have to abandon our car, and resort to a method of locomotion to which the modern man is becoming painfully unaccustomed: we shall have to walk. There is still climbing to be done, also, though you might suppose we had already reached the top of the world. But in a few moments I shall tell you to look back, and you will see the Catskills huddled against the far horizon, lifting their patient domes above the haze that forever hangs about their feet.

Our path now takes us past a pond in the woods, through a grove of smooth gray beeches, through hemlocks and pines, and presently emerges into what was once a road. You will know it was a road because through the trees on either side — which meet overhead — run two bounding walls of mossy stones, piled once with care and precision, but now falling here and there into fern-tangled heaps. We will now follow this road, wherever it takes us — over a crest, down into a swampy hollow where the alders meet to form a barrier that we have to lift up with our hands, up a crest again, and suddenly into a partial clearing, where sugar-maples sentinel the way in regular formation — a sure sign to the collector to look for a cellar-hole.

Nor is it hard to find. The old house was close to the road. A step from that huge marble door-stone, between the twin lilac trees, and the dwellers touched hands with the passer-by. The marble door-stone is still in place, but there is no door. The whole front wall, one of the side walls, and the entire rear, lie rotting with the roof in the cellar-hole, and a sturdy young poplar is growing up through the kitchen. But the huge central chimney stands, as high up, almost, as the vanished second story; and on its two sides, and at the rear, we can still see the marble-backed fireplaces which

heated the dwelling. That in the west front room — quite evidently the living-room — still has clinging around it the gray, weathered mantel-frame, with a bit of the hand-wrought moulding yet in place. A portion of the west wall of this room still stands, also, with its two moulded window-caps: and where the corner of the room was, one side backed to the remnant of wall, one side backed to vacancy and an exploring bittersweet vine, rises in forlorn dignity an elaborate corner cupboard! It is a lovely, soft, furry gray from its weathering. The lower doors have dropped into the cellar. The moulded cornice and cap have almost disintegrated. But the fluted pilasters at the sides are still erect, still beautiful in their grace of line and dignity of proportion — a bit of Colonial architectural craftsmanship rising like a strange flower here in the silent wilderness. There are four gracefully recurving and swelling shelves in the upper part of the cupboard, beneath the rotted scallop-shell. On one a squirrel has left a litter of hazel-nut shells. And now do you see why I call this my House of the Pink Lustre Tea-set?

From that great fireplace, almost a century and a half ago, the firelight danced, and glinted on the china in the white corner cupboard. Then this road we have come upon was a highway between two towns which were the most prosperous in all our county. Far from being poverty-stricken wilderness pioneers, the men and women who built and adorned this house were successful farmers, who knew the virtue of fine woodwork, solid furniture, handsome china. Successful? Did they and their neighbors not lend the money which built the first church and town house in what is now our largest city? And at a comfortable rate of interest, you may be sure! Past their door

rode these same neighbors to church and market. At night, at the sound of a horse's hoofs down the road, the door was thrown open, no doubt, and friend or traveler saw a red-gold rectangle of firelight stream out through the dark; and, as he drew near and looked within, caught the warm glint of the pink lustre tea-set, ranged in the corner cupboard. In the great fireplace at the back of that chimney the kettles hung, the baker stood, the porridge was warm on the trivet. It may be that into this same rectangle of light, one night in 1775, too excited to notice the glint on the lustre, rode the messenger who shouted the news of Lexington. I like to think that he passed at night, leaving excitement behind him, and perhaps the figure of a man taking down his gun from the mantel.

It has been fifteen years now since that road was used by anyone but the deer. It has been many more since anyone lived in the house. That is a long time, under the battering of our winter storms, the attack of our tree-seeds and trailers and brambles. I have poked and poked amid the rotting *débris* in the cellar-hole for some tiniest fragment of the pink lustre, but none have I found. Probably it was carefully packed and moved away, long, long ago. Yet sometimes, when the afternoon sun comes flickering in through the great decaying maples and warms the soft gray of the old corner cupboard to a faded gold, I think I see the teapot glisten.

II

While we are in this particular section of the hill-country, perhaps you will not mind a tramp of ten or fifteen miles, to see the Hole of the House of God and the House of the Secret Vault.

Following the abandoned road we are already upon, we shall come in time into a road that is not abandoned — though, were you in a car, especially if it were your own car, you might think that it ought to be. This road takes us to the ancient village green of what was once our most prosperous town. It crests the world, at an altitude of 1700 feet, and the very dirt of the highway has followed the inhabitants down into the valley, leaving a long stretch of naked rock to mark the road. In this village were once, a century ago, four stores, three churches, and a town hall. At least, so I am told by the ancient gazetteers. I have discovered one of the stores, now occupied by hay, and the cellar-hole of the last church to remain standing. The rest are quite gone. Of the fine Colonial dwellings, two are evidently used at times as summer homes. One is the residence of a family of Polish Jews. The rest are abandoned and falling into desolate decay. Between two of them — one, no doubt, formerly the parsonage — a flight of marble steps leads up to a broad door-stone, and you step from that — into the cellar-hole of the church. This edifice burned not many years ago, and thoroughly, so there is no pile of rotting timbers in the hole; only pink fireweed and a few charred beams.

You look across the cavity and the clearings behind it, — now growing up to weeds and scrub birch, — over mile after mile of rolling hills and shadowed ravines, country almost as forlorn as this in the immediate neighborhood — all because Stevenson invented the locomotive, and this country is seventeen miles from the nearest railroad. A fine and sturdy civilization came up here and conquered these hill-tops, bringing the graces of architecture, the strength and sanctions of religion. And now they have gone back again,

like a wave that rises only to recede. Their cellar-holes are their monuments. I have often been moved to preach from those marble steps, with the fireweed for congregation; but the inhabitant of the village, coming into his front yard with the dog, invariably discouraged me with his suspicious glances. When he, too, becomes discouraged and moves away, I shall have the village quite to myself.

I could take you to the House of the Secret Vault by several roads, each worse than the other, and more beautiful with meadow rue, with cardinal flowers, with fringed gentian, with boneset and asters and goldenrod in season, and none without its cellar-holes. But let us consider that we have arrived, a little footsore and weary and hot, and sink down for a moment in the shade of the dooryard maple, amid the riot of day-lily leaves, to look at the graceful Colonial door-frame and the palladian window above. Yes, I have deceived you — this is not a cellar-hole — not yet. The house still stands, after a fashion, though you wonder how it manages it. The only cellar-hole is that of the barn, almost swallowed up by the forest, across the dim remnants of a road. But the interest of the old dwelling must be my excuse. It was quite evidently a fine house, even for its day, here in a hill-top farming country, many, many miles from any city or even any considerable town. Its architecture indicates that it was probably not built till after the Revolution: the details are too refined and delicate. Yet it is erected around a huge central chimney, not of brick but of field stone, which is, of course, the secret of how the house can remain standing with one side wall gone, a gaping hole in the roof, and half the sills rotted quite away.

It took me some time to discover a

path to the attic. I felt like the explorer of some new Alpine peak. Entering the front door, we can get up the first flight of stairs in comparative safety; but the attic stairs are at the rear, and to reach them it is necessary to creep around the outside of a chamber, hanging on by the window-sills, and then walking the one (relatively) sound beam which leads to the attic stairway.

The floor of the attic is wet and mouldy, but tolerably sound. It is made of wide boards, and in lifting the loose end of one of them, beside the chimney, to see how thick it was (it was a two-inch plank, no less!), I discovered the Secret Vault. Beneath the board, I saw that the chimney flared out nearly two feet. As there was no fireplace in the room below to account for this flare, and no apparent need of such a buttress, I investigated further. A large, flat stone forming the top incline of the buttress yielded to my tugging, lifted up, and disclosed a vault, about eighteen inches in diameter, and running down to the floor of the second story below. It was not a smoke-house, for there was no flue at top or bottom. It could hardly have been used for drying purposes, for the inner wall of the chimney was too thick to let much heat through, at this height from the fires. Inside it were a few iron hooks, however, as if to hang things upon. I went back into the room beneath. There was no inlet from there, and no indication that any such vault was concealed in the chimney. It could be discovered only by lifting a board in the attic, and prying off an innocent-appearing stone, which might easily have been made to look secure with a bit of mortar dust.

I have tried in vain to find the true history of this house, preferring in so curious a matter the facts to any fiction. Its secret seems long ago to have

been lost. No one knows about the secret vault. None, indeed, had ever seen or heard of such a contrivance anywhere. Perhaps the inhabitants of this house kept their secret so well that it was never known. Valuables in this stone receptacle would have been quite as secure from fire as in any safe manufactured in those early days; and certainly no burglar could have got to them without arousing the family, even had he discovered the hiding-place. As a specimen of Yankee ingenuity, this vault is unique in my experience. Is n't it worth a walk up the winding old road, through the weed-grown clearings and the invading woods, where the gentians grow almost in the wheel-ruts and a brook comes down to tinkle a welcome?

III

That will be all of my collection we shall see this day, for we are yet a good eight miles from the spot where we left our car, and four from any spot where our car could have been driven with safety to meet us. To-morrow, however, let us go to the House where the Little Poets Looked Down on the Valley World.

Again we leave a pleasant village on the plain and climb steadily for six miles, rising more than a thousand feet, through a water-worn gorge in the abrupt and heavily wooded mountainside, with the tumbling brook ever beside us, now far below the road and lifting up its voice from the shadows of the hemlocks, now almost laving the wheel-ruts. Halfway up, a spring gushes from a bank, amid a bed of maiden-hair, and a mossy hollowed log conducts its water into a yet mossier wooden trough. Just as the road at last breaks over the final 'thank-you-marm,' and enters on an upland plateau quite invisible from the valley, you will note again the tell-tale formal

planting of aged maples by the wayside, and the no less tell-tale banks of day-lily spears. There is an old orchard here, too, across the road, in what was once a clearing, the poor, neglected trees still struggling bravely to renew their life in a wilderness of suckers from the base of the dead branches.

Just back of the largest maples, where the day lilies mass in profusion, is the cellar-hole. An entire colony of young trees has started up in the bottom. No trace of woodwork is left. The house has all gone back to compost, save the foundation stones. Yet here, and not so long ago, either, as time runs, books were once written — books of poetry by two little girls, which were published by a famous firm in New York and read by all our parents. The little girls knew little of life; they wrote about the flowers, the trees, the coming of spring, of summer, the first reds of autumn, the first winter storms. Standing here on their doorstep, beneath the maples, they looked back down the deep ravine, — more easily than we can do to-day, for the clearing was larger, — and saw life, not only as something adult and beyond their experience, but as something far away and far below, something lived under a faint haze down there on the valley floor. You will find a hint of this now and again in their poems, as always you will find the suggestion of their mother's presence behind them, their mother who loved flowers and whose hands, no doubt, set out the first clumps of these day lilies which have now preempted a whole section of the roadside. I dug a clump of them up one spring, and transplanted it into my garden, in remembrance of that strange flowering of the arts on the bleak hilltop a generation ago. I call them my literary lilies. The lilies and the cellar-hole are all that is left of Sky Farm.

The House of the Little Old Lady in Trousers is not on the mountain. It is on a hill, to be sure, but a foot-hill rolling up from the valley floor, where it looks across two miles of fertile fields to the great, wooded rampart of our dominating summit. This was a fine house once, as you can see by the front wall, which is all that is left standing. No shell struck this dwelling, no bomb descended through the roof, but only the slow, relentless bombardment of the storms. Four-square, with fluted door-posts, elaborately moulded cornice, fine and dignified proportions, the old house was a monument to some carpenter-builder of the 1790's or thereabouts, and, no doubt, the pride of its owner's heart. Now all but the gray ruin of one wall lies heaped in the cellar-hole, and out behind, in the last remnants of an outhouse, the Old Lady in Trousers keeps her cow, living herself in a shanty down the road, though this be her ancestral mansion. The reason? Ah, there are many; but chief, no doubt, the lure of the cities. A few generations of the best blood drawn off, weariness, laziness, shiftlessness left behind, slow poverty and no repairs, and the little old lady at last, with her high, screaming voice, her harmless eccentricities of dress, finds grazing for her cow in the ancient garden and kindlings in her best parlor. It is said that two corner cupboards went down in the crash when the roof caved in. I have more than once attempted to delve their shattered fragments out; but the old lady is spry in her trousers, and so far I have always been driven off, much to my chagrin, for I do not relish sharing proprietorship in my cellar-holes.

It is but a step — two or three miles — to the last treasure I shall show you, the House of the Old Man who Forgot his Kettle. We walk straight across country to the state highway at the

foot of the mountain wall, and turn, apparently, up the drive to an expensive and expansive summer estate. But in reality this is an old town road, though nobody uses it but the owners of the estate. As soon as we have passed the house, the road becomes a dim track through the woods, headed straight for the mountain cliffs, and soon begins to climb sharply, used, apparently, in spring by a snow-water brook. After half a mile or so, it comes into one of those tell-tale clearings on a bit of shelf, with ancient pear and apple trees instead of maples, and in the door-yard in summer a great creamy snowdrift of *spirea* — a *spirea* which comes up annually from the roots, its foliage resembling the shoots of raspberries, and which has here persisted and taken exclusive possession of a considerable area. The road goes on up the mountain, ultimately reaching the summit plateau a thousand feet above. In the brave days of old, such a road evidently held no terrors; but it was long since abandoned for an easier way, and, when it passed, the day of this farm which clung beside it passed, also. The last dweller here was an old man. He moved at length down to his son's house in the valley, and the forest settled to its work of closing in upon his clearings, the storms to their work of reducing his dwelling to its original soil — not to dust, but rich brown humus, out of which the new timber is already springing.

But your true collector of cellar-holes must, of course, always rummage; who knows what he may turn up? Once I walked around the rim of a cellar-hole where the house had recently burned, and picked up nearly all the hand-wrought shutter hinges, in good condition, where they had dropped out of the burning walls. Here at the old man's house, naturally, I dug up at once a great clump of the *spirea*, and

then went foraging further. There was nothing in the cellar-hole but the rusted remnants of a sheet-iron stove. But behind the house a dim path persisted, and led to a little spring hole against the mountain wall, and beside it the stoned entrance to a root cellar, dug into the bank. This entrance had once been equipped with a door. The door now lay on the ground, overgrown with Virginia creeper and blackberry vines. Poking the vines aside, I saw with delight the ancient arrow-pointed strap hinges still clinging to the rotted wood. They lifted easily off. Then I went inside the now roofless cellar. The walls were damp and green. It was quite empty, I thought. But I poked a pile of rubbish on the floor, and the pile gave forth a sound. Lo, beneath it was an iron pot, a round, three-footed pot, the very pot to hang on a crane, the very pot that once hung on a crane! That it would hold water was evident from the fact that it was holding water. The old man had forgotten it. I blessed his memory, and his cellar-hole, as I went back down the brook-washed road, laden with pot and hinges and spiræa. As I left, the shadow of the mountain wall had dusked the clearing, and the hermits were beginning to sing. But out over the valley to the east the sunlight was still at golden ebb.

Do you find the collecting of cellar-holes a melancholy occupation? I cannot find it so. Some of them, to be sure, represent a beauty of craftsmanship that it is sad to think of as destroyed. But for the most part they represent, after all, a pioneering into high, stubborn country that was not, in the long run, adapted for farming and the graces of community life, but for forests and ranges. The inevitable readjustment of society has left them stranded and abandoned. But they are brave, brambled records of the pioneers who bred us — tough men who could swing an axe, hew a beam, yet hold a chisel delicately and forge a hinge into a thing of beauty; tough women, too, who had no furnaces in their cellars, but who stood lustre tea-sets proudly in graceful, pillared cupboards, and planted lilies by the door, and taught their daughters to lisp in numbers. Indeed, there are many things less stimulating to collect than Yankee cellar-holes — such as postage-stamps, for instance; and in no other museum than mine will you hear the hermit thrushes sing, and the whispering of the summer wind in the ancient, guardian maples, and the tinkle of the spring as it runs away down the mountain — to store the reservoirs on the plain for us moderns who have resigned ourselves to easier lowland ways.

WHAT DO COLLEGE STUDENTS KNOW?

BY PAUL V. WEST

WHAT do college students know? It may be considered the worst kind of skepticism for one to intimate that these representatives of the coming generation, — coming so closely that they step on the heels of us older ones and imperiously demand that we either run or get out of the way of those who can run, — that these may not know it all. But there has been a growing feeling among many of my profession, whose duty and pleasure it is to guide the young idea through detailed mysteries of mazy subjects, that there are gaps, sometimes very large and ominous gaps, in their body of things known — gaps which suggest the possibility and need of further accretions. For a few of us, at least, this feeling has been transmuted into positive conviction.

An information test recently given to a good-sized representative college group, chosen at random from among the different classes and sexes, revealed such interesting facts regarding the content of their minds as to stimulate some concern on the part of their instructors, and, in the case of a few at least, to suggest a problem as well as insinuate a doubt — a most wholesome attitude on the part of instructors, by the way. Here is what was discovered, in part.

Simple biological facts that are supposed to be in common knowledge and parlance are outside the mental realm of many of the college students, or are confused within it. Four per cent of them would be willing to ask a dairyman if his cows are Leghorns. And

when we discover that six per cent do not know what an artichoke is, while six more assert it to be a fish, three a lizard, and one, no doubt thinking of the strangling powers (choke) of a boa constrictor, claims it as denoting a snake, we cannot but wonder in what world these sixteen per cent received their information — or lack of it. But we receive a real shock when we discover that a chameleon is voted a member of the bird, insect, and fish families by twenty-three per cent, four per cent, and four per cent of the group, respectively; while another thirteen per cent give up the problem of classification as a thing impossible; so that one can safely say that only a little over one half of the number really know that a chameleon is a reptile that changes its color but not its genus. Thirty per cent do not know the location of the thyroid gland, and either refuse to detail their ignorance concretely, or place it indiscriminately in the shoulder, head, or abdomen, that handy receptacle for all physiological *x*'s and *y*'s. One daring soul even had the audacity to state that rubber is made of hides.

Geography does not make any better showing; in fact, even a lower grade of recognition is here exhibited. It need not affect the world's happiness greatly if a certain third of our student body would take a liner for China if their destination were Tokio, for the name of this Oriental city does sound Chinese, and it is a personal matter, anyway; and, besides, this method of instruction would be effective and according to

sound pedagogical principles. But it would be a decided affront to some of our time-honored American institutions if they should learn that out of one hundred students who wish to attend Yale University, four would have to look in the atlas to know what part of the world they were bound for, while six would purchase railway fares for Ithaca, and thirty-six would proceed blithely on their way to Cambridge. But once arrived in New England, two of them would be forced to the discovery that Boston is not a city of Maine, and one would find, not without surprise, that Massachusetts, instead of Connecticut, claims the honor of harboring 'the Hub.' Such are the educational possibilities of travel. Our Tokio-bound friends would in the same manner perhaps encounter a *bona-fide* Korean in the course of their Oriental travels, and henceforth be led to classify him as a biped of the *genus homo* rather than a quadruped of some mysterious creation.

History might also benefit from such a migration of college students. In the course of their wanderings through the sacred land of our colonial forbears, it is to be hoped that some proud citizen, or some less loquacious though equally proud statue, would inform some fourteen per cent of them that the battle of Lexington was fought, not in 1620, or in 1864, nay, not even in 1812, as they would ordinarily assert, but in 1775; for many a student now alive scarcely remembers that day and year. Very modern history, *à la* the newspaper, needs some stress also among the nineteen per cent who do not know that Bulgaria was an ally of Germany in the Big War.

Literature evidently has something to answer for in the way it has treated our students. It has jealously laid claim to Darwin as a literary master instead of a scientist in the minds of thir-

teen per cent, while another fifteen per cent would take from John Wesley his laurels in the field of religion and transfer them to literature. We ought not to blame too harshly that ten per cent who give Poe the credit for writing *The Scarlet Letter*, or the four who attribute it to Kipling; for, after all, the title is suggestive of the temper of either rather than of a mild man like Hawthorne. Fifty-eight out of a hundred students do not read periodicals and newspapers enough to know Arthur Brisbane as a journalist, some forty-three preferring to classify him as a comic artist, actor, or athlete.

When college students do not recognize the names or places of production of commonly advertised commodities, such as shoes, automobiles, tobaccos, typewriters, movie actresses, and the like, it is of concern chiefly to the advertising manager whose business it is to get such information across; but as a matter of protection to the repute of the few great ones of our generation, why not periodically lead the college student through art galleries, chambers of state, and halls of fame, so that none of them would be unfamiliar, say, with the name and work of Rodin, rather than have fifty-eight per cent classify him as a painter, composer, or poet?

Why not diamonds born in the bosom of the oyster? Why not, indeed? It would be a far more poetic genesis than in the depths of a dirty dugout at Kimberley, at least, in the thought of one. And, after all, does one need to know where the pretties come from, in order to own them and enjoy them?

What do college students know? Which query we may counter with another — what should they know? We surely cannot expect any one student, let alone all, to have every possible item of information detailed and indexed in his frontal lobe for ready reference. We

should not be perceptibly saddened if one of our most brilliant seniors should fail in one point, or even in ten points, in an exhaustive examination on the contents of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. We are constantly giving information tests in our daily work, and are gladly surprised, indeed, if even seventy to ninety per cent of the news notes of our particular fields remain after repeated reiteration as a part of the learner's mental pabulum, even through the periodic ordeal of examination week.

All knowledge is rather relative, it is true; and what may be considered essential for one generation is apt to be eliminated by the next in favor of a totally new body of information. But we are disappointed and mystified when we discover that our group has no clear hold upon points of information which we feel should be common to all; we do not like the insinuation that this high-class body of real or prospective citizens is not, after all, representative of even the average well-informed mass of our citizenship, from which they come and with which they will have to do. These young folk have spent, on an average, over twelve years in public schools before coming to our halls, and in that time have managed to devour much public money, have worn many hours away, have exhausted the rich patience of administrators, and have made heavy draughts on instructional energy. When they enter college life, these same individuals are generally regarded as the cream of the public-school group, which has struggled through all molecular interferences and against the force of gravitation until it has risen to

the top; it is useless to pursue the analogy further.

Anyway, we have good-naturedly taken the general mental content of our Freshmen for granted, have assumed that they have been taught, at least, to keep in touch with life and become acquainted with the free facts that float so familiarly on its surface, as well as with those that have been formally presented in classrooms. And it is always a shock for us to realize that quite a large percentage of those who enter and pursue college courses have learned neither the one nor the other. A chief difficulty just now is undoubtedly this: there is no body of material which is recognized as essential for everyone to know, and undoubtedly there was never a time when such a confused mass of information was available.

Students repeatedly excuse their deficiency in current knowledge by the statement: 'Our college work keeps us so busy that we have no time to read the newspapers and magazines.' Which naturally suggests a greater emphasis on the college responsibility of keeping the student interest in such phases of information thoroughly aroused. These older boys and girls are for the most part quite as human as the rest of us, and so manage to give attention enough to matters of primary interest. Students are being taught to answer quite glibly academic questions of a decidedly erudite character, while at the same time they are losing contact with the vital world about them. Seriously, we ought to know to what an extent this condition exists, and meet the issue sanely and efficiently.

CONCERNING BROWNIE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

LET scoffers doubt it if they will —
Too real a little chap he moved,
And ran and romped, and wagged and loved,
Not to be somewhere still.
Granted he did not have a soul,
There's surely some reward of merit
For having such a trustful spirit,
A friendship so heart-whole.

Of course he could not hope for heaven,
— He might not look on seraphim, —
But, somehow, I believe there's given
A place his Maker meant for him;
That if we saw with clearer eyes,
And deeper mysteries had learned,
His small brown form might be discerned
Safe in some humble paradise.

Perched, cheerful, in a cozy niche
(Most like his cherished window-seat,
Cushioned and comforting) from which
He gazes on the pleasant street,
A wise and watchful wrinkle wearing
While all the old-time folk go post;
And pricks a prideful ear, at last,
And, all ecstatic, sets abeat
A celebrating tail — keen hearing
The fall of dear familiar feet.

I cannot find it in my creed,
Yet very plain it seems to me
That, off, away at topmost speed,
Afire with hospitality,
He deems himself, and is, indeed,
The little dog he used to be.

THE FALSE PRIDE OF JAPAN

BY JAMES D. PHELAN

I

ANYONE who has read Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant, whose books graphically describe 'the rising tide of color,' and who show historically the constant pressure of Asiatic populations upon Caucasian civilization, must regard the Japanese question in a much broader, more humanitarian and patriotic light than does your contributor, Henry W. Kinney, in the December *Atlantic*. Mr. Kinney feels qualified, by virtue of his former residence and activities in the Hawaiian Islands, to pronounce the serious judgment, — by implication, at any rate, — that Asiatics are not harmful to American communities and are potentially assimilable, both by intermarriage and by education, with the Caucasian race; and that the process of Americanization will be only a matter of time.

Mr. Kinney says that the objections to the Japanese are twofold: 'one based on purely economic grounds and the other, on the belief that he [the Japanese] is not, because of racial and national characteristics, capable of absorbing American ideals and standards.' He adds: "An ideal opportunity for investigation is, however, afforded by the Territory of Hawaii, where the various races live side by side.' He practically rests his case upon Hawaii, because he says that 'if a group of any race or nationality cannot in Hawaii demonstrate its capacity for American citizenship, its case may well be considered hopeless.'

In 1916, I visited the Hawaiian Islands and had some opportunities for study and observation. I have supplemented my information by intimate conversations with representative citizens of Hawaii, who have visited Washington and have expressed themselves in hearings before the committees of Congress. One gentleman, in whose judgment I have great confidence and who has had abundant opportunities for observation, told me that, when Mr. Kinney left Hawaii for Japan, there was apparently no 'Japanese question' in Hawaii. There is one now, and it is not complicated with the ownership of land, as in California. The Japanese question in Hawaii grows out of the preponderance of this nationality in the Islands, not out of their absorption of the soil. The Japanese in Hawaii form approximately 44 per cent of the population, and they are increasing so rapidly that, within a short time, citizens of Japanese parentage will be in a position to control the electorate. They take citizenship under the Federal Constitution. Whether such a condition is to be viewed with alarm would seem, in Mr. Kinney's opinion, to depend upon whether these Japanese-American citizens are being assimilated and are growing up with traditional American ideals.

The Japanese began migrating to Hawaii in 1885. During all this time Hawaii has maintained a compulsory school-system modeled upon the American system. If there is any evidence of

the Japanese having become Americanized, it is yet to be discovered. They do not associate with white people to any extent, nor do the white people show any disposition to associate with them.

Even where Japanese children have been brought up under American influences and have been educated in American schools and colleges, there is no close association between them.

Some of the factors against the Americanization of the Japanese — if such a thing is possible under any conditions — have been the maintenance, by the Japanese, of their own schools and the support of religious organizations and Japanese vernacular newspapers. These schools, newspapers, and churches have exercised a most potent influence upon the Japanese, and they have always taught, written, and preached loyalty to Japan and reverence to her institutions and culture. All Japanese children attend the Japanese language-schools, which are conducted by Japanese teachers sent out from Japan. It is true that the legislature of Hawaii recently undertook partially to control these schools; but it failed. No legislation can control the teachings in the Japanese Buddhist churches. It is well known that the bishops of the Buddhist churches, or missions, are the personal representatives of the head priests of different sects in Japan. The Hongwanji Head Priest is a member of the Japanese royal family, and wields great power. The Hongwanji mission in Hawaii exercises a commanding influence upon the Japanese there; and it is said that the bishop is quite as important, in his own way, as the Japanese consul. It would be puerile to assert that the Hongwanji mission, or any other Buddhist institution in Hawaii, would teach anything but loyalty to Japan.

Mr. Kinney says that, while the past offers no evidence that the Japanese is assimilable through intermarriage, it

offers no evidence that he is not, and the question can be answered only by the future. How many years does Mr. Kinney think necessary to prove that the Japanese are not assimilable through intermarriage, or education? Since 1885, the Japanese have been coming to Hawaii in large numbers. It is hardly accurate to say, as he does, that a great proportion of them are plantation laborers. There are about 120,000 Japanese in Hawaii, not half of whom work on plantations or in the skilled or semi-skilled occupations. The others are engaged in all lines of business. And yet, how many marriages have there been between the Japanese and other races? It is safe to say that they can be counted on the fingers of both hands.

As to his statement that other races in Hawaii — notably the Portuguese — have not intermarried, the fact is that the Portuguese men and women have intermarried with every other nationality in Hawaii, with the exception of the Japanese and Chinese. As a matter of fact, Japanese men prefer women of their own race, and particularly those brought up in Japan, where a married woman has few rights of her own and where divorces may be granted almost for the asking. Japanese girls born in Hawaii complain bitterly that Japanese men send to Japan for their brides. Rather than marry a girl brought up with the possible taint of Americanism, the men prefer to take their brides unseen and unknown, but with the realization that they will be purely Japanese, and that they will be content to occupy the very subordinate position of a Japanese wife in her native country.

If other proof or evidence is needed that the Japanese in Hawaii have not become assimilated or Americanized, it is necessary only to refer to the reports of the United States Department of Labor since 1901. The Department is required to make periodical investiga-

tions and reports concerning the commercial, industrial, social, and educational conditions of the labor classes in Hawaii. The first of these was made in 1901; and this and subsequent ones have nearly all been made by a man who is known throughout the United States as an economist and a skilled investigator, and who, because of residence in Hawaii for an extended period, was well qualified for the work.

In 1901 the report says:—

The Japanese, with his inherited reverence for the authority of his government, is not a free agent in the social or industrial world, and does not sever himself from the influence of his native rulers when he passes beyond the sphere of their political control. . . . Aside from their religion, patriotism alone is a potent influence in keeping the Japanese loyal to their own national institutions. They coöperate and make considerable sacrifices to maintain schools where their children can be taught in their mother-tongue, in accordance with the customs and beliefs of Japan. . . . European immigrants are assimilated into this American life as readily as in any other part of the Union.

Up to the present time the Asiatic has had only an economic value in the social equation. . . . In some respects they [the Japanese] might make desirable citizens, as they readily adopt occidental habits; but they do not amalgamate with Caucasians and are intensely alien in their sympathies, religions and customs.

In 1906, the report says:—

There is no indication as yet that they [the Japanese] will amalgamate with Caucasians. In religion as well as in race they will differ totally and permanently from ourselves and retain their kinship with another country.

And in 1916:—

They [the Japanese] maintain their national characteristics and allegiance very stubbornly, and transmit them to their children born in Hawaii. Their Americanization is as yet on the surface, and it has not touched their hearts.

With regard to Mr. Kinney's comparison of the morals of the Japanese with those of the people of the United States, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter, this much should be said. Whether Japanese suffer in comparison with whites in point of morals depends entirely upon whether you are considering the subject from the standpoint of occidental or oriental standards.

Among the Japanese, the girl is taught that obedience and loyalty, not chastity, are the supreme virtues, which must be preserved at the sacrifice of all other and lesser virtues. She is trained to believe that, for the good of the father or husband, she must be willing to meet any danger or endure any dishonor. Nothing belonging to her is of any importance compared with the good of her husband, her family, or her country. Japanese public opinion does not look upon professional prostitution with the repugnance that it inspires in Christian countries. The reason lies very largely in the fact that these women are seldom free agents, many of them being sold in childhood into this form of slavery. It is not by virtue of any Japanese influence that the condition of these people has been somewhat ameliorated; but it came about through the agitation of a Christian organization—the Salvation Army; and a law was passed making it less difficult for them to free themselves. Concubinage also is common in Japan.

The Yoshiwara and the concubinage systems may be highly moral in the eyes of Japanese. In whatever light we may view them, they certainly offer a sufficient explanation of the non-existence of marriages of Anglo-Saxon women with Japanese men. What American girl would tolerate the bringing into her household of concubines, or face the possibility of her child being sold into slavery at the instance of the male parent. Yet such things happen.

Mr. Kinney asks, and then answers,

the question: 'How deep does Americanization of Hawaiian-born American citizens of Japanese parentage go? This question was largely answered by the response made by them during the war, when they eagerly sought to enlist, and when the number of those who waived exemption was, I believe, greater than that of citizens of American parentage. . . . There can be little doubt that, while there may be exceptions, the American citizens of Japanese birth are and will be loyal.'

That his statements are entirely unfounded can be shown from the records of the Selective Service Draft. The Japanese-American citizens had their option of enlisting or being drafted, as in the case of all other citizens. Before the draft they had the opportunity of joining the National Guard of Hawaii, which had more members in proportion to the population of that territory than the Guard of any American state; and it is well known that the number of Japanese in the National Guard was less than 25 per cent of the number of Filipinos, and the total of Filipinos in the Territory did not exceed 20,000. As to the waiving of the alienage exemption, the records of the Selective Service Draft completely refute Mr. Kinney's statement, and show that the Japanese did not to any considerable extent waive their exemption.

During the recent strike of Japanese plantation laborers, which the sugar-planters of Hawaii and public opinion there branded as national or racial, the newspapers in Honolulu carried many stories of the speeches and statements made by Japanese leaders who were men of education and intelligence. Some of them were American citizens by virtue of their birth. One of the editorials in the leading newspaper in Honolulu said:—

But as for those, the great majority, of Japanese who think they can come to an

American territory and do as they please, flout American Institutions, show disrespect to the American flag, insolently affront the American citizenry, and make a mockery of the ideals and standards of life that we cherish, we have no patience with them. We have been entirely too tolerant of them, and as a result they have come to think we are afraid of them.

We are not afraid of them any more than the American Government is afraid of that of Japan. If they want to remain among us, it behooves them to respect, not only our laws, but our institutions and beliefs.

Honolulu citizens, during the recent strike, inserted in the Honolulu papers advertisements stating that among the methods adopted by the Japanese leaders to keep the strike alive were the following:—

The ostracism of Japanese who returned to work, and the publishing of their photographs and advertising their names here and in Japan. According to the advertisements these men will not be recognized hereafter as members of any social organization, and every member of the Japanese Federation is forbidden to have any relationship with them. Advertisements are printed in all the Japanese papers here, as well as in the laborer's home town in Japan. Inflammatory speeches made by the leaders. Wholesale condemnation of Americans and bitter denunciation of all things American. The older married men of the Japanese strikers have told the managers that it is the younger element of the Japanese—those born here into American citizenship—who are the most radical among the agitators.

The Honolulu papers during the crisis contained accounts of the speeches of some of the leaders, of which the following is an example. 'The Americans, in our eyes, are people of low and inferior sentiments. They are wild beasts, and we will show them that Japanism will always be successful in any attempt that we Japanese make.'

The recent occurrences in Hawaii have demonstrated beyond question that, when an appeal is made to the

Japanese national spirit, no influence that may be brought to bear will swerve a Japanese from the course which is dictated by his leaders.

This, substantially, is the view I get from an informed Hawaiian-American citizen.

Possibly there are American citizens of Japanese parentage living in Hawaii who are loyal to the United States, and would continue loyal in a dispute with Japan; but let us hope that the time may never come when their loyalty will be put to the test.

And, if we turn to the testimony given by the present Governor of the Territory, Honorable Charles J. McCarthy, by Senator Wise of the Territorial Legislature, Mr. Shingle, and others, at a hearing before the Committee on Immigration of the United States Senate, February 28, 1920, we shall find that my informant's words are corroborated and that the following astonishing facts are developed.

'The public schools of the Territory,' the Governor testified, 'where forty-five per cent of the children are Japanese, close at two o'clock; and then, at three o'clock, the students go back to the Japanese schools, where they remain until five o'clock. In the Japanese school-books, my understanding is that the Japanese Emperor is their God, and they look to the Emperor for everything — their loyalty, fealty, and patriotism are all owing to the Emperor; and they teach that in the higher-class textbooks.' He testified also that the teachers in the Japanese schools were brought from Japan; and, when a bill was introduced in the legislature to require them to speak, read, and write the English language and to be versed in American history and institutions, the Japanese effected the defeat of the measure, in one way or another. The Governor bore witness also to the fact that 'Japanese do not intermarry; they keep by them-

selves; they come Japanese, and might remain there a thousand years and still remain Japanese.'

And even Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, Japanese apologist, author of numerous books on the Japanese question, lecturer in the Imperial University of Japan, has frankly written to the same effect in his volume, *The American-Japanese Problem*, from which I quote the following: —

The mere fact, accordingly, of American birth, public-school education, and the requisite age should not be regarded as adequate qualification for the suffrage; for it is to be remembered that, during the entire period of schooling, not only have they been in Oriental homes, but the Japanese at heart have been diligently drilled in Japanese schools by Japanese teachers, many of whom have little acquaintance and no sympathy with American institutions or a Christian civilization.

If, as Asiatics, they maintain their traditional conception of God, nature, and man, of male and female, of husband and wife, of parent and child, of ruler and ruled, of the state and the individual, the permanent maintenance in Hawaii of American democracy, American homes, and American liberty is impossible.

Mr. Shingle, of Honolulu, who also testified at these hearings, quoted a statement of Judge William W. Morrow, of the United States Court of Appeals, in the *Constitutional Review* of January, 1920, to the effect that, 'in 1927, seven years hence, the majority of the voting population of the Territory of Hawaii will be children of Japanese, born in the Hawaiian Islands, since they became a part of the territory of the United States in the year 1900.'

It is a sad commentary upon the American occupation of Hawaii that, during that period, the Japanese were allowed to overrun a most fertile and productive territory of the United States, and that now this American outpost, the naval 'key of the Pacific,'

where twelve thousand of our own countrymen and a grateful and hospitable native population were enjoying the benefits of American institutions, will, as a measure of self-protection, be required to abandon the democratic form of government and all participation in the management of their own affairs and seek the protection of a commission form of government from Washington. Why? *Because the alternative is Japanese domination.*

According to the testimony, the birth-rate is extraordinary; and in the few years that the Japanese have been in Hawaii, there is a record of 19,889 births. Under the Federal Constitution, these children, when they become of age, may vote. Governor McCarthy expressed the opinion that the large number of Japanese qualified to vote refrain from voting under the direction of their own government. He says that something is holding them back, and that 'if they were all instructed to register and vote, we might be swamped.'

I then asked the Governor, when he was testifying: 'In view of the fact that in ten years the native-born Japanese, having the right to vote, would be able to control politically the legislature and the public offices of the Territory of Hawaii, would there, in your judgment, be any opposition on the part of the people of Hawaii, outside of the Japanese, to a commission form of government, to be established by the American Congress?'

To which the Governor replied: 'Well, I might say this much, that the people of Hawaii would object to a commission form of government if it were proposed at this time; but the people of Hawaii, according to the evidence produced here, have shown their patriotism, and as good Americans, — they are one-hundred-per-cent Americans, — if the time should come when it was seen that the Japanese, by voting,

would control conditions down there, the other people in Hawaii would be the first to ask Congress to give us a commission form of government, or any other kind of government that would maintain Americanism in Hawaii.'

Such is, therefore, the lesson of Hawaii. A democratic form of government is destroyed by the infiltration of an alien and unassimilable race. Tried out in practice, the other races do not amalgamate with the Japanese, who remain permanently foreign. If, as very rarely happens, they become intellectually assimilated, they are incapable of blending by intermarriage and helping to make a homogeneous population, without which there can be no equality, and hence no democracy. There would remain two classes, one antagonistic to the other, which would mean ultimately a conflict for supremacy; and 'a house divided against itself cannot stand.'

II

California is the most exposed state on the Pacific Coast, and has had the greatest experience with Oriental immigration. She has on numerous occasions warned the nation of the danger. That state is not provincial. She is a microcosm of the Union. Settled from the beginning by men and women from all the states, she has rapidly developed and has attained a high position in culture and civilization. She can exhibit an unblemished record of devotion to American principles and ideals. She freely decided in 1850 to come into the Union as opposed to slavery, as the thirty-first State, when the national alignment was fifteen free and fifteen slave states. She stood for the Union. Her gold gave credit to the North; no inconsiderable factor in the success of the Union cause.

California ranked high, as well, in her proportionate contribution of soldiers

to the recent Great War. Her population has grown rapidly in recent years because of vast migrations from New York, Illinois, and Iowa, conspicuously; and she speaks to her sister states in no strange voice and is moved by no hidden or inexplicable motives. She is American from the head, bathed in sunshine, to the foot, planted in the soil, and passionately desires to remain so. Is not her judgment worth something? Within the last few months she has, by an initiative law, passed overwhelmingly by a direct vote of the people, decided to bar from the ownership of her agricultural lands all persons ineligible to citizenship; and, having heard that the Department of State was negotiating a treaty with Japan and giving ear to the Japanese proposal to invalidate the state law and confer civil rights on the one hundred thousand Japanese now in the state, the California Legislature solemnly, by unanimous vote, and pursuant to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, memorialized Congress against the threatened invasion of her reserved rights.

Can the Federal government invalidate a land law — a matter of domestic policy, involving no international right — enacted by a state whose jurisdiction is unquestionable? That, the lawyers say is an open question, because a treaty becomes, when ratified, 'the supreme law of the land.' In other words, in order to maintain friendly relations with Japan and to encourage international commerce, the domestic jurisdiction of a state may be invaded, even though her vital interests are concerned, and state statutes may be set aside because they bear heavily on the nationals of a powerful government who desire to exploit the land.

What is California worth to the nation — a most productive and naturally attractive state, having an extensive coast-line on the greatest of the world's

oceans? What are Oregon and Washington worth? What Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Nevada?

The Japanese claim the right to expand. Seven hundred thousand is their yearly net increment, and they calmly assert, as a right, that anywhere in the world they may go, and that they must have an outlet. They express no consideration for other people; it is the survival of the fittest.

Only while we are fit, can we dispute that doctrine. To admit it would involve our destruction. Unrestrained, the Japanese in California can and will underlive and under-bid us, and acquire in time every acre of tillable land. They control one in eight now. But can we not, we are asked, assimilate a large portion of them, and so increase our own productive energies? To preserve our population is our one goal — not to increase production. Production will take care of itself.

Herbert Spencer was asked by a Japanese statesman, at a time when Japan — now only seventy years in the family of nations — was formulating her foreign policies, whether she should admit Europeans and attempt assimilation. His answer was an emphatic 'No.' I cannot refrain from quoting this letter in part, as it squarely meets the present American-Japanese situation. Japan accepted Spencer's advice, has grown in strength, industrially, and as a nation, and has preserved the purity of her race. She is as wise as a serpent and as gentle as a dove.

It seems to me [says Spencer] that the only forms of intercourse which you may with advantage permit are those which are indispensable for the exchange of commodities — importation and exportation of physical and mental products. No further privileges should be allowed to people of other races, and especially to people of the more powerful races, than is absolutely needed for the achievement of these ends. Appar-

ently you are proposing, by revision of the treaty with the powers of Europe and America, 'to open the whole Empire to foreigners and foreign capital.' I regret this as a fatal policy. If you wish to see what is likely to happen, study the history of India. Once let one of the more powerful races gain a *point d'appui*, and there will inevitably, in course of time, grow up an aggressive policy which will lead to collisions with the Japanese; these collisions will be represented as attacks by the Japanese which must be avenged, as the case may be; a portion of territory will be seized and required to be made over as a foreign settlement; and from this there will grow, eventually, subjugation of the entire Japanese Empire. I believe that you will have great difficulty in avoiding this fate in any case; but you will make the process easy if you allow of any privileges to foreigners beyond those which I have indicated. . . .

To your remaining question respecting the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese which you say is 'now very much agitated among our scholars and politicians,' and which you say is 'one of the most difficult problems,' my reply is that, as rationally answered, there is no difficulty at all. It should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriages of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree, the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run.

Japan since then has become a powerful nation and is growing greater in numbers and in efficiency in peace and war. The younger and ruder nations, we know from history, have been aggressive, and have finally subjugated the older ones, accustomed to ease and luxury. What nation in all the ages has been organized and effectively established as a world-power so quickly as Japan? Herbert Spencer's advice to America would logically be on the same lines, believing, as he did, in the biological impossibility of assimilation.

Darwin has observed, on the subject of mongrelization, that when widely divergent stocks are crossed there is a strong tendency to revert; the higher and more recently evolved characteristics vanish; and the primitive traits, not only physical, but mental and moral, come to the surface. Indeed, there is a saying in the darkest continents that 'God made the white man; God made the colored man; but the Devil made the half-caste.'

Agassiz wrote: 'Let anyone who doubts the evil of this mixture of races, and is inclined from mistaken philanthropy to break down all barriers between them, come to certain southern countries. . . . The amalgamation of races is rapidly effacing the best qualities of the white man, the negro, and the Indian, leaving a mongrel, nondescript type, deficient in physical and mental energy.'

A writer in the *New York Times* comments, that, as the Japanese is able to 'under-live' the American, so the Korean and the Chinese are able to 'under-live' the Japanese, and once made the attempt to do so. The question of miscegenation was relatively unimportant, the racial stocks being kindred; 'yet the Japanese passed exactly the same kind of laws to which they now object in California.' He sanely concludes that the relations between Japan and the United States are endangered, 'if we persist in regarding as a question of race-pride what in reality is a matter of biology.'

Echoing Japanese sentiment, Mr. Kinney imputes, not economic competition, but race-prejudice to Americans in their opposition to the Orientals. No one can deny the menace of competition within our own territory, demonstrated in California, to be destructive of the white worker and ultimately, uncontrolled, of white civilization and American institutions. But is not race repugnance — call it 'prejudice,' if you will

— based also on rational grounds? If, for whatever reason, there can be no assimilation between European stocks and Japanese strains, inevitably there will be racial class-divisions. Instead of one family, there will be two or three, trying to live in peace in the same house. It cannot be done. Each should live in a house of his own. St. Paul told the Athenians, that the Lord made the people of the Earth all of one blood, but 'determined the bounds of their habitation.' That is the inspired word.

There can be no homogeneity and no harmony where there is no assimilation. The temple of democracy rests on the foundations of equality, and equality can exist only where the power and right of intermarriage are confidently asserted and assured.

What Japan demands now is what nature and experience have denied — racial equality. But it is something which cannot be forced. Mr. Kinney, however, says that, especially since the 'insistence of the Japanese on free immigration . . . Japan, with the pride that is her predominant national characteristic, resents having her citizens discriminated against, and no amount of argument that such discrimination is economic, not racial, will satisfy her.'

The world knows that Japan made the demand of the League of Nations, when in conference in Paris, for 'racial equality,' and that it was denied by the non-concurrence of Great Britain, influenced by the unflinching stand of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and also by the United States. Racial equality, — the right of Japanese nationals to enjoy equal privileges with the nationals of every other country, — reduced to terms that may be understood, means that Japanese

may freely enter the United States, be naturalized and become citizens, enjoy the voting privilege, intermarry, and possess land. As our own people on the Pacific Coast would speedily, in these circumstances, be submerged or mongrelized, and driven off the soil, and as their legislative bodies would be captured without striking a blow, the proposal is preposterous. It then becomes a question of self-preservation — who shall survive?

Let us candidly, but sternly, say to Japan, now, before her armament grows more formidable, that it is fundamentally a race-question — for which we are not, however, responsible — that prevents intermingling, and — in a secondary sense — impossible economic competition.

Come what may, we will make our stand, like Sobieski at Vienna and Charles Martel at Tours, against 'the rising tide of color.' Whether we combine them as one argument, or consider them apart, I believe that, in the minds of all reasonable and unprejudiced men, sufficient grounds will be found to take heed of the warning of Hawaii and California, and preserve, uncontaminated, according to nature's laws, the white race — the white race, which has rescued the world from despotism and developed splendidly the arts and sciences, and served as a beacon-light to other lands. It certainly is entitled to the integrity and security of its own house. Free immigration is incompatible with free institutions, racial homogeneity, remunerative employment. America is the home of the new dispensation. Imitate it, duplicate it on your own soil, O Asia, but do not spoil it. It is our sacred obligation to save it. Perhaps it is even of some value to you.

(This discussion will be continued in the next issue in a paper of divergent views. — THE EDITOR.)

HOW TO MEET THE HOUSING SITUATION

BY HENRY R. BRIGHAM

I

IN most of the large cities and towns of this country to-day there is an acute shortage of houses, and the subject of relief of the shortage is one of general discussion, bringing forth large numbers of divergent views, with almost as many proposed measures of relief. The United States Housing Corporation encountered and studied all these problems, and the lessons it learned should at least be a guide in analyzing the situation and solving the problem so far as possible.

The building of housing accommodations by private enterprise was practically stopped by the war, and has not been resumed to any extent compared with the normal amount built annually before the war; so that the shortage exists, without any doubt. People are not necessarily homeless, but they are living in more crowded quarters than formerly, and they cannot get, as easily as before, the housing accommodations they desire at the prices they are willing to pay. Many have moved or are moving into smaller quarters or less desirable neighborhoods, in order to avoid paying increased rents; and others are striving to prevent the increase of rents by legislative or municipal regulation.

The result is a growing demand for more and better housing accommodations, accompanied by a surprising lack of understanding as to why the demand is not being met. In several states the situation is considered by many to constitute an emergency justifying the

use of public funds for building, either directly or by subsidy, and the radical regulation of rents, involving the police powers and the power of eminent domain. The housing problem, however, still remains unsolved, because the fundamental factors are not known to, or understood by, even many professional real-estate men.

Before the war, new houses were always being built fast enough to meet the demand; obsolete and dilapidated houses were steadily replaced by new; and, as a rule, the supply was so great that the actual net returns of landlords were very small. Builders made fair profits; but the profits of those who bought for investment generally came from the increasing values resulting from the growth of the communities rather than from high rents. Landlords were obliged to keep their properties in good repair and to keep their rents low in proportion to the value of the properties, because of the unrestricted competition. Nevertheless, even in those days, they were treated by tenants as legitimate objects of abuse, and were obliged to make alterations and repairs that the tenants themselves would not have made if they had owned the houses; and they were usually expected to give free rent for various periods to tenants who met with financial reverses.

All this naturally reacted on the tenants, keeping the cost of housing higher than it otherwise would have

been. The majority, however, particularly in cities, preferred to remain tenants rather than to own their own homes, knowing that they could get larger returns on their money from other forms of investment, and being willing to pay the additional cost of maintenance due to their own abuse or that of tenants in general, for the sake of being relieved of the responsibility of caring for the property, and for the privilege of being freer to move from place to place. In many cities, in fact, no attempts were made to make it possible for wage-earners to own their own homes by selling houses to them on easy monthly payments. Competition in building was always free, and the law of supply and demand worked so well, that the only housing problems before the war were those of improving the living conditions of the poorest class, who were unable to pay rentals yielding a reasonable return, and of making building and sanitary regulations to protect the health of the public. These regulations, when reasonable, were met by landlords without opposition; for wise landlords have always known that the best and most lasting results are obtained by keeping real estate in good condition. The housing problem as it exists to-day was inconceivable.

The situation has been completely changed by the war. The demand for new housing accommodations is now far in excess of the supply, it having been estimated that there is a shortage of at least one million dwellings, due to the stopping of the normal annual building. While this shortage has been rapidly growing, the costs of building have increased to from two to two and a half times what they were before the war, and, as the people are unwilling to pay these increased costs, little progress is being made toward meeting the demand. In other words, the demand is for new houses at the old or only slight-

ly increased prices, and it is impossible to meet it. People still balk at the increased cost of housing. The real trouble is that they have fought and have kept down the increase of rental and market values of improved real estate that legitimately reflect the rising costs of building; and until the factors affecting real-estate values are better understood, and the fair market value of real estate is allowed to draw nearer, in proper proportion, to reproduction costs, they will continue to refuse to pay the increased cost, and the shortage will continue to grow.

One argument that is frequently advanced to justify the fight against increased values and costs is that costs will and must come down, and that even such existing increases in real-estate values as have been allowed are inflated and will fall when costs fall. The increased costs are due to the increased costs of labor, materials, and money, and to the lack of adequate transportation facilities. There is little prospect that the wages of labor in the building trades will soon come down; but it is expected that the cost of labor will decrease somewhat because the men will be forced to return to their former standards of efficiency. When this occurs, and when transportation facilities are improved, it will be possible to produce materials more cheaply; but at the present time there are not enough finished materials or labor on hand to meet a return to former normal building conditions; and although prices may fall temporarily because of the present inaction, as soon as building does start, they will return to the present level, if not higher. The cost of money for mortgages is probably not coming down to the pre-war level while the housing shortage continues.

The longer the resumption of building is delayed, the greater will be the demand for labor and materials and

money when the boom begins, and this will naturally mean greater costs. Since any substantial sustained reduction in building costs or in real-estate values cannot therefore be expected — unless temporarily, as a result of a period of general depression or a panic — until the present housing shortage is largely eliminated, which cannot be for many years, some other solution than the reduction of costs must be found. The solution lies in a better knowledge of the elements entering into the fair market value of real estate, and in allowing values to rise so far that the cost of new building will no longer be the controlling element.

II

There are so many elements entering into an estimate of real-estate values, and they are so interwoven, that they must all be considered together. The main general items are neighborhood, cost, style or condition of building, and demand. For a perfect job from the practical builder's point of view, they must all be in proper proportion and relation. For instance, as a general broad rule the value of land and utilities should be about twenty per cent of the total value of a house and lot. A wide variation from that would probably mean that the building was either too good or too poor for the neighborhood. One cannot build a residence in the centre of a business block in a large city, and sell the property for much more than the value of the land; nor can one expect to recover the cost of an expensive residence built on a small, cheap lot in an inaccessible or undesirable neighborhood.

The land value of residential property depends almost entirely on neighborhood: the nature of the neighboring buildings, the classes of people living or working in them, and the accessibility of points of interest, such as business

centres, factories, churches, schools, and places of amusement. In a city or town in which public utilities have been installed, the value of these utilities usually merges with the value of the land, and no distinction is made; but in considering the value of land that has not been improved by utilities, the accessibility to such utilities and the cost of extending them to the premises are very material considerations.

The greatest loss that the United States Housing Corporation sustained was where it had built a 'model town' outside the limits of the neighboring city. It could have built houses inside those limits, where utilities were already installed, much more quickly and more cheaply; for the cost of improved vacant lots in the city was less than that of the improved acreage plus the great cost of utilities. The attractiveness of the finished new town was not enough to offset the disadvantage of a long car-ride and to pay the increased cost of utilities. This is a point which deserves special consideration to-day in undertaking any new housing scheme. Taking advantage of the utilities already installed at pre-war cost will often mean a large saving in building cost.

Some of the other experiments that the Housing Corporation found expensive were — failing to recognize well-established local customs as to foundations, based on experience; building row-houses in communities accustomed only to single houses; building brick houses in a city where only cheap frame houses existed; and building two-story houses where one-story houses are more popular. Again, elaborate parks and planting were not always appreciated by the class of persons for whom the houses were built, and they caused in some places a heavy loss from a financial point of view. In short, with general costs so high, the appraisals showed that any deviation from the simplest,

most straightforward and economical architecture, or from the demands and customs of the place or neighborhood, affected the market values and helped to bring them down below cost. This does not mean that the essential standards of light, space, and sanitation should not be maintained, in any case. The one factor, however, that forced the Corporation to sell all its houses at a loss, in addition to the above losses, was that the real-estate values in the neighborhood had not risen in proportion to costs; and, as its building costs were less than they would be to-day, it was proved that homes cannot be built and sold to any large extent without loss, until values of old existing properties advance nearer to cost than they now are in most cities and towns.

The same considerations affect old properties and new alike, regardless of their cost. A house which, when it was built, might have been sold at a loss because not in proper proportion to the land value, may now be worth much more than cost because of changes in neighborhood, growth of the community, and improved utilities; or a house which, when built, was worth more than it cost on account of the demand, may now be worth much less than cost, even after due discount for depreciation, because of undesirable changes in neighborhood, the community having grown perhaps in a different direction. The old house also may be of little value because of lack of proper care, or need of substantial repairs, or depreciation; or even if maintained in good condition, it may be obsolete in type. Where bathrooms were once unknown, they are now necessities; and where one bathroom was once a luxury, two or more are now necessities. Electric lights, hard-wood floors, steam and hot-water heat, and vacuum cleaners are all moderately new requisites of residential properties, and their presence

or absence may be large factors in determining the market value of houses, depending largely on the class of people who want them.

The present reproduction cost should then be considered. The value of existing buildings should rise in proportion to the rise in cost of reproduction, allowance being made for all the items affecting values mentioned in the foregoing paragraph. Until the market values thus rise, no practical builder or investor can expect to sell a new house for enough above cost to yield him a fair profit; and, therefore, he will not build.

In trying to arrive at, or to test, a fair market value of either old or new property, it is often hard to determine the true extent of the demand, and a study of neighboring rental values may help. There may have been very few sales in recent times in the neighborhood, or sales may have been made under circumstances that would reflect neither the true sale-value nor the real demand. Rental values depend upon almost the same factors as sale-values; but where most of the houses in a neighborhood are rented, the rental values are often easier to ascertain.

III

When buying or selling real estate for investment, it is most important to know what the class of people in the neighborhood can and will pay as rent. Formerly it was customary for wage-earners to pay fifteen to twenty per cent, or more, of their income for rent; and if they had continued to pay the same percentage as their wages increased during the war, the present housing shortage would probably be of less consequence. Owing to former competition in building, and to the possible profit from increasing land values due to growth of the community, the gross

annual rental has often been less than ten per cent of the value, yielding to the owner less than four per cent net. It is assumed now that an owner of real estate should be entitled to a net return of at least six per cent on his investment; and in order to obtain such a net return on residential property, it has been found that, generally speaking, the annual gross rental should be from twelve to thirteen per cent of the value of the property. Such annual gross rental covers the following items:—

	Per cent
Taxes and assessments	1.5
Insurance2
Maintenance	1.5
Depreciation and obsolescence	3.0
Vacancies, administration, and bad accounts	1.0
Interest	6.0
	<hr/> 13.2

These items vary largely according to local conditions and the quality of construction of the buildings; but it is very rarely possible to reduce the gross rental to less than twelve per cent of the value in order to give a net return of six per cent on the investment. Very often a gross rental of fifteen per cent would be perfectly reasonable. These percentages were confirmed as being generally applicable, by a study, made through questionnaires sent to realtors¹ all over the country by the United States Housing Corporation, as to actual returns being received. The same study showed that apartment houses should yield a gross rental of fifteen to twenty per cent or more on their value in order to yield the owner six per cent net on his investment, the amounts of the different items varying more largely on account of the differing services rendered, such as elevators, jan-

itor service, heat, water, and so forth. These percentages seem high to the average tenant, and they are the cause of much of the abuse of landlords; but the proof that they are not too high lies in the fact that a large majority of tenants who could afford to buy houses still remain tenants.

If a tenant is renting a house for twelve or thirteen per cent of its fair market value, and is not receiving more than six per cent on his investments, it is cheaper for him to buy than to rent, if he wishes a house for his own occupancy; for, as owner, he can save at least two per cent, by reducing the cost of maintenance as estimated above, through better personal care of the property, and by eliminating the allowances for vacancies, administration, and bad debts. On the other hand, if a tenant is renting a house for much less than ten per cent of cost, it is cheaper to rent than to buy. Rental values and their fair proportion to sale-values are, therefore, important matters to be considered by tenants who could buy, as well as by investors and builders. Residential property is more free than any other necessary of life from control by a monopoly or by market manipulation; and any person with a comparatively small capital can buy instead of rent, if he believes that rents are higher than they should be, in proportion to values.

IV

Speculation has always been the life of business development; and although we have always heard disparaging remarks against the 'speculative builder,' this country is indebted to him for the majority of the houses it has, and is largely dependent on him for more houses. When he has built cheap houses, it has been because people were unwilling to pay the price of better ones. He is entitled to profit by his foresight,

¹ 'Realtor' is a word coined by the National Association of Real-Estate Boards, to signify a member of this association. It is in general use throughout the profession.—THE AUTHOR.

industry, and skill, as well as is the manufacturer or banker. In the past, his profit, as a rule, has been due to his ability to tell just how, when, and where to build in order to get the best return, and to sell to the best advantage, and it has always been to his advantage to improve housing conditions. Much of the profit that has been made in real estate has been made in growing cities and towns where, owing to the growth in population, values increase more rapidly than costs. Likewise, vast sums of money have been lost by 'guessing' wrong as to how a city or town is going to develop, or by causing it to develop in an opposite direction by erecting the wrong kind of buildings. The demand was always great enough to assure the wise practical builder a fair profit. Now, however, the speculative builder is idle; for not only can he not be assured a fair profit on new houses, but the public has rebelled against the owners of real estate reaping further profits on the sale or rental of present houses, and is quick to denounce owners as 'profiteers,' and to demand legislation to prevent increases of rent and to deprive owners of real estate of the right to a fair profit accorded to owners of other investments, on the ground that housing is a matter of public welfare and a necessity of life.

The question then arises, 'What is profiteering in real estate?' Gaining excessive profits on luxuries, or by the purchase and sale of stocks and bonds, is apparently accepted as perfectly legitimate; whereas gaining large profits in the sale of food and clothing is often now considered a crime. In the latter case, however, there is usually an element of fraud involved, or a withholding from the market to increase demand. Food and clothing can be stored and kept out of use, and false markets can thus be created. It is very doubtful if it would be considered criminal

to raise commodity prices so that large profits would be reaped, if all stocks were put on the market and well distributed over the country and offered for sale at prices at which they were all readily salable. It would really stimulate greater production, which would cause lower prices.

A careful analysis will show real estate to be in this last category, in that all that is held for investment purposes is on the market for sale or for rent at prices that can usually be obtained, and it is well distributed over the country. It cannot be moved from place to place for the sake of getting the highest possible prices. Probably not more than a fraction of one per cent of habitable residential property is vacant or being withheld from use for the purpose of trying to reap excessive profits, either from rent or from sale. If the mere reaping of large profits due to increased values, without collusion or fraud, is criminal, or morally reprehensible, where can one draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate profits? Building costs having more than doubled in the last five years, would a man be guilty of profiteering if he sold a house for two or two and one-half times what it cost him to build five years ago, less perhaps ten to twenty-five per cent for depreciation, or if he raised the rent one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent on the basis of the increased reproduction cost? Judging from the newspapers, recent legislation in different states, and general public opinion, he would be subject to severe criticism, if not legal restraint, and possibly to criminal prosecution, for an increase of more than twenty-five per cent a year even if it was the only increase in five years; and doubtless he would be condemned by many persons for a much smaller increase than that. His critics have not hesitated to sell their services or labor for all

the increases they could get; and labor is as much of a necessity as housing; but they are tenants, and, as such, see but one side of the housing question. They perhaps do not consider that the landlords may have been getting very low returns on their investments for many years, and often losing money; and that the large increases now might result in only a fair average of profit over a long term; and further, that the landlord does not profit to the full extent of the increases, since his taxes and costs of repairs have also increased very radically.

Nor do they consider that, by preventing the increase of sale and rental prices in proportion to the increased true market values, the building of new houses will be stopped, except by a few individuals to whom the cost of new houses may not be so material as it is to most people. Nor are individuals going to build many houses, when old houses in good condition can be bought for less than fifty per cent of the cost of new, or when the gross rentals of such old houses are only five or six per cent, or less, of the cost of new houses.

There is no doubt that radical rent legislation, such as that recently passed in New York, has directly caused a decrease in house-building. Until the sale-values of old houses have increased so as to make the extra cost of new houses so low that people will prefer to buy new houses at a cost allowing a small profit rather than to buy the old ones; and until rentals have increased so as to make it possible to rent new ones, in competition at rates allowing fair returns on investments as shown above, new houses will not be built to any extent by private enterprise. While this process of increase is going on, there may be some owners who charge rentals yielding even more than a fair return based on present real values; and they may be held guilty of profi-

teering, and may properly be curbed; but the surest curb in the end would be the action of the law of supply and demand, if given free rein as in past years.

When the rental and the sale-prices of real estate have been allowed to rise to a point more nearly approximating their true values, as above suggested, the services of various experts will be needed, to relieve the housing shortage as quickly as possible. The realtor, the engineer, the builder, and the architect are trained to watch the market, and to know just what kind of houses which can be built for what the people will pay, are most wanted, and where, when, and how they can best be built with the greatest economy, and with due regard for sanitation and for the best interests of the community. They should work together for the best and most economical result; for the least mistake in judgment will cause a loss, under existing conditions. Builder and realtor alike appreciate the material advantage of building houses that are pleasing architecturally and of having the surrounding grounds attractive; but one of the greatest dangers from a practical standpoint is that of spending more for artistic effect, both on buildings and grounds, than the people for whom the houses are built are willing to pay. The town-planner and landscape architect have large fields for service; but such service, at present, when applied to relieving the existing housing shortage, should be directed toward the best practical result with the least expense, rather than toward idealistic attempts to establish æsthetic improvements not appreciated by those for whom houses are built, and which cannot be turned to profitable account. The realtor and the speculative builder are the best judges of real-estate values and of what the people want, and their opinions should be given the controlling weight in solving the housing problems, the architects and town-planners

acting in advisory capacities. If the people will put their confidence in the experts best qualified to help them solve the problems of the existing housing shortage, they may have to pay more rent, but they will get the new and better housing accommodations that they desire, in the most economical and the quickest way.

V

Chief among the many methods of obtaining relief, which have been proposed as short cuts to beating the law of supply and demand, is government or municipal aid, either in the form of building, giving subsidies, lending money, or in various forms of tax-exemption and coöperative building. No government or municipality can build any cheaper, better, or quicker, than private interests; and if conditions do not warrant building by private interests, government or municipal building would have to be done at the cost of the taxpayers. This is justifiable only in case of a great emergency, such as war, or a sudden disaster, causing people to be absolutely without shelter. The present housing shortage, which is a gradual growth of years, can hardly be called an emergency in the true sense of the word, since people are not without shelter.

It is a condition that should be remedied, but it is not such as to justify giving a comparatively small proportion of the population new houses at less than cost, the loss being borne by the tax-payers in general. Subsidies might cause less loss to the tax-payers, but they also would establish a policy of giving a limited number of individuals, who are not paupers, material advantages at the expense of the public; and they cannot be supported on any economical or just grounds. Governmental aid, either by building and selling at a loss or by giving subsidies,

savors of poor-relief and tends to demoralize character under existing conditions. The cost of the new houses has got to be met, and it should be met by those who can and will pay for them; and efforts should be made to encourage the return of capital to real-estate investments.

It has been repeatedly said that one cause of the failure to build to-day is the impossibility of getting money to finance the operation. It would be more correct to say that the public is not willing to pay the present cost of money. To be sure, the savings banks have not yet shown a willingness to recognize fully the increased values due to increased costs, and they still prefer to appraise properties and lend money on the basis of pre-war values. This makes it necessary to get larger second mortgages, for which the rates are very high; but the money can be secured by those willing to pay the price. Second-mortgage rates are high because of the risks involved and the great care that must be exercised in watching the investment. If the government should start to lend money on second mortgages, it should charge the current rates of interest; and as the overhead charges of government administration of such a business, conducted over the whole country, would be enormous, the public would gain nothing through such governmental aid.

The saving from the relief afforded by exemption of mortgages from federal taxation would be but a drop in the bucket. When conditions get a little better than they are now, it might accelerate building to a slight extent; but it could not possibly solve the present shortage problem, and it would be a very unsettling influence and a bad precedent so long as Federal income taxes are necessary. The value of the exemption of mortgages from local state taxation depends largely upon local tax

laws, and the question of the advisability of such exemption cannot be answered in general. In Massachusetts the income from mortgages on local real estate is already exempt from taxation. This seems a wise provision; it does not, however, seem to be stimulating building.

Exemption of new houses from local real-estate taxation is a much more serious matter, and is just as bad as governmental subsidies. The result is the same, for taxes are raised for services rendered to the community, as fire and police protection, care of the streets, and so forth, and every additional building increases the cost of such services; and if some houses are exempt from taxation, they are cared for at the expense of the others. The United States Housing Corporation's experience so strongly proved the unfairness of such a proposition that, when it could, it contracted with cities where it had houses exempt from taxation, to pay certain sums in lieu of taxes, and it arranged to transfer to the cities the title to real estate, on very small initial payments, so as to make the property subject to taxation at the earliest possible date. Government or municipal financial aid, in any form, will cost the public more in the end than meeting the proposition in a business way, and having the costs paid directly by those benefited.

Coöperative building of housing accommodations is perfectly proper, and is far better than any form of governmental or municipal aid; and in many places it has been, and is, possible to start building sooner in this way than in any other. Those who join in coöperative building plans have the satisfaction of feeling that speculative builders or landlords are not reaping excessive profits at their expense. The fact is, however, that they cannot build any cheaper than anyone else, and their overhead expenses will probably at

least equal the profits of professional builders. They may save by coöperative ownership to the same extent that one can save by owning his own home, as above shown.

Some cities have formed housing companies by popular subscription, for the purpose of building houses and selling them at cost. This is a good way of meeting the problem of the housing shortage if a city is able to form such a company; but here again, such a company cannot build any cheaper than the wise speculative builder; and the chances are that, until the situation is such as to induce him to build, the housing company will lose money.

In addition to doing all that is possible to have the true market and rental values of real estate acknowledged, the most feasible plan to stimulate building is to form companies to lend money on second mortgages, on very easy monthly payments, so as to assist the man with small capital who is willing to build at present costs. A man who can put up twenty, or even ten, per cent of the present cost, to build his own home, and can meet the monthly payments on account of principal and interest, is not apt to lose what he has invested unless he meets with some unforeseen financial reverse.

The chances are that a company organized for this purpose will lose little or nothing by foreclosures, if properly managed, and that, before the problem of foreclosure presents itself, enough will have been paid on account of principal, and values will have risen sufficiently, to protect the company from loss. The losses from second mortgages usually arise from poor judgment as to values and as to the character of the borrower. A company lending money on second mortgages must employ experts in real-estate values, and must choose its customers with skill, and be free to reject without prejudice any applicant. The

Federal government, or a municipality, would not be so free to exercise sound business judgments in these matters as would a private company, and their chances of loss would be much greater. If the citizens of any city to-day are willing to contribute to such a company, by way of investment, in order to help relieve the housing shortage, there is no better way to assist the man with small capital to build than by lending him more money than a savings or co-operative bank will lend him, and by advising him how and where he can build to the best advantage.

An objection that may be raised to the last-mentioned plan is that the men with a little capital can look out for themselves, but that houses are most badly needed for the wage-earner who is unable to buy. It is true that he is in many places living in poor and crowded quarters, and would be better able to earn his living if more pleasantly housed. The more houses, though, that are built, the more will be available for the wage-earner; and it is better that the burden of the present cost should first be borne by those best able and most willing to bear it. When real-estate values reach their true level, new houses will be built for the workingmen, and slum conditions can be abolished by public health regulations, as in past years. If, on the other hand, large manufacturers need more labor and are suffering from inadequate housing facilities, it may well pay them to build houses for such of their employees as need them. They cannot probably get an economic rental from them immediately, but they may be as profitable investments for them as additional factory buildings, and the sooner they build them the better, for sooner or later a building boom must come, and they may not be able then to get them built quickly enough.

The real solution of the problem of relieving the housing shortage, therefore, is to give free play again to the old law of supply and demand. This will mean readjusting family budgets, accepting the increased cost of housing, and planning one's expenses accordingly, possibly eliminating to some extent the additional luxuries one has been buying with one's increased earnings, and letting rent take its old percentage of one's income.

The public can stimulate and hasten new building by amending rent-legislation so that rentals and market values may be allowed to rise to their true level and in fairer proportion to the increased reproduction costs, and it can aid the railroads in getting better transportation facilities for building materials. It can improve and modernize its building laws. It can assist by stimulating in legitimate ways the production of raw materials, and can encourage the formation of housing companies and mortgage companies by private enterprise. A National Bureau of Real-Estate Research, to act as a clearing-house of building methods and standards and to advise the public as to the most advanced economical methods of building, might also be a most valuable aid. The one thing that must be done to prevent loss is to find out from those who know best when, where, and how to build, in order to provide what the people want and what they will pay for. No matter who builds, to build and sell houses without loss it must be shown that the prices are fair compared with the prices of neighboring properties, all things affecting values considered; and to sell them for investment purposes, it must be shown that rentals may be obtained that will give a fair return on investments. When that is made possible, the present housing shortage will soon be relieved.

THE GREAT POLITICAL CRISIS IN EUROPE

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

THE world has not yet taken account of the political results of the world-war, independently of the purpose and plans of the men who seemed to be guiding events. It still reasons as if we were living on the morrow of the Treaty of Utrecht. It has thus far seen, and still sees, only victors and vanquished, as if nothing more were involved than a transfer of power and prestige from certain powers to certain others. It has not yet discovered that in March, 1917, one of the two political principles upon which the whole structure of social order in Europe rested — the monarchical principle — received a first crushing blow in the Russian Revolution; that it received a second blow — a decisive and fatal one — in November, 1918, when the empires of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns collapsed. It does not suspect, even yet, that the downfall of the monarchical principle in Europe is of capital importance; that it marks the close of a political crisis that began two centuries ago; and that Europe is in danger of finding itself without any principle of authority whatsoever.

A rapid, searching glance at the chief events of the last two centuries may cast some light upon the dense shadows of the future that encompass us.

Christian Europe, emerging gradually from the ruins of ancient civilization, had found a solution of the political problem which, within the limits of the religious ideas then predominant, was almost complete. She had

attributed a consecrated character to all those governments, republican or monarchical, aristocratic or democratic, which were *legitimate*, that is, those that owed their origin to a lawful action of indisputable validity, or that had been legitimized by lapse of time.

Obedience to such governments was a duty imposed by God, whenever they did not demand something opposed to divine law. As for the mistakes and misdeeds of such legitimate governments — according to this theory, it would not do to attach too much importance to them, when they did not threaten to lead to general demoralization, because, the final goal of life being the moral and religious perfection of the individual, such perfection might be attained independently of the perfection of the government. The abuses perpetrated by governments injured those who perpetrated them much more than their victims: the latter incurred only material losses and sufferings, whereas the others burdened their consciences with a sin for which they would be called most severely to account.

This theory of government brought into accord the duty of the chiefs of the state to govern wisely, the right of the peoples to be governed wisely, and the necessity of a certain degree of tolerance of the mistakes and misdeeds of those in power. But, nearly perfect as it was, it could be maintained only within the limits of the religious ideas then predominant. It began to be under-

mined by the wave of incredulity that spread among the governing classes throughout Europe after the Thirty Years' War — a war which, by openly using Catholicism and Protestantism as weapons in a great political struggle, became the first great school of religious skepticism in Europe. The eighteenth century confronted it with the philosophical and rationalistic system that resulted in the French Revolution. Authority is a human thing: it has its source in the will of those who obey it and who, consequently, have the right to control it. Thus the real sovereign is the people; and the law, in order to do justice, can give expression only to the people's will.

It was a seductive theory, and it seduced the mind of an enlightened age, overflowing with confidence, but dissatisfied, for many reasons, with the régime to which it was subject, whose weakness and inertia, whose subjection to routine and respect for traditions and for vested rights it reprobated as tyranny.

II

The French Revolution attempted to apply the new principle. But the obstacles to its application were not slow in making themselves manifest, as soon as theory was translated into action. What was the people? How was its real will to be recognized? Through what organs could it express itself? Everyone knows how the French Revolution twisted and turned in its attempts to answer these questions. One has only to follow the numerous constitutions that it manufactured within a few years, to realize how difficult was the application of the principle of popular sovereignty. Now it was universal suffrage, now double suffrage, and, again, a tax-payers' suffrage, which seemed to it the genuine expression of the people's will. And in the end that will became a

mere formality to legitimize a military dictatorship, set up by force and functioning with an authority far more nearly absolute than that of the monarchy.

But these gropings about are readily explained when we turn our attention to the new sovereign that was destined to take the place of the former ones. The people, whose will was supposed to be the governing power of the state, showed that it had very little will and no sort of idea of governing; sometimes, indeed, it exhibited an inclination to renounce its authority and to set up anew the powers it was to supersede. Could the new sovereign be left at liberty to abdicate? The whole French Revolution was at grips with that insoluble contradiction; for it was, at bottom, the struggle of a relatively small number of exceptional men, in the name of popular sovereignty, against the deep-rooted determination of the masses.

Thus all the systems of government based upon a principle so wavering and vague proved weak and unstable — even the military dictatorship, which was the final consummation of all the strivings of the Revolution. Sustained by its victories, it fell to pieces when victory deserted it. Shaken by a long succession of wars, agitated by the struggle between the two antagonistic principles, Europe thereupon made a mighty effort to reconcile them and to reestablish a durable condition of order.

This was the task of the Congress of Vienna and of the Holy Alliance. While the Congress discussed the reconstruction of Europe on the basis of the principle of legitimacy, that is to say, the recognition of time and the affection of the peoples as legitimate claims to sovereign power, the majority of the great states were of the opinion that it was necessary to strengthen the principle of legitimacy by the concession of representative institutions.

The legitimate dynasty was restored

in France with the Charter. The Emperor of Russia aspired to the rôle of protector of liberty. The King of Prussia, likewise, promised his people a constitution. The Austrian Empire alone among the great states remained true to the doctrine of absolutism. The other great monarchies leaned more or less resolutely toward an accommodation of the two political principles, based upon the subordination of the new principle to the older one. The monarchy would continue to be the sovereign principle of the state, and the representative institutions would function under its guidance. Peace would facilitate this accommodation. Revolutionary ideas, aided by war, had shaken the foundations of monarchical institutions. The Holy Alliance would be a sort of truce between the monarchies, so that their contentions might not make the work of revolution too easy.

But the attempt at an accommodation failed. In France the legitimate dynasty succeeded only by superhuman efforts in keeping the Chamber of Deputies in the subordinate position assigned to it by the Charter, although the Parliament was elected by a minority of wealthy men. The conflict between Crown and Parliament, between divine right and popular sovereignty, between the old aristocracy and the bourgeoisie, was endless, bitter, implacable. It contributed, by the apprehensions it aroused, to the victory, complete after 1821, of the absolutist party throughout Europe. Everywhere the ruling powers forgot to grant the promised constitutions — divine right triumphed. In due time this triumph of divine right throughout Europe reacted upon France, where the ultra-legitimist party, under Charles X, carried the day.

The legitimate dynasty was overthrown in France. The principle of popular sovereignty emerged victorious from a bloody struggle of three days'

duration, in July, 1830. But it dared not carry its triumph to the end, proclaim a republic, and crown the people as sovereign of the realm. Even Lafayette himself hesitated; and when, on July 31, the Duc d'Orléans appeared at the Hôtel de Ville to do homage in his person to the sovereign people, he displayed on the balcony a tricolored flag. A group of adroit parliamentarians, led by a banker, Laffitte, arranged a new accommodation between the two principles: the bourgeois monarchy, or, as Louis Philippe himself described it, a throne surrounded by representative institutions. The King acknowledged the people, and the Parliament representing it, as the source of his authority; the hereditary peerage was abolished; the right of suffrage was slightly widened, albeit still strictly limited to taxpayers. The people, which governed France, was represented by 200,000 electors.

But the new accommodation was hardly more successful than the earlier one. The contradiction between a suffrage based on payment of taxes and the doctrine of the will of the people could still be tolerated under the legitimate monarchy, which asserted itself to be the supreme authority and accorded to the will of the people only a subordinate rôle. But the bourgeois monarchy simply exercised an authority delegated by the people, and was subject to the people, which had created it by virtue of its will. Could a paltry minority of 200,000 electors be recognized as the sovereign people? It was between 1830 and 1848, and by reaction from this unholy contradiction, that the doctrine of universal suffrage came to be the almost mystical expression of popular sovereignty.

III

The Revolution of 1848 was the great act of vengeance. France overthrew

the bourgeois monarchy and proclaimed the sovereignty of the people in a republic founded upon universal suffrage. Europe followed her example, rose almost as a whole against absolute monarchy, and demanded constitutions. The uprising was so powerful that all the monarchies except Russia were forced to yield to it — even Prussia and Austria. As in France, universal suffrage was declared to be the source of all authority, in lieu of God, in almost all the great states of Europe. But thereupon, on a larger scale, was repeated what had already happened less manifestly at the time of the Revolution: when the first enthusiasm had died down, universal suffrage hesitated to accept the supreme power; it distrusted its own strength; it looked about in quest of props, and finally turned to the old-time principle of authority, which it was to have supplanted, in order to cast the burden of responsibility upon it.

The National Assembly elected in France, in 1848, by universal suffrage was made up, as to one half, of partisans of the old monarchical régime; and the other half was divided between a large majority of improvised republicans and a small minority of sincere and fervent republicans. Its will was so confused and vague, its confidence in its own authority so feeble, its action so far from energetic, that great disorder spread over the whole of France. The Revolution soon found itself confronted by this paradoxical problem: Has universal suffrage, which happens to be the sovereign power, the right to renounce its supreme authority in favor of the old régime? In the bloody days of June, 1848, the extreme Left wing of the Republican party rose against the Assembly and universal suffrage, which it accused of betraying the Revolution! It was beaten; universal suffrage remained, in theory, the master of the State; but it grew feebler and feebler,

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more and more discouraged, in face of the increasing internal and external difficulties, down to the day when, being called upon to elect a president of the Republic, it chose Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Emperor; that is to say, it assumed the chapeau and sword of the first Napoleon, to give itself the bearing of a genuine sovereign. From that day the fate of the Republic was sealed: universal suffrage was ere long to serve no other end than to legitimize a military monarchy established by a *coup d'état* on the prestige of a name.

The same drama was enacted, more rapidly and under simpler forms, in Germany. What did the Parliament of Frankfort look about for, almost as soon as it had been chosen by universal suffrage? An emperor for all Germany! It had no other ambition than to replace the Pope of the Middle Ages by a modern emperor. It addressed itself to the Emperor of Austria, to the Archduke John, to the King of Prussia; and when it found that all its appeals were fruitless, it allowed itself to be dissolved without much resistance, as if it had nothing further to do.

Thus the Revolution of '48 came to naught on all sides. Popular sovereignty endured but an instant. Timid and distrustful constitutions, which made representative institutions subordinate to the monarchical power, as in the Charter of Louis XVIII — these were all that was left in those countries where absolutism did not succeed, as it did in Austria, in withdrawing all the concessions made. The check was so complete that democratic parties and democratic doctrines were disheartened by it for three generations.

But the victorious principle — divine right — was no less weakened by its victory, than the vanquished principle by its defeat: that is the tragic contradiction of 1848, which is the key to the whole history of Europe down to the

world-war. The victorious principle was weakened, not only by the concessions it was forced to make before the menace of revolution, and by the parliamentary institutions established after 1848 by almost all the great states, but also by the discords that grew up between the great and small monarchies.

The Revolution of '48, although it did not uproot monarchy from European soil, did shatter the Holy Alliance — the truce between the monarchies. France, under the rule of Napoleon's nephew, could no longer form a part of a system which was organized against the new Emperor's family. The King of Sardinia, first of all, had had the courage in 1848 to tear up the treaties of 1815 by declaring war against the Austrian Empire. The Parliament of Frankfort, even if it had not found an emperor, had succeeded in sowing distrust and suspicion between Prussia and Austria by offering its crown to the King of Prussia. The Crimean War was destined soon to embroil the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs for all time. The concord between the three great Northern courts, which was, in the plan of the Holy Alliance, the foundation of monarchical power in Europe, was shattered forever; Europe was, as it were, abandoned to herself, in a condition of uneasy confusion, full of discords.

Victor Emmanuel II and Cavour were the first to take advantage of this confusion, or of these discords. By making the most of the jealousy and suspicion that the reestablishment of the Empire in France had aroused between that power and Austria, they succeeded in drawing Napoleon III into a war against the Empire of the Hapsburgs. By waving the banner of liberalism and constitutionalism, they succeeded, after Solferino, in stirring up a movement of wide extent throughout the Italian peninsula, which enabled them to unite it into a single state.

But events in Italy would not of themselves have sufficed to draw Europe forth from her state of uncertainty, had not Piedmont opened the road for Prussia. By a stroke of extraordinary audacity, Bismarck succeeded in putting an end to the uncertain situation created throughout Europe by the Revolution of '48, to the profit of Germany and the monarchical principle. Taking advantage of the discord that the Revolution of '48, the Crimean War, the Italian War, and the Polish Revolution had sown between Austria and Russia, between Russia and France, and between France and England; making use of the reorganized Prussian army and of the revolutionary doctrine of universal suffrage, he succeeded, against the wishes of the Prussian Parliament, in whipping Austria, and in founding the North German Confederation under the hegemony of Prussia; he hurled the Confederation against France, and founded the German Empire, under a monarch by divine right and with a Parliament chosen by universal suffrage.

IV

Bismarck seems, then, to have solved the problem that Louis XVIII and Charles X had been unable to solve: to cause the monarchical principle and the democratic principle to collaborate by subordinating the last-named to the first. For forty-four years Germany carried out successfully the political system that had brought about the downfall of the legitimate dynasty in France, in 1830. That is why the War of 1870 appeared to the conservative parties of the entire world as the vengeance of monarchy on the Revolution of '48 — the impressive triumph of the monarchical principle. For forty-four years thereafter that principle seemed to strengthen its position to such a degree, that it ceased to fear many democratic

doctrines and institutions hitherto regarded as incompatible with monarchical government. Parliamentary institutions came to be almost universal, — Russia alone held out until 1905, — and the basis of the electorates became broader and broader. Even Austria finally adopted universal suffrage.

Republican ideas lost ground more and more; France found herself isolated, in a political point of view; and although she succeeded, by dint of persistent and continuous efforts, in setting up a republic based on universal suffrage and public opinion, she was left alone among the Great Powers of Europe. Thus an attitude of serious distrust encompassed her. It was no longer doubtful that she could carry on her audacious plan in comparative tranquillity, because she profited by the solidly established general good order all over Europe, assured by the restored power of the monarchies. The monarchical principle seemed to have won a definitive victory in the great struggle with democratic doctrines that began in 1789.

But this, again, was a delusion. The accord between the three great Northern courts, — Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, — the foundation of the supremacy of the monarchical principle, was shattered forever. All of Bismarck's efforts to reestablish it came to naught. Russia, in the end, formed an alliance with France. Armies raised by conscription, a dangerous gift of the revolution to the monarchies, sprang up everywhere, especially in Germany and Russia. The prestige of the monarchical principle was augmented by these new armies of Xerxes, commanded by so many kings and emperors; but no one suspected that too great power may become more dangerous than weakness.

Finally, the monarchical system in Europe rested entirely on the hegemony of Germany; and that hegemony could be maintained in the long run only by

proving that the strength that had established it was as preponderant as it had been in 1870, or even more so. Sooner or later the day must inevitably come when Germany would offer that proof to the world.

That day arrived! Germany and Austria attacked Russia with the immense armies that conscription and the development of manufacturing had enabled them to organize. Thence sprang into being a limitless war, in which Germany and Austria destroyed Russia, and in destroying her, committed suicide. The Russian Revolution, by force of example, and by the void that it left on the flank of the Central Empires; the limitless war, by the ghastly exhaustion of all the energies of both countries, brought about the German Revolution and the Austrian Revolution. The downfall of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, following that of the Romanoffs, marked the final overthrow of the monarchical principle — that is to say, of the principle of authority that held sway over the greater part of Europe.

V

So it is that, in the early years of the twentieth century, Europe finds herself in the situation of the Roman Empire at the opening of the third century — between two equally helpless principles of authority; that it is to say, without any principle of government whatsoever. The great conflict between the democratic and monarchical principles, begun in 1789, seems to have come to an end with the destruction of the two adversaries. The monarchical principle is dead. Already shaken to its foundations by incredulity, by rationalism, by the doctrine of equality, and by the wars and revolutions of a century, it was completely uprooted by the world-war. There are still thrones in Europe here and there, like cliffs rising above the

deluge; but those who occupy them are not kings — they are shades. Europe may still witness some partial restorations; but they will be no more than political expedients and combinations; and they will last as long as such combinations usually last. Respect, admiration, the almost religious confidence in the principle, are dead for years to come. The catastrophe that killed them was awful beyond words.

But the contrary principle, the one that should have reaped the benefit of the destruction of the other — is it in a position to take that other's place? We may well doubt it. There are in Western civilization three governments that rest really and exclusively on the principle of popular sovereignty: Switzerland, France, and the United States.

Not only is Switzerland a small country, but, as in all small countries, the political conditions there are quite exceptional, so that it can serve as an example only to a very limited extent. The United States has proved that even a vast continent can be governed by democratic institutions; but she has proved it in America, and America is not Europe. France is a great European state governed by the democracy. But she succeeded in setting up democratic institutions only by a persistent and sometimes terrible struggle, which lasted more than a century, amid a stable and tranquil Europe, and by sacrificing to that supreme object many valuable advantages and many interests.

Nothing of the sort is found in any of the countries that set up hastily improvised republics in 1917 and 1918. From day to day these countries have adopted institutions, which they had hitherto regarded with contempt, based upon principles that have been discredited in their eyes since 1848 by the force of events and by adroit propaganda. What faith can they have in these principles? A democratic republic

is to these peoples simply an improvisation of despair, the only alternative being a dictatorship of brute force.

Russia proves this. The democratic republic lasted only eight months — from March to November, 1917. In November the sovereign people, after a very brief reign, was dispossessed by the dictatorship of the Communist party, or, to speak more accurately, of the small oligarchy that rules that party. One of its earliest exploits was to dissolve the Constituent Assembly; after which it began a relentless campaign against the democratic principles of the West, opposing the bourgeois ideology of democracy with the doctrine of the dictatorship of the proletariat, which is simply an anticipatory justification of a régime of absolutism.

In Hungary the republic soon fell before the dictatorship of the proletariat; and this in turn fell before a military dictatorship, which is still in control.

In Germany the republic is struggling painfully, in utter helplessness, between two extreme factions of the opposition, which are attacking it with ever-increasing vehemence from both Right and Left.

In the other republics of recent formation, there is the same uncertainty. At the same time, confusion and disorder are gaining ground in the monarchies that are still resisting by endeavoring to resemble republics as closely as possible: Italy, Roumania, Serbia.

Such seems to be the greatest peril that threatens Western civilization today. Excepting France and Switzerland, Continental Europe no longer has a clear vision of how it can and should govern itself. It no longer believes in any universally respected principle of authority; and in the dire uncertainty in which it is enveloped, it allows itself to be seduced easily by revolutionary frenzies, and to be drawn into crazy adventures. The world-war has caused

the ruin of many things; but how little all the others count in comparison with the destruction of all principles of authority! If Europe had governments of some strength and of recognized authority, the work of reconstruction would be easily and quickly done, with the tremendous resources that Western civilization has at its disposal. But, ruined by the war, sunk in profound destitution, at grips with all sorts of difficulties — political, economic, military, diplomatic — caused by the war, and without governments capable of governing, the larger part of Europe may well be involved in a long period of anarchy. What would happen then, the history of the third and fourth centuries enables us to divine. The principle of authority is the master-key of all civilizations; when political systems disintegrate into anarchy, civilization rapidly disintegrates in its turn.

That is why I have recalled to the memory of my contemporaries at tedious length this tragic page of ancient history. Three countries are to-day in a relatively better condition: the United States, Great Britain, and France. They have won the war, although at fearful cost; they are richer than the others; and they have governments that continue to function amid the general anarchy. France seems especially favored, from this standpoint. She is preparing to reap the fruit of her century-long travail; for she has the good fortune to find herself with a democratic government, which is 'carrying on' at this extraordinary epoch, when democratic government is the only possible one outside of dictatorship and tyranny.

But for this very reason, these countries should employ their wealth, their strength, and the comparative good order they enjoy, in assisting the other countries to reconstruct upon the only possible foundations their states and their wealth. Let them not allow them-

selves to be seduced, by the illusion of power, into isolating themselves in the rising flood of anarchy! This anarchy may well result in a general disruption of civilization in two thirds of Europe, and it will not be long before they will be swallowed up in the immense void. Europe will be saved, or will perish, as a whole.

The peril is the greater for all, because the triumph of anarchy would be, in certain aspects, much more dangerous in our epoch than in the third century. In the third century the State and civilization became disorganized in the bosom of two religious faiths, — Paganism and Christianity, — which imposed bounds upon intellectual and moral, and indirectly upon political, anarchy. In those days every man had at least a certain number of ideas and principles which would remain immovable in his mind though the whole universe should crumble.

The political anarchy that the downfall of all principles of authority may let loose upon Europe to-day would be added to the most complete intellectual anarchy that Europe has ever known. Each faction, or group, which, in the revulsions of this anarchy, should possess itself of supreme power for a single day, would consider itself entitled to reconstruct the whole world on new principles: the state, morals, æsthetics, the family, and property! Imagine the utter confusion that would result from such performances! Russia shows us what it would be.

It would be wise to regard the events that have kept Russia in a turmoil for three years past from this point of view. They would perhaps suggest to a civilization full of illusions concerning its strength and its solidity what the consequences may be of the destruction of a principle of authority in an age in which there has ceased to be any intellectual discipline.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS

ARE you a frequenter of attics? Do you believe in them as I do? That they are full of Romance and Adventure, and that distant and ever-changing horizon of Hope? Of course, there are some that are so swept and garnished and bereft of all the old charm that makes an attic an attic, that Memory has abandoned them; but that is not the sort of attic I mean. My Attic — I capitalize it, for it is symbolic — is like one I saw the other afternoon; swept and garnished, it is true, for my friend keeps it with a symmetrical New England conscience, but still full of the old things that helped make the daily happiness of the house a hundred years ago: fan-back Windsors and rush-bottom chairs, blue scrolled Bennington crocks and jugs; the tall, fluted posts of a canopy bed tucked away under the eaves; faded daguerreotypes, old flax-wheels, and piles of books! I know of nothing pleasanter than to sit on an accommodating hair trunk, when a winter-wind is abroad and the snow sifts lightly against the narrow panes — to sit there, warm and contented, and look at yellowing old pages with their engaging woodcuts and their formal, slanting long *f*.

These were old school-books, and old school-books are one of my enthusiasms, eternally fascinating to me, for they so reveal the past. Reveal it unconsciously, but with such a flavor, such a passion for imparting knowledge, that they make our present textbooks seem just a little anæmic. Grammars and composition-books have suffered least of all our manuals; naturally, you

do not expect them to reach the high excellence of the incomparable Minscheu, dowered in his cradle with wit and philosophy, and able to make real people talk real talk; old Minscheu who describes his work as 'Pleasant and Delightful Dialogues in Spanish and English, Profitable to the Reader and Not Unpleasant to Any Other Person.' But, even in comparison, it is not distasteful to me to read of the present-day Madame S——, who so divertingly goes her chatty way across the ocean and through Europe, accompanied by an obliging courier and an indulgent spouse. For here is Imagination, and Imagination, I am sure, lies at the basis of most good teaching. However, she and all her gorgeous doings cannot compare with a beguiling book of my early childhood, bound in green and very unpretentious. My mother had owned it before me, and it had no intended relation to my destined education. But I claimed it for my own, and I loved to lie on the floor, and read (in English, of course) about *Le Jardin*, *La Promenade*, *Le Déjeuner*, and the rest. The vicarious joys of *Les Étrennes* — ah, that happy child who received them! — will glisten forever in my memory, I know; and, oh, those lovely ladies in billowing crinolines, who swept through garden-walks going to some Arabian Night's feast, asking on their way such meticulous questions about each flower! To my seven-year-old mind French seemed a delightful study; and, consequently, I have a picture of the Third Empire that I shall never lose.

And the older these books get, the more real they get. Beside me is a little worn book bound in brown leather;

a late seventeenth-century Latin grammar, it purports to be. Actually, it is a record of the life of the times: of the belles who went to the playhouse and the beaux who went to ogle them; of swords and periwigs; of larks bought at the market-place; and of the boys at Bury School, diligent or lazy, rejoicing at a holiday or at the prospect of a fire in the schoolroom, 'for, in truth, 't is very cold,' or riding up with their masters to matriculate at Cambridge. The man who wrote it was evidently an Oranger *enragé*, for the book was published in those troublous last days of William and Mary, and every now and then came phrases like this: 'Knives confer with Knives when they are about a plot against the King'; 'They that design the destruction of the King, first detract from his Honour and his Wisdom in governing the Commonwealth.' Think of a book to-day so taking us into its confidence!

But geographies have lost infinitely more. My children, I think, like geography as a study well enough; still, I think also that there are very few far horizons for them; little, as they survey mankind from China to Peru, of the silken sails and sendal ropes that so enchanted even my youth. For I was brought up on Warren's *Common School Geography*, — a fact which definitely dates my age, — and, to this day, its pictures delight me: those curling, coiling serpents, the crouching jaguars and playful monkeys (all in one illustration, with flamingoes and alligators thrown in for make-weight); that nonchalant traveler intrepidly strapped to an Indian's back, and thus daring the perils of the Andes; the elephant-hunt and the Bedouin encampment still combine to give me that thrill of distant, long-ago lands where lived the 'Anthropopagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' And the further back you go, the better the

illustrations get — more of the wondering quality.

But of all textbooks old arithmetics are the most engaging. I have nothing to say for the one of the days of my youth, the *Franklin Written Arithmetic*, — another milestone, — for it was incomparably dull and stupid, and so, to be honest, was I. But take any eighteenth-century arithmetic, and you will find it delightful reading. In a tattered and torn old volume I even discovered a page of 'Pleasing and Diverting Questions,' including 'St. Ives,' 'The Fox, the Goose and the Bag of Corn,' and the 'Three Jealous Husbands.' Schoolmasters then taught subtraction historically: 'King Charles the Martyr was beheaded in 1648; how many years is it since?' 'General Washington was born in the year 1732; what is his age in 1806?' And what hardship could there be in making out miniature bills concerning pieces of tammy and Persian and blue shaloon? Or in solving a question that begins, 'A laceman well versed in numbers agreed with a gentleman to sell him twenty-two yards of rich gold brocaded lace.' Immediately *The Tale of the Tailor of Gloucester* comes to my mind, that cherished book the Littlest Daughter and I read before bedtime, beside a flickering fire: 'All day long while the light lasted he sewed and snipped, piecing out his satin and pompadour and lutestring; stuffs had strange names and were very expensive in the days of the Tailor of Gloucester.'

And, on these yellowed pages, England is still the old, rural England, the England that eighteenth-century Squire Western loved and enjoyed, that twentieth-century Squire Clinton loved and regretted. Fancy doing sums like this: 'Good-morrow, good fellow with your 20 geese'; or beginning, 'A young man coming into a garden saith, "Bless you all, you 10 fair maids,"' and, —

If 20 dogs for 30 groats
 Go 40 weeks to grass;
 How many hounds for 60 crowns
 May winter in that place?

Ah, Art was long, but Time was long then, too; people put the same quality into their teaching — into their textbooks, at least — as into making their furniture, into working their samplers, into all their craftsmanship. They took their theme, and, like very loving Cyranos, embroidered it. Witness the following problem: 'A merchant having a soft young man to his son, covetous enough, but scarce able to keep a shop-book, was minded to purchase for him some considerable lands in the country; and bid him inquire out some handsome estate that would be sold, and he would buy it for him. The young man, overjoyed at the news, runs to an inn, where he heard divers country gentlemen lodged, and in all haste, asked them if any one of them would sell their estates? Most of them were very angry, and near beating of him; but one of them being a facetious gentleman, resolved to put a trick upon him; and told him, that he had a neat hall, with a goodly park and manor on the bank of a pleasant river, and a great number of sufficient tenants; all of which, with the royalty of a fair, market-town, and patronage of a parish-church, belonging thereto, should be his, upon condition that he would lay down one penny on the threshold of the porch-door belonging to the hall, twopence at the next door, fourpence at the third door, and so on, doubling till he had gone through all the doors, which were 64 in all. "I will have it," saith the young man, "and here is a piece in earnest"; and in all haste tells his father what a purchase he has made, wishing him to give him an hundred pounds, for that, he thought, could not but abundantly satisfy. "Thou calf," quoth his father, "the King of Spain's revenues would not pay what thou hast promised,

if they were sold at twenty years' value; much less can my estate, for it will not bring thee past the 24th threshold. The best is, the gentleman knows thee not; but I will warrant he is making merry with a fool's earnest." Now I desire to know what the sum laid down on the 24th threshold was, and what the whole would come to?'

The familiar theme of geometric progression, you see, but what magnificent embroidery! It must have been an idle lad indeed who would not mind his book, and do such cloth-of-gold sums.

So is n't it possible to get imagination, and, consequently, interest, once more into our textbooks? Or am I, do you suppose, only snared in the Past's magic web? Will someone, a hundred years from now, let us say, searching for romantic happenings in a discarded *Franklin Written Arithmetic*, run across these gilded items of my own childhood? 'A farmer sold his eggs at an average of $23\frac{1}{2}$ cents a dozen' (I am writing in mid-winter!); or, 'I exchanged 42 tubs of butter at $21\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound —' It may be that the magic distance of Time will still lend enchantment to the view!

FROM A SISTER OF MARTHA

No, I do not believe that Martha's troubles arise from fear. There may be many of her sisters who are restrained by fear from trying new ways of living. But there are also many of us who, though ready to dare much, can find no time for the attempt: we are bound by the clock, by inevitable need of hours for sleep and food, the ordering of our households, the care of our children, the entertainment of our families and friends. And while, in many homes, it may be possible to systematize all the activities of life so that Martha has certain hours free to use as she sees fit, they are so limited in number, and so liable to curtailment because of unfore-

seen emergencies in the family life, that they are of little practical value.

My situation is typical of that of most of my friends. Only in minor details does it vary from thousands of cases in America. Those thousands, you may object, are, after all, a small fraction of the population and not of vital importance. But they represent a potential energy that is being ignored and lost as surely as electrical power is lost in undeveloped water-falls.

Here is my case. I went to school from the time I was ten until I was graduated from college at twenty-two. During that time I was either in coeducational schools, working directly with boys, or in the girls' college of a great university, working under the same professors who gave courses for men. My training was in most respects identical with that of the men I knew. During this time I went to dances and theatres, took a great interest in athletics, and spent the summers in the country with my family, including a brother. While I doubtless viewed things from a 'feminine' standpoint, most of my interests were the same as those of my brother and his friends.

I had been taught that marriage offered the probable and most desirable future for me. My mother doubtless had a feminine desire to see her daughter attractive and popular. My father, though he wanted me to be capable of taking care of myself, was not averse to seeing my future assured. The theory I gathered from study in zoölogy and sociology led to the conclusion that marriage and reproduction were the logical culmination of life. I was a perfectly normal sort of girl. So that there was never any question in my mind as to the desirability of marriage.

When I left college, I started out to get a little practical experience in the world before I 'settled down.' I began in a clerical position, from which I was

advanced rather rapidly to statistical work of great interest and of considerable responsibility. I worked hard, with a perfectly honest enthusiasm for the work, and I took due satisfaction in the monthly check that rewarded my efforts. I matched my wits against those of the men and women among whom I worked. I was not doing original, creative work; I was doing work that was laid out for me to do; but I was doing it rapidly and well — and I loved it.

During the first year of my married life my husband was in the army; I continued my office-work, and we did light housekeeping in a tiny apartment. When he went back to his civilian position, I dropped my outside work and set up housekeeping in earnest. I know how, and I find it easy to run our establishment comfortably and well. We have many friends, a comfortable income, everything to make us happy.

And yet my mind will reach and grope for something more. My theories have not changed, but my needs have become more apparent. I am not particularly regretful of the salary I used to draw. Neither do I begrudge any time or effort I may devote to bringing up children, for I thoroughly believe that anything else I might do would be futile and insignificant compared to my achievement if I shall succeed in bringing up a fine family.

But I cannot help questioning — what of me? I am twenty-seven. By the time I am forty, I shall have had ample opportunity to bear my children and start them on their way. After they are in school, they are out of my life for certain hours of every day. Must I look forward to filling those hours with dish-washing and cooking and darning stockings? Must my mind, which has been productive in the past, give up all hope of the future? Will my added years mean only a rusty slowness of brain, a loss of technical

skill, an 'out-of-dateness' that will be a permanent handicap. It seems as if those years of maturity and experience should add to my ultimate intrinsic value rather than detract from it. A man of forty is approaching the height of his business power. Shall I, at forty, be of no possible use to business, industry, or education? If I am willing to give my youth to building up the race, has the race no use for my middle age?

I have been trained for two ends, one social and physiological, the other professional and mental. It seems to me that I ought to be able to accomplish both ends, not simultaneously, but one after the other. It is wasteful to let the professional training, ability, and experience be definitely discarded because I am facing the other duties first. I could not let them wait. One must bear children when one is young. Having done so surely need not preclude using one's mental powers for commercial or educational ends when one is older.

It is absurd to say that it is sex fear that holds us back. It is inherent sex loyalty that is urging me on to my duty as it lies clearly before me. But beyond that duty stretch years when I shall have free hours, which might be used. All I ask is the hope for work for those hours. My husband will share my interest in the family, the responsibility of feeding and training it, without giving up his work. I admit that the situation demands my time at home now. But I can give it gladly, if I have ahead of me the assurance of future opportunity for my work.

I am not crying for the moon. I am not begging jewels and servants and luxury — only the opportunity to do the things I have learned to do well, and to earn the just reward for doing them. I do not want a future of bridge-playing and miscellaneous committee meetings. I want to concentrate my effort and get into the fight. I have

learned the thrill of competition. You take it away from me forever. Open a door at the other end of this phase of my life, and show me something beyond the round of petty duties that hems me in. Give me a future to look forward to, and I will cease to sit waiting for that 'car that is indefinitely late and whose destination is unknown.'

A PORTRAIT

'My idea of life,' said my friend S——, 'would be to have a nice lawn running down to the water, several deck-chairs, plenty of tobacco, and three or four of us to sit there all day long and listen to B—— talk.'

I suppose that B—— — I wish I could name him, but it would be an indecency to do so, for part of his charm is his complete unconsciousness of the affection, and even adoration, of the little group of younger men who call themselves his 'fans' — I suppose that B——'s talk is as nearly Johnsonian in virtue and pungency as any spoken wisdom now hearable in this country. To know him is, in the absolute truth of that enduring phrase, a liberal education. To his simplicity, his valorous militancy for truth, he joins the mind of a great scholar, the placable spirit of an eager child.

I said 'Johnsonian' — yet even in the great Doctor as we have him recorded there was a certain truculence and vehemence that are a little foreign to B——'s habit. Fearless champion as he is, there is always a gentleness about him. Even when his voice deepens and he is well launched on a long argument, he is never brutally dogmatic, never cruelly discourteous.

The beauty of B——'s talk, the quality that would make it a delight to listen to him all a summer afternoon, is that he gives, unconsciously, a perfect exhibition of a perfect process, a great

mind in motion. His mind is too full, too crowded, too ratiocinative, for easy and frugal utterance. Sometimes, unless one is an acute listener, he is almost incoherent in his zeal to express all the phases and facets of the thought that flashes upon him. And yet, if one could (unknown to him) have a stenographer behind the arras to take it all down, so that his argument could be analyzed at leisure, it would show its anatomical knitting and structure. Do you remember how Burke's speech on Conciliation was parsed and subheaded in the preface to the school-texts? Just so, in I and II and III, A, B, and C, (α), (β), and (γ), i, ii, and iii, we could articulate the strict and bony logic that vertebrates B——'s talk. Reservations, exceptions, qualifications, parentheses, sub-clauses, and humorous paraphrases swim upon him as he goes, and he deals with each as it comes. Sometimes, one thinks, he has lost the spine of the discourse, is mazed in a ganglion of nerves and sinews. But no! give him time, and back he comes to the marrow of his theme!

What a happiness this is to listen to — he (bless his heart) now and then apologizing for his copiousness, little dreaming that we are all better men for hearing him; that his great gray head and clear kindly eye ('His mild and magnificent eye': whose is that phrase?) are to us a symbol of Socratic virtue and power; that there is not one of us who, after an hour or so with him, does not depart with private resolutions of honor, and fidelity to wisdom. How he irrigates his subject, whatever it is.

I'll tell when time hurries withal! It is when B—— sits down at a corner table of some chop-house, and (the rest of us seeing to it that the meal gets ordered, and now and then saying something about the food so that he will remember to eat) we marvel to watch the glow and business of a mind so great paired with a heart so simple.

'My idea is this,' he says, 'subject to an exception which I will state in a moment.' Taking up his exception, he makes it so lucid, so pregnant, so comprehensive, so irresistible, that it seems to us the whole and satisfying dogma; and then, suddenly turning it inside-outward, he reveals the seams, and we remember that it was only a trifling nexus in the rational series. He returns to his main thesis, and other counterpoising arguments occur to him. He outlines them, with delicious *Æsopian* sagacity. 'Of course this analysis is only quantitative, not qualitative,' he says. 'But I will now restate my position with all the necessary reservations, and we'll see if it will hold water.'

We smile, and look at each other slyly, in the sheer happiness of enjoying a perfect work of art. He must be a mere quintain, a poor lifeless block, who does not revel in such an exhibition, where those two rare qualities of mind — honesty and agility — are locked in one.

Of course, — it is hardly necessary to say, — we do not always agree with everything he says. But we could not disagree with *him*; for we see that his broad, shrewd, troubled spirit could take no other view, arising out of the very multitude and swarm and pressure of his thought. Those who plod diligently and narrowly along a country lane may sometimes reach the destination less fatigued than the more conscientious and passionate traveler who quarters the fields and beats the bounds, intent to leave no covert unscrutinized. But in him we see, and love, and revere, something rare and precious, not often found in our present way of life; in matters concerning the happiness of others, a devoted spirit of unrivaled wisdom; in those pertaining to himself, a child's unblemished innocence. The perplexities of others are his daily study; his own pleasures, a constant surprise.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Henri Frédéric Amiel, a Swiss scholar and poet, was for many years a professor at the Academy of Geneva. Parts of his *Journal Intime* which to 'sick souls' means so much, were published in 1882, just after his death, and were translated into English. **John Sheridan Zelig**, the discoverer and translator of these letters of wise and sympathetic counsel, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, N.Y. **L. Adams Beck**, English traveler and scholar, deeply versed in the lore of the Orient, has fortunately become a familiar contributor to the *Atlantic*. **William Beebe** is still pursuing his observations at the New York Zoological Society's Tropical Research Station at Kartabo, British Guiana.

Christina Krysto, born in Russia, sends from California this romantic chapter of family history. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie**, born a poet, became a missionary, and, more recently, the happy chronicler of her father's life, under the title of *The Fortunate Youth*. **Edward Yeomans** is a Chicago manufacturer who has given much thought to educational problems. The *Atlantic Monthly Press* is to issue this spring a volume of his inspiring messages to teachers. **Howard Snyder**, Northern-born, and for many years a planter in Mississippi, continues his series of pictures of the plantation negro as seen with his own eyes. **Marion Pugh Read** sends us this story from Lynn, Mass.

The incident at the funeral meeting [she writes] was an actual one. The boy, who had been a ne'er-do-well, was killed accidentally, and the funeral was preached while I was there. According to their absolutely rigid belief, there was no alternative but that he had gone 'straight to Hell'; and if, even so, not all those mountain preachers would have been so relentless, the one this day did not flinch from what seemed to him an opportunity to drive his lesson home.

Florence Converse is a member of the *Atlantic's* staff. **Alida Chanler** was in charge of the Radio School at the Walter

Read Hospital for some time during the war. **George M. Stratton**, Professor of Psychology at the University of California since 1908, has been president of the American Psychological Association, and is advisory editor of the *Psychological Review*. **Grace E. Polk** is probation officer of the Juvenile Court at Minneapolis.

Alice Brown, novelist, essayist, poet, and playwright, was a life-long friend of Miss Guiney, who died last year in Oxford, and whose name the *Atlantic* loves dearly to recall. **George Boas**, of the English Department of the University of California finds in his own experience the material for the stories he is kind enough to send to the *Atlantic*. **Walter Prichard Eaton**, student of the drama and of nature, lives in Sheffield, Massachusetts. **Paul V. West** is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. **Nancy Byrd Turner**, a Virginian writer of both prose and verse, chiefly for children, has been for several years editor of the 'Children's Page' of the *Youth's Companion*.

James D. Phelan, for six years past United States Senator from California, was formerly Mayor of San Francisco. **Henry R. Brigham**, a Boston attorney, gained great experience during the war as counsel for the United States Housing Corporation. **Guglielmo Ferrero**, the Italian historian of Rome, and penetrating student of contemporary politics, is a not infrequent contributor of ours.

The *Atlantic* believes in informed debate, but seldom finds altercation of value. We are sorry, then, for the widespread discussion of a paragraph in Mr. Booth's recent paper, 'The Wild West,' which, in telling the story of an Easterner earning a rough living by casual labor, referred, incidentally,

to the tragedy of Centralia. The principal reference is as follows:—

It has not been disproved that the I.W.W. Hall which was the scene of bloodshed had twice before been raided by the respectable faction, and that no defense had been made by the pariahs; that this third raid, on Armistice Day, 1919, was expected by the I.W.W., and that they had asked for police protection. None was given—with what result the world knows.

Of this paragraph the *Centralia Chronicle* has this to say:—

The *Atlantic Monthly* has admitted to its usually authentic columns this damnable statement, assuming that it was true. It is a contemptible lie, with certain facts perverted beyond any semblance of truth. The good people of Centralia have a just grievance against the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is due for this usually conservative magazine to investigate the facts and make an abject apology to, not only the citizens of this peaceful little city, but to the ex-service men who were marching in that peace parade totally oblivious of the red-handed conspiracy that had been planned to start an industrial revolution in this locality.

The following letter represents as well as any we have received the *gravamen* of the charge against Mr. Booth.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
SIR,—

On behalf of the people of the State of Washington and particularly on behalf of the ex-service men of this State, we are writing to make formal protest against the serious and unwarranted charges on the character of Washington's ex-service men contained in an article entitled: 'The Wild West,' by Mr. Edward Townsend Booth, and which appeared in the December issue of the *Atlantic*.

Such reflections on the patriotism and loyalty of so large a part of our population cannot go unchallenged.

The article in question contains this statement, among others:—

'It is a notable fact that a large percentage of the men who are floating in the West this season saw service in the American Expeditionary Force. These men are usually the "reddest" of all and the most inclined to violence.'

We are at a loss to understand what basis of fact can substantiate such an accusation. During the recent world conflict, Washington sent 63,775 of her sons to the colors, and of this number 30,126 are to-day enrolled in the American Legion. We indignantly deny the charge or the insinuation that these men are 'the "reddest" of all and the most inclined to violence.'

The splendid respect for law and order shown by the Legionnaires of Centralia at the time of the Armistice Day Massacre in 1919, gives the lie to such an accusation. Probably no finer example can be produced by any state in the Union. With

real provocation for far more drastic action, but because they stand first and foremost for law and order, the Centralia Legionnaires took the assassins who had poured their murderous fire into the ranks of the parading veterans—took these assassins red-handed, with their guns still smoking, and marched them to the city jail. There the ex-service men stood guard until the arrival of the State Militia on the following day. Order was maintained in Centralia by former service men—by those who are 'the "reddest" of all,' according to Mr. Booth; but that such is the case is proved by the statement of the commanding officer of the State Militia on his arrival in Centralia.

In simple justice to the men the State of Washington sent to the colors during the World War, we challenge the statement by Mr. Booth that there were ex-service men on both sides, trained in the violence attendant upon present-day warfare. The impression given by that statement is distinctly contrary to the facts.

On the one side were the members of the American Legion, parading without arms, in celebration of the signing of the Armistice. On the other side were representatives of the worst elements in Washington's population. Only two of them were ex-service men. Neither of those two served with the American Expeditionary Force, and neither was in the army for any length of time. One was an I.W.W. organizer when he was drafted, and his short time in uniform did not at all alter his character. Another was imprisoned for evading the draft, and broke jail. Still another of the Centralia I.W.W. murderers was arrested for seditious utterances during the war. Yet another had been tried two years before, as one of the ring-leaders in the Everett massacre. These instances illustrate the type of men who planned and executed that monstrous ambush on Armistice Day.

Mr. Booth's references to Centralia are references likely to be made by one who has read all the I.W.W. propaganda on the subject and has not attempted to seek out the truth for himself.

The trial of the I.W.W. at Montesano consumed seven weeks and resulted in seven of the defendants being found guilty of murder. The entire Centralia Tragedy was given a thorough airing during those seven weeks—and there stands the verdict. The records of that trial are open, and anyone may read the testimony of both sides. These facts stand out unmistakably clear, and the records of the trial support them:—

The I.W.W. expected a raid on their Hall. For days they had been told by one of their members—an agitator from California who had only recently arrived in Centralia—that the real object of the Armistice Day parade was to raid the I.W.W. Hall. As a result, the I.W.W. came to town on Armistice Day heavily armed with rifles and revolvers, and stationed themselves in the upper rooms of three hotels on the line of march and on a hillside overlooking the route of the parade. They were to begin firing on a pre-arranged signal; this despite the fact that one of their members came to the I.W.W. Hall immediately before the parade and told them

that all talk of a raid was false. Not a man in the entire parade was armed. Some of the parading Legionnaires were marking time and others were closing ranks, when the I.W.W. opened fire. Three members of the Centralia Post of the American Legion, including the Post Commander and one ex-service man who was not a member of the Legion, but who was participating in the parade, were killed. Not one of the four was killed within fifty feet of the I.W.W. Hall, which Mr. Booth claims was raided. The above facts were proved conclusively at the trial, and the records are open to any investigator.

The statement by Mr. Booth that the I.W.W. requested police protection in vain is unqualifiedly false, and is typical of the sort of propaganda being spread about the country by the I.W.W., in an attempt to make martyrs of the convicted assassins.

In the light of Mr. Booth's article, we feel it is our bounden and urgent duty to formally protest to you against the serious reflections that have been cast by the article on the State of Washington, and its people; and to protest as well against an increasingly noticeable tendency on the part of Eastern publications, to publish articles purporting to be serious reviews of economic, social, and political conditions in the Pacific Northwest but whose authors, either through inability or bias, or for other reasons, fail to verify their statements and assertions from authentic and readily accessible sources.

We ask, therefore, that you give space in the next issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* to this communication, in correction of the false impressions created and conveyed by Mr. Booth's article. Simple justice to the ex-service men of the State of Washington demands that you do so.

LOUIS F. HART

Governor of the State of Washington

THOS. N. SWALE

Commander, The American Legion
Department of Washington

We are not given to sympathy with the I.W.W., nor, on the other hand, do we think it fair to hold up Mr. Booth either as a 'Red,' or as wilfully inaccurate. In considering the facts, the reader must realize that the I.W.W. headquarters, formerly in another house in the same city, had been raided in 1917; sworn testimony was introduced at the trial, and that testimony corroborated,

to the effect [we quote from the American Legion's own account] that they informed Centralia authorities of their belief that a raid was to take place on Armistice Day, and that they asked protection without any definite action being taken to afford it. Circulars were distributed, testified Smith, appealing to the citizens of Centralia. Believing that lawful protection would not be given them, in the event a raid was held, the I.W.W. secretary said that the resolution to arm themselves sprang into being and effect.

Certainly, this gives some color of truth to Mr. Booth's statements. Further, although Governor Hart states correctly that the trial resulted in seven of the defendants being found guilty of murder, it is accurate to add that these men were found guilty of murder in the second degree, which, after the illogical custom of American juries, shows a disposition to shirk the responsibility of an irrevocable decision. Finally (we have already continued this discussion at considerable length), mention must be made of the fact that on the night of the fight, the prison of Centralia was forced open, and one of the I.W.W. prisoners taken out by a crowd of 'unknown avengers' (we quote again from an official account by the Legion), and hanged.

In this whole matter the *Atlantic* declines to be on the defensive. We are in entire sympathy with law and order. We regard with horror such awful occurrences as took place at Centralia. Each and all of the condemned men were probably guilty of bloodshed. But we should be false to the basic principles of this magazine were we to admit that the Centralia tragedy was not indicative of social disease far more serious than our critics seem to imply, and not to be eradicated by the imprisonment, or even the execution, of seven very undesirable citizens.

* * *

A word for the etymological this, from the editor of the *Buffalo Medical Journal*.

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR,—

I have noted your use of the word *thigmotaxis* in a recent issue. While it would be tetrerythmism on my part to pose as a Greek scholar, it occurs to me that the word should be *thigmatotaxis*, and that, instead of being used in the simple sense employed, it should be reserved for the systematic arrangement of philanthropic drives.

Very truly yours,

A. L. BENEDICT.

Curiously enough, the thigmatotaxically inclined can learn more of this subject by referring to the paragraph beginning at the foot of page 310 of this issue.

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It is worth remarking how completely the critics of Mr. S. Miles Bouton's paper in the January *Atlantic* differ among themselves.

He paints the Swedes all wrong, writes one. They are not worth painting, writes another. Others content themselves with saying that criticism of the U.S.A. is unpatriotic — rather a broad statement at a time when the U.S.A. is changing before our eyes.

A Congregationalist pastor sends this suggestive letter.

DEAR EDITOR, —

To those of us who cherish the idea of this country being a 'melting-pot,' such a paper as S. Miles Bouton presents in 'What Is the Reason?' in the January *Atlantic* causes at first a flush of shame. But then we remember two facts which bring us comfort.

First: it is surely true that the intoxication of war in these past six years has given us all a severe headache. It is no wonder that many of these foreign-born peoples have chafed under the restrictions necessarily imposed. Now they seek relief in the dreamland of their youth.

Second: I recall the statement of a Swedish pastor in our neighboring city of Worcester, who claimed that in five years the vast majority of the Scandinavians now returning to their native countries will have returned to this country, disappointed in the home land, awakened to the opportunities and privileges that this land offers.

A concrete example of this truth has been evidenced here in our little town this past month. As soon as the war ended, our Italian fruit-dealer sold out and left for 'sunny Italy.' He has just returned. He says that Italy is not the same. He looked back to the Italy of his boyhood through the rosy eyes of remembrance. He went back to see it through the eyes of practical experience with American customs and privileges. He has come back to S—— to live out the rest of his life. The United States, after all, is a good country.

Let us not be swept off our feet by the backwash of the war. In due time the question, 'What is the reason?' will answer itself.

Sincerely,

ROBERT G. ARMSTRONG.

Another reader, whose profession gives him opportunities to generalize far more usefully than most of us, writes as follows:

TOLEDO, OHIO, 3 Jan., 1921.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

DEAR SIR, —

This afternoon I bought a copy of the current issue of the *Atlantic* in the railroad station at Detroit, and read with much interest the article 'What Is the Reason?' by Mr. Bouton. Then having still to wait for my train, I looked at a display of Michigan crops, with advertising recounting the advantages of a farm in Michigan. Among the advertising cards under the glass of the counter was one which read: —

TRUE PATRIOTISM

True patriotism is to love, honor and obey your master.

If you don't, someone else will, and you'll be sent to jail.

MICHIGAN.

I do not know whether the master referred to was Ford or Newberry. But I do know that this sort of thing, of which one finds a good deal in various places and which passes for one-hundred-per-cent Americanism, is one of the reasons. I am not a 'new American,' — my line goes back to 1636 in America, — but I am no 'one-hundred-per-cent American'; and many of us are still enough of New Englanders to have a certain hesitation about loving, honoring, or obeying a master.

Very truly,

HENRY M. BOWDEN.

Our own feeling is that the Reason which Mr. Bouton seeks is complex. That America is still the land of infinite opportunity is part and parcel of the *Atlantic's* inmost convictions. Here still dwells Hope. But, conscious of the privileges we ourselves enjoy, we Americans are too prone to consider immigrants who have followed our blazed trail as, in a very crass sense, the scum of the earth. Wops and Squareheads, Frogs and Dagoes, they are to many of us; and all that such a nomenclature connotes enters into our attitude toward them. There is no space here to do more than make the blunt point; but is not this, in part, the Reason?

Miss Keeler 'having fun with her mind' has provided many readers with brand-new forms of *solitaire*. Witness many letters from strangers, and this paragraph from one of her own.

What amuses me most is that, when I was writing that article, I tried to draw out my friends as to how they had fun with their minds, and could n't, one of them; and now they all write me at length how they do it. Some are jolly enough. Miss L—— tying a big magnet to a string, walking about the lawn to retrieve shingle-nails from the repaired roof, and when she got tired of walking, sitting on her verandah and casting out her line! Four pounds of nails, too!

Bookstore gossip is good gossip. Here we set down the authentic record of a library conversation overheard by a chance buyer.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Since you seem to be interested in the subject of bookselling just now, perhaps this dialogue,

overheard at Christmas in a leading book-store in one of the largest cities of the country, may throw some light on your problem.

Lady. — May I have 'The Dolly Dialogues,' please?

Junior sales-clerk (to senior sales-clerk). — There's a party here wants some dialogues.

Senior sales-clerk. — Well, tell 'em we've got nothing outside of Landon's *Imaginary Conversations*.

If the bookselling business were to devote as much thought and time to the training of its salesmen as do many other lines of business, perhaps people might be more tempted to buy books.

Sincerely,

H. W. YOXALL.

Lovers of all the 'beasties' will care for this letter.

CHICAGO, December 31, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I enter a word of appreciation of Robert M. Gay's very wise question in the January *Atlantic* concerning the identity of pigs and people?

It has long been part of my creed (usually ridiculed) that, if man practised his acts of faith and obeyed as truly his laws as all animals do theirs, man would be a more admirable and less pitiable object.

Living as I do 'cooped up' in one rather large room, for which I pay a weekly sum to the woman who owns it, the aching of my heart for *any* sort of an animal is unassuaged. So I content myself with petting stray dogs, picking up (much to the horror of most of my friends) occasional flea-bitten cats, and gazing for hours in the windows of all animal stores. In time I become reduced to a chattering state of imbecility that attracts the attention of *sane* passers-by. Because talking to a puppy through a half-inch of plate-glass is, of course, evidence of insanity.

And, contrariwise, I can't agree with Professor Gay that *all* animals are prospective friends, any more than are all people. Nothing disturbs my peace of mind and ruffles my beatific disposition more than a hen, — any hen, — especially a hen that sings, with eyes half shut, on a warm, enervating afternoon in sunny summer.

As for slimy pets: I've kept lizards and found them somewhat satisfactory, except that with five, no matter how often you name them, you can't tell them apart. I've been able to tell one set of two from another set of two, and the fifth from all four, but I never *could* separate the two.

Turtles, especially small ones, do very well. They have distinctly varied dispositions, manners — even morals and habits. I had two at one time, each about the size of a silver dollar. Their names were Joe and Laura (after a lost love and a hated rival), and I must admit that, in spite of all my plans and biased notions, Laura *did* prove up the better of the two. Joe was sullen, sluggish, and vindictive, while Laura had the pleasant

manners and unholy calm of a high-born lady. They were great friends of mine until they developed a softening of the shell, so that I was forced to consign them to the freer waters of a near-by park lagoon.

There was once a man — a Norwegian farmer-friend of mine — who had a pig. It followed him like Mary's lamb. Well, one day — but that's another story.

Sincerely,

ELEANOR B. ATKINSON.

A cheery friend of the *Atlantic* sends us a sheet of 'Songs of Rejoicing for Women to Hum round the Home.'

How fresh and bright this world of ours! What music greets the ear! what color the eye! Every girl a hummer in every humming home!

To many readers of the *Atlantic* who, in response to our urgent appeal for starving China, have responded with a generosity for which we are lastingly grateful, we owe a word of explanation. The record of America in the Orient as the disinterested friend of China carries with it a plain duty common to all of us; but the *Atlantic* feels a peculiar responsibility in this crisis, because the President, in his appeal for 15,000,000 starving Chinese, has requested both Mr. MacGregor Jenkins, publisher of the *Atlantic*, and the editor, to serve on the New England committee. We can offer absolute assurance of the economy with which collections are made. We can also guarantee that moneys sent through the *Atlantic* office will, within a fortnight's time, be converted into actual food in the hands of the very capable American relief committee in the stricken districts. The advertising pages of this issue carry a story on this topic which everybody ought to read.

Rev. Theodore R. Ludlow, who writes the interesting pages following on 'Famine Days in China,' was formerly Assistant Professor of Political Science at Austin College, Texas, and for five years was Professor of Political Science at Boone University.

During the war he worked with the Chinese Labor Battalion of the American Expeditionary Force in France, and has recently become Rector of St. Paul's Church in Newton Highlands, Mass.

